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Volume 34

Haverford College

1913

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

JOSEPH MOORHEAD BEATTY, JR., 1913, Editor-in-Chief

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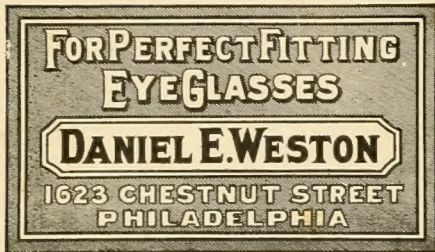
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

"THE REPROOF VALIANT."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—When we publish *The Reproof Valiant* we feel that we are justified in making an exception to our statement last month, that the discussion of *Graduate Interest in Undergraduate Life* was closed. We are also glad to publish a reply from C. Linn Seiler, the writer of the article in the December issue.

IT is pleasing to find that the words to *provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy*, which were inserted on the first page of THE HAVERFORDIAN three years ago, are now bearing fruit. The surest proof that the alumni *are* interested in the college is the readiness with which an article suggesting the contrary provokes retort.

But unfortunately not the "retort courteous" which Touchstone extolled! The rebukes which two of the three contributors on this topic administered to "Alumnus" in the January number savored rather of the "reproof valiant," which Touchstone tells us is the fourth stage on the way to the "lie direct." This is tactless. If her sons fall to quarreling as to which loves her best, what will become of our Alma Mater? Surely we may give "Alumnus" the credit for being very deeply interested in Haverford's welfare, or he would never have written his article. I feel very kindly towards him, not only because he has read Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, but also because, as an ex-editor of this magazine, I feel that the mere fact of a man's having written an article for it is to be marked with gratitude—quite irrespective of what he says!

But I do not agree with "Alumnus." The alumni *are* interested in Haverford, and it seems more Haverford's fault than theirs that they have come back to the college rather seldom in the past. There were two reasons: FIRST, the college did little to encourage them to do so, except of course on special occasions. For instance, what would have been the pleasantest thing to do—to come out to take a meal at the college—has been made impossible for those who did not know any undergraduates because no systematic provision was ever made for it—no table in the Dining Hall was set apart for alumni, to which they could come without feeling they were intruding, and at which they could pay a fixed sum

for their meal. SECONDLY, the undergraduates, absorbed in their own affairs, and partly from shyness, have always been backward in welcoming any unknown alumnus who happens to be wandering about. It is obvious that the latter cannot (as "Alumnus" suggests) "make an effort to find out who they (the undergraduates) are and make himself known to them." The students are in *loco hospitis*, they must make the first move.

But now we have the UNION, which should solve the difficulty. It may never be as great an institution as the OXFORD UNION, with its 21,000 members, its library of over 40,000 volumes, its dining-room, debating-hall, reading and writing-rooms, etc. But the Haverford Union has begun much more auspiciously than the Oxford Union did in 1823, and who can prophesy how it may develop? At any rate, it should be a pan-Haverfordian club, to which every alumnus who desires to keep in touch with the college should belong, and where he can feel thoroughly at home when he revisits the familiar campus. It is only by fostering the social spirit among the whole Haverford brotherhood that we can have the social advantages which the fraternities give in larger colleges.

I have an excuse, as a very recent graduate should, for adding my opinions to this discussion. By going far away and seeing a student-life much more complex, much more intense, much cleverer, much more picturesque than life at Haverford could possibly be, one does not lose respect for one's first love. For what she has been, for what she may be, we love her. I have met a number of Haverfordians in England, under unique circumstances, and they all bear a feeling towards the little college of the Scarlet and the Black that is, I think, stronger and deeper than that of most alumni to their colleges. One man I know, who came to Haverford for his Senior year, from a Western college, now lives in London. He has only been at Haverford a few months altogether; he has never been back since he took his degree; and yet no more loyal or enthusiastic Haverfordian ever lived. He subscribes to THE HAVERFORDIAN, reads the *Weekly*, when I don't forget to send my copy on to him, has a picture of Haverford in his office in the city, and one of his old class hanging in the hall at his suburban home. He came from London to Oxford for our Haverford dinner here last July. One ex-professor came from Birmingham, one from Manchester, and one alumnus came all the way from Paris especially, arriving half-dead with weariness and speechless with hunger! Isn't that as good as the Yale man who pawns his watch to get to a class reunion?

Whether a "guarded education" be possible, or desirable (and the question is worth debating), there is something in the Haverford atmos-

phere which wins a loyal allegiance from all who have learned her as she really is. Her greatest achievement, and her greatest resource, is the spirit of brotherhood she breeds among her sons.

C. D. MORLEY, '10.

New College, Oxford, January 30, 1912.

GRADUATE INTEREST

Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

DEAR SIR:—In raising the issue, as contained in my article "Graduate Interest in Undergraduate Life," which you published in your December issue, I was fully aware of the possibility of misunderstanding. Misstatement and exaggeration of fact seem to me to be largely a question of actual experience and contact with Haverford life, and to some extent, the question of viewpoint of the particular individual. To my mind, the important phase of the situation is the fundamental attitude on the question,—what is the most efficient standard of Haverford Life? And by *Haverford Life* I do not mean the opportunities that are open to the student at Haverford, either in the way of educational or recreational training; nor do I mean that intangible and yet most potent factor in the life of a college, the close and cordial contact between faculty and students. These things are realized to their maximum efficiency at Haverford. To me, Haverford stands as the highest achievement of the small college type in America to-day. As a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania, I can more easily and clearly see the extraordinary influence that Haverford College has had on its students. Haverford typifies a working ideal in collegiate training. It embodies not only superior facilities for a well-rounded education, but it has the advantages of being able to give to each and every student a viewpoint of life that is unusual. This viewpoint could never be attained except by a real co-operative relationship of faculty and student body. In other words, I would say that the unusual thing that the Haverford man gets is his unconscious ability and eagerness to see *the man* in his neighbor, to select the best,—to have nothing but the best.

In my article in the December issue I was unconsciously acting under the influence of my Haverford viewpoint. My motive was to find, if possible, the "best" for Haverford in the way of a standard for the college. And on reading the criticisms of my article, I am firmly convinced that those who took exception to my attitude fundamentally agree with me after all—though they perhaps may not admit it. I think that we disagree on particular points, on methods, on details—rather than on

the issue involved. And it seems to me that this misunderstanding is largely bred by an undue emphasis being placed on methods and details. The larger view of the situation must be universally acknowledged. Is it possible to make Haverford more powerful to its students and graduates, or (to put the matter in another way) does the sum total of Haverford activities to-day result in the greatest influence for good upon not only the undergraduate of to-day but also the graduate?

May I ask one question of those who have criticised my views? Are there any customs or activities at college to-day which are not being realized to their maximum efficiency? An admission to at least one illustration of this kind would range the person making the admission on my side of the controversy. Are there not reforms and changes being made every year to increase the efficiency of Haverford activities? It seems to me that I could not be accused of either mis-statement or exaggeration of fact in saying that there are. Now, assuming this to be so, it is only fair to suppose that any change made towards increased efficiency presupposes the theory not only for the need of such a change, but also of the desire on the part of those making the change to create a higher and better standard in Haverford life.

I think those who know me, personally, would hesitate to say that I do not have the interest of Haverford at heart. To me Haverford represents the most potent factor in the shaping of my own career,—as, indeed, it does in the case of every man who calls Haverford his Alma Mater. Wherever I go I find the Haverford man standing with me on this same platform. And I also find that the Haverford man makes an impression on his associates that no other college man can or ever will make. *To my mind, this impression is a conviction as to the moral stability of the man himself.*

There will still be some who will wonder why a man who has taken so much pleasure in being actively engaged in graduate and undergraduate activities since he left college could really criticise Haverford. It seems to me that the issue comes back, in the last analysis, to the same thing—a confusion of the fundamental concept of an increasingly efficient and ennobling standard of Haverford life, on the one hand, with the smaller viewpoint of carping criticism as to methods. Haverford is efficient as she stands to-day. But she can be made *more* efficient. And when I feel that there is a chance to do something for the better efficiency of the institution, which has had more to do with the shaping of my own career than any other, it is not in the nature of things to sit back and let things go by default. Can we not assume, in general, that lack of *fundamental* interest is clearly proved by absolute lack of *apparent* interest in any way?

And so, let me cordially and without any hypocrisy whatsoever thank those men who have been interested enough to reply to my article. It seems to me that they are the most enthusiastic Haverfordians we have. I say this in all sincerity, and from a conviction that they will in time consider that I am sincere. This brings to my mind, a memorable Sunday morning during my Freshman year at Haverford, when I sat in Friends' meeting and listened to Dr. Rufus Jones speak to us,—as only he knows how. He told us of the dynamic moral and religious life, of the need for constant inventory, of the satisfaction in renewed and constantly increasing achievement. And he closed with a portion of a stanza from one of Tennyson's poems, which recurs to me day by day as failures and achievements balance each other in the great equilibrium of life.

"To rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

This typifies my whole viewpoint of life—of personal life—of Haverford life.

Very sincerely,

C. LINN SEILER, '02.

TRIOLET

Venetian Moon, let me lead you where
 You may envy the dream of our love, to-night
 The wine of her lips, and her lustrous hair.
 Venetian Moon, let me lead you where
 You sigh for the smile of a Sylph so fair
 That 'twould turn your soul to a chrysolite.
 Venetian Moon, let me lead you where
 You may envy the dream of our love, to-night.

D. W., '14.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT

From a lovely land am I,
From a land of gleaming sand,
Cedars tall and balsams high,
Reared against the moonlit sky,
Rippling waters bathed in light
By the most majestic host,
Shining on them clear and bright
From that lofty azure height.

There the moonbeams love to play,
Dancing o'er the moonlit shore;
Brilliant, blinding, dazzling day
Comes not yet to mar their way.
There the loon's exultant song,
Wild and clear across the mere,
Loud, reverberating, strong,
Rings the lapping waves along.

Over all there reigns a calm,
A perfect peace, where sorrows cease;
Over all she lays her palm
Bringing rest and healing balm.
Come with me; nor wait till light,
Riding on the wings of dawn,
Mars the beauty of the sight:
Come while peace yet rules the night.

G. H. H., JR., '15.

ON THE BORDER



ES, Chiquita, it is five hundred pesos, just what we need to start our little rancho. Working this way it would take two years at least."

"But, Miguel, the risk is so great," murmured the girl as she clung to him.

The young Mexican laughed, and kissing her lightly on both cheeks, vaulted to the saddle.

"I know the country south of the *mesa*, and"—tapping the stock of his rifle—"I won't lose out with this in the deal. I shall not be long," he added, and with another kiss and an "Adios" he was gone.

The girl, a raven-locked, dark-eyed daughter of old Spain, watched him till he seemed almost to blend with the distant cactus clumps, watched what she thought was he, long after the welling tears had rendered vision impossible. Then, turning reluctantly toward the 'dobe hut, she entered and threw herself on her knees before a little plaster figure of the Virgin. She half-spoke, half-sobbed such a prayer for the safety of her lover as only a woman in the anguish of intuitive despair could have uttered. In her heart she felt that in spite of Miguel's assurance she should never see him again. When her old father returned that evening he found her still kneeling there. A sort of stupor seemed to have seized her, but she did not explain. "It was nothing," she said, and he did not press her further.

By this time Miguel was well to the southward, crossing that trackless strip of waste country that lies just below the junction of the Rio Grande and the Trinchera (that district so famed for depredations and gun-fights in the early days, where one could do almost anything, and by dropping over the border into Mexico, escape the penalty). The cattle thieves, taking advantage of the recent death of the local ranger, had broken over the border again in one of those periodical raids so dreaded by the early settlers. This time they had rounded up and driven off a bunch of steers from old man Wilson's ranch, leaving the old man dead on the cabin floor as a grim reminder of their visit. So it was that the ranchers had made up a purse of five hundred dollars as a reward for whoever got the thieves dead or alive. Their offer was not jumped at by even the single men of the district, for hunting a desperado with a price on his head is at best a rather perilous undertaking. In fact Miguel Valdez had been the only one who seemed interested. Two years had passed since he had met and fallen in love with Chiquita—two years in which he had been transformed from an ambitionless boy

to a man. But the pay of a cowboy is small and his savings had seemed so slight, that the two had not deemed it wise to marry as yet. Then, too, her old father would soon be past an age when he could earn anything, and would need their support. When the reward was posted, Miguel felt that in it lay his chance, and with a courage amounting to foolhardiness he started single-handed on the trail of the rustlers. Even the pleading of Chiquita had proved unavailing, and during the past two days thoughts of the realization of his desire had become incessant.

Night overtook him as he rode, and still he pressed on, until the encroaching darkness made the familiar landmarks too uncertain to be trustworthy. He dismounted and picketed his pony to a furze bush, made his supper from a can of tomatoes, and, spreading his saddle blankets on the ground, slept under the open stars. The first dim twilight of the dawn saw him again in the saddle, for the cattle thieves already had a long start and no time could be lost. At this point the *mesa* fronts the river in an unbroken wall for almost forty miles, and extends inland for a considerable distance before it drops to the plain. There are two fords—one at the upper and the other at the lower end—the former dangerous, the latter comparatively safe. Miguel reasoned that because they were driving a herd they would work toward the one below. That meant that they had to go around the *mesa*, a long and circuitous journey, whereas a man on horseback, with no one but himself to look out for, might take a chance on swimming the river above, and, dropping down the Mexican side, arrive in time to surprise anyone taking the other route. An examination of tracks that he had found in several *arroyos* had led him to the belief that there were but two horsemen with some half a hundred head of steers, so he felt sure of his game if he but reached the ford before them. It was late that afternoon when he recrossed the river, and the absence of fresh footprints told him that he had won his race.

He led his horse up an adjoining canyon, opened his second can of tomatoes and then went back to conceal himself in a little clump of mesquite on a knoll overlooking the trail. It was perhaps an hour before a distant rumbling told him of their approach, and he felt a slight quickening of his pulse as they swung around a bend in a cloud of dust. Yes, they were old man Wilson's Arizonas—the ones that he'd brought in last Spring—and the tracks had told the truth; two men were driving them. Quietly he aimed his Winchester; it was too soon to risk firing, but with a sort of fascination he kept a bead on the foremost man. He laughed; Chiquita's fear had been groundless. He thought of her, of the reward, of how happy they were going to be. A sort of self-induced

trance came over him. But they were almost near enough now—fools, they suspected nothing. He shifted his position to better his aim. Suddenly he heard, almost in his ear, that sound most hideous to the plainsman—the sickening “whrrr” of a rattler. The reaction on his former tension was too great; instinctively he jumped. A shot rang out—the rustler is quick—and Chiquita is still waiting for Miguel, who never returns.

J. McF. C., JR., '12.

FAUNUS NOCTURNALIS

Lonely, I roamed through the aisles of the shade-haunted woodland,
All was at rest, save the stream with its eddies and swirls;
Pale shone the moon, and the cob-webs and dew-drops around me
Wove a wierd tissue of delicate laces and pearls.

Hushed was the wood. In the tree-tops no longer the breezes,
Woke the soft leaves into tremulous ripples and swells.
Heavy the air, with the fragrance of fern-hidden flowers,
Sleeping, not dead, in the midst of enchantment and spells.

Then, without seeing, I felt the swift touch of a Presence,
Stirring the earth with a magical wand of release,
Wrapping my spirit in soft indescribable cadence,
Such as the pipes one time played on the hillsides of Greece.

I, who was lonely, at last shall be lonely no longer,
I have returned to the place where my spirit began.
Old gods have claimed me, and I have been hailed as a brother,
Blessed in the night with the mystical presence of Pan.

L. B. L., '14.

IT WAS LEAP YEAR

IT was a snug little place to sit all by one's self. The big white sand-dune seemed so warm and friendly, filled as it was by the full glow of the afternoon sun. Horatio had been for some time deep in meditation. He lay flat on his stomach with his head braced on his arms, fascinated by the great waves as they piled up one upon another, finally to spill themselves in such graceful curves upon the wet beach. He was perfectly satisfied to lie stretched out and dream. Least of all he wished to be disturbed.

A dribble of sand slid off the side of the dune, trickling down to the beach far below. He was conscious that someone was present and he thought he knew who it was. With peculiar unconcern, however, he maintained his spellbound attitude. Now there were four little arms braced in the sand and two little wide-eyed faces watching the great ocean.

Silence is a bond of fellowship sometimes, and it now began to work on the friendship of these two. It was quite a while before the newcomer ventured:

"Horatio?"

"Yes."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes, for you."

"For Peggy?"

"No!" he answered with much heat. Silence ensued. But the newcomer was not satisfied. She ventured once more:

"Why not for Peggy?"

"Oh! Because—"

And his voice dwindled to nothing when he actually had to explain his ire. At last, however, he discovered a sufficiently suitable answer.

"Peggy *deserved* to be banished," he added.

"Banished? Is that what you call it?"

"Sure, that's what papa calls bad men who are not allowed to go home."

"But Peggy wasn't bad," she retorted, quick as a wink.

The waves splashed on in dumb unconsciousness of all human doings, rolling, forever rolling, one upon the other, only to break and scatter on the sand. The salt breeze was sweet. Delicately it played with the curls of the two children. Horatio continued:

"If it's not bad to spoil my soup with sand, I'd like to know what is bad?" Horatio was somewhat of an egotist.

"But Peggy did not put sand in your soup," she suggested.

"Who did?"

"I don't know, do I?" she laughed, with a toss of her head in such a pretty, innocent way that Horatio felt his old fondness usurp his tired heart.

"Horatio?"

"Yes!"

"Aren't you sorry for Peggy now?"

"Well—perhaps," he suggested, "I might forgive her for your sake."

"For my sake?"

"Yes."

Again both meditated. She was slightly puzzled why Horatio should forgive Peggy for her sake. It was nice, however, that he had finally consented to forgive the poor doll. Poor Peggy, how cold she must be, way out on the ocean in that horrid old boat. She could not imagine what had possessed Horatio to set her adrift. Then her eyes followed his gazing far out to sea, where the little mermen and mermaids laugh and play and romp together all day long. They must have a delightful time, no cares, no troubles, a life of continual happiness. She pondered on the word happiness, and somehow a strange thing bobbed up in her mind.

"Horatio, when—when we grow up?" she hesitated, a trifle bothered. "When we grow up—?"

"Well, when we grow up, what?" put in the impatient Horatio.

"Will you marry me?"

He answered her question by a burst of unlooked for feeling with which he thoroughly disconcerted her. With a flurry of arms he administered the salute of kindred spirits in a most gallant fashion.

Then they both suddenly realized their nurse had been calling for the past two minutes.

"Ch—ildren," she called; "where—are—you?"

"Here—we—are," they both answered, reluctantly.

H. W. E., '14.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAINE WINTER

AP in the hills to the west of Kennebec Valley there is a long, narrow strip of farm land. It stretches from the heavily timbered side of Mt. Pisgah down to the cedar grove that lines the lake shore. And half way down the hill, where the old stageroad cuts across the farm, are a long, rambling white house, and a huge weather-beaten red barn, the two connected by a shingled shed, and partly hidden from the road by huge elms.

And here, on the old farm, there lives and works as fine an old Quaker minister as you will find in a long day's ride. At seventy-six he still holds a plow or swings an axe with the best of them, and never a Sunday but sees him, kindly, sweet-faced, cultured gentleman that he is, preaching to his reverent flock from the facing seat of the little, white meeting-house. He is my grandfather. Then I picture my grandmother, sweet-tempered, grey-haired old lady, sitting behind the tea cups, or in the first row at meeting, in her sober dress, the best of wives as she is the best of grandmothers.

There is my uncle, sinewy, tanned, with the eyes of a boy and the heart of a boy, an ardent lover and interpreter of the common outdoor things. His good wife and his two little children complete the household, except for great-aunt Lettie, dear, painstaking Aunt Lettie, serving God and her neighbors in all humility.

Here I come every summer, and here it was my boyhood's ideal to spend a winter. And so it came about, that when, one winter, the school which I attended closed on account of scarlet fever, I was sent post-haste to the old Maine farm.

I remember the drive up from Hallowell in the cold November dusk, and how grandmother hugged me and made me sit down beside the roaring cook-stove in the kitchen, while she poured me some hot coffee and got out the sugared doughnuts; and how warm and comfortable the big bed was, with its home-made quilts and soft feather mattress! Six o'clock found me dressing hurriedly in the cold north chamber and a few minutes later I dashed downstairs to see the last of the milking and hear the hum of the big separator in the milk-room.

All that day we were busy with the preparations for cold weather. The house had to be banked all round with evergreen boughs, and the score or more of sheep had to be gathered in from the different orchards. This was a task requiring some delicacy, but it was finally accomplished, with the help of old Jack, the collie. When the last flurried, bleating sheep was safely inside the warm pen in the barn, we turned our attention

to the big home-made ox-sleds, and before night had them all coupled and ready for use. That night my uncle looked a long while at the sky and remarked that we hadn't finished the fall work much too soon.

When I woke next morning it was to a changed world. A steadily falling blanket of snow was whitening the ground. It fell all day in great, slow flakes, and all the next night it came down without a break. The next morning, however, the sun came up bright and clear, and before we had finished breakfast we could hear the shouting of the teamsters "breaking out" a half mile down the road. It was Sunday morning, so I was restrained from going to meet them. Instead, I had to learn a text to say in Sabbath-school. A half hour later they came slowly by the house—twenty or thirty men with six yoke of oxen and a huge wooden snowplow. The morning chores completed, we all got into the two-horse pung and drove right merrily to the meeting house, in the wake of the slow-moving road-breakers.

I remember sitting there in that warm, quiet place of worship, and looking out at the low-weighted boughs of the fir trees, almost smothered under their load of glistening white. I don't recall the sermon, but I thought what a good man my grandfather was and how the meeting must love him.

When the Sabbath-school was over and I, having safely unloaded my text, was feeling greatly freshened in spirit, we all bundled into the big, roomy sleigh, and dashed home with all the bells ringing and the tall blacks stepping like quarter-horses.

When the paths had all been cleared and we had gotten into our winter traces, so to speak, we began to turn our attention to the wood-cutting, the most serious business of the cold season. So one day my grandfather, my uncle, a hired Frenchman and myself took our axes and our dinner pails and waded up through the hummocky reaches of the stump pasture. Up over the shoulder of the mountain there is a fine young growth of maple, birch and oak, and here it was that we began operations. Taking it all in all, I never enjoyed a day more in my life. The cold, bracing air, the sun shining down through the leafless tree stems, the wide stretch of "the bog" out behind us, dotted with its sparse hack-mitack clumps—it was all wonderful. And then the joy of driving an axe into a hardwood sapling, seeing the wide, white chips drop from the clean-cut "scarf," watching the strong young tree totter and sway and fall with a crash, and feeling the vigorous pound of blood in the cold. When I was tired of chopping, I wandered off into the hemlock growth and watched a big, slow porcupine rambling along the lower limbs of a giant evergreen. The stick I threw hit the branch on which he crouched,

but he scarcely deigned to look at me, and, leaving him to the companionship of the Canada-jays, I waded on and up toward the rocky summit of Pisgah. The wild, snowy landscape, and the clear, distant ring of axes, made yet clearer by the cold crispness of the atmosphere—I can never forget it!

At noon I came down hungrily to the campfire and ate my bacon and potatoes and cold pie with a wonderful relish. All afternoon we worked, and I piled the wood in cord-piles as fast as the men felled it and cut it into lengths. At dusk we plodded down through the snowy fields to the old farmhouse, where the oil lamps were twinkling cheerfully. So ended the first of a long line of happy days.

During the third week of my stay there came a night when, at bedtime, the old thermometer on the side-porch registered twelve below. We went off merrily to rest, carrying our extra quilts, which grandmother got out of the wardrobe, and none of us realized the extreme cold until morning. I woke and stuck one foot out of bed. It came back rapidly. The window was open and beside it, on the washstand, the pitcher was broken, while in its place stood a solid block of ice. I made a dash for the window, shut it, and dove headlong into my clothes. After breakfast we all turned to and did the chores. My duty was to feed down hay to the cattle, where they stood in a long line, restlessly knocking their horns against the heavy home-made stanchions. The tie-up was warm and comfortable in spite of the biting cold without, for each big, hairy body was a stove to itself. The long wooden aqueduct which usually brought water to the barnyard by gravity from the upper well, had frozen up, and it was necessary to fix a trough from the lower well to the drinking tubs and pump all the stock's water by hand. The cold had made the cattle frisky, and after their antics they were thirsty. I did the pumping, and I know. Last of all the young Jersey bull was turned out. He made a magnificent picture as he galloped around the yard and then stood snorting, his sturdy legs spread firmly, his massive neck and heavy head stretched out, his short tail curving and his nostrils wrinkling.

When he had been led back into his pen, we yoked the great, black-and-white oxen to a sled, and, dressed in our warmest clothing, started up the mountain to haul down the cord-wood. Baptiste, the hired man, taught me to drive the patient steers the first trip down, and after that I constituted myself ox-teamster. "Star" and "Golden" they were called, and it was utter bliss to admonish them in manly tones to "gee" or "haw," then to follow up the advice with a prod of the ash goad.

It was several days after this, for we had finished all the cutting and hauling, when there came a rise in temperature, as sudden as the former

drop had been. The sun blazed down, all one day, and then there came a gentle warm rain, and on the third day the snow had become a thin layer of slush on the roads, while in the fields it was only about six inches deep and very soft.

The next night it froze. How it did freeze! In the morning the roads were rough stretches of yellow ice and the crust back of the house would have held a horse. I had great fun practicing a fifty-yard slide without a sled or any implements but those nature gave me. My grandmother was quite convinced that it was a fifty-yard slide when she mended my trousers that evening.

To cap the climax of weather, there came down out of the northeast the old, white-haired great-grandfather of all the blizzards, a "regular old he one," as my uncle expressed it. It raged and raged all night and all day, increasing rather than abating in fury. The drifts whirled higher than the middle sashes of the windows, and the wind writhed in the chimneys like a live thing in pain. In those days we read *Ivanhoe* and *John Woolman's Journal*, and it is needless to say that I preferred the former.

When the blizzard whirled away southward, we went out and beheld fair-sized hills separating us from the tall, wooden pump, and as the cistern was nearly empty we had to get through those hills to the well. It was great fun, for, nearly half the way, we had to tunnel under drifts eight feet deep. The road-breakers could not get through at all that day, and not till next day, with twenty yoke of oxen and a hundred shovellers, were they able to plow out to the village. That night my grandfather and I drove down the long hills to the postoffice and got the mail delayed by the storm. It was bright starlight and the air was very still and cold. We drove in the cutter, through a deep, walled-in lane of snow, with nothing visible over the high piled drifts except the great blue-black, star-flecked canopy of the night sky. Neither of us said a word all the way home, but I never felt closer to my grandfather than that night.

In the mail we had brought, came a letter from my mother saying that school had reopened and that I must break off my visit and come home. I felt a pang at leaving the land of enchantment, but what boy is there alive, who can be away from home for a month or more without having a longing, way down inside, to see his own people?

The morning of my departure was perfect, and I brought away a bright picture of the old farm in my memory, not to mention the large bag of apples in my suitcase. Grandmother and my tender-hearted Aunt Lettie (she had slipped a big doughnut into my hand when I kissed her

good-bye) stood in the doorway and watched us drive away. And then we began the long descent into the Kennebec Valley. All the way down we passed marketing sleighs and huge cord-wood sleds, with their tall upright supports and horse-pails jangling from the rear cross-bars.

After the last steep descent we pulled up beside the station platform and my vacation ended with a good, long, firm grip of my grandfather's hand. Then he touched up the bay road-horse, smiled at me, and swept away up the hill in a flurry of snow-dust. Down the valley came the long whistle of the Boston train.

S. W. M., '13.

LOOSE LEAF.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

VACATION was over, and Dorothy walked to the door with John to say goodbye. She was distractingly pretty in her shimmering dark-red gown, trimmed with soft fur, which nestled lovingly into the rosy curve of her neck. Her winsome face, her provoking smile, her soft voice—everything urged John on to kiss her. He took her in his arms, but she struggled in his embrace, and the kiss landed squarely on the end of her somewhat upturned nose. Now John was accustomed to doing things well, and he could not forget his bungling attempt. All the way back to college the wheels of the express hammered out a refrain which to John's ear sounded much like, "Try it again, try it again; learn how to do it, and try it again." So he worked hard to perfect himself in the osculatory art, and when his next vacation arrived he called upon Dorothy with new confidence. She received him very pleasantly, and the evening passed rapidly, without any allusion to the unfortunate ending of his last visit. Finally, John prepared to take his leave, and, as usual, Dorothy accompanied him to the door. There she stood as she had before, just as pretty and just as tantalizing, but this time he did not hesitate. Gently, but firmly, he encircled her waist with his right arm, at the same time clasping both her hands with his left. Then bending his head almost at right angles to hers, he implanted his kiss full upon her laughing lips. And as he turned away, filled with the triumph of his achievement, he gave himself all the credit and never stopped to think that she might have been practicing too.

P. C. G., '13.

EDITORIAL

THE UNDERGRADUATE POINT OF VIEW

IT is with some degree of hesitation that we approach this subject about which so great a battle of words has been waged for the last three issues of *THE HAVERFORDIAN*. A large part of the controversy we must leave untouched because it pertains exclusively to inter-alumni relations. Yet we should like to take this opportunity of discussing the attitude of the undergraduate toward the alumnus.

Between the alumni and undergraduates there exists very little personal acquaintance. The average man in college sees with appreciation the efforts of the alumni to advance the interests of the college, he sees the many ways in which their generous love for their Alma Mater is expressed, yet personally he knows but three, or four, or a dozen alumni whom he has met either socially outside of college, or officially, while engaged in college activities. If an undergraduate is indifferent to the alumni, it is because he does not know them.

We believe that the writer in the December issue was mistaken in his view that the undergraduate feels keenly the fact that he is not the center of attraction on Alumni Day. We do *not* envy the alumni their few hours of pleasure; we understand that this is their day for renewing old friendships—we do not want to “butt in.” We are willing to stay outside the alumni circle until rightfully entitled to membership—and then we shall want our friends to ourselves on Alumni Day.

In the last decade the alumni have been coming out in increasing numbers to the college activities, especially to the football games. The older men as well as the younger are getting up a spirit that is *comparatively* no less than that of Princeton or Yale. If there is any lack of spirit, it is not evident to the undergraduate. But at football games there is no opportunity for alumni and students to get personally acquainted. We must accept as sufficient that our loyal supporters come to cheer the team, and are one with us in Haverford spirit. The more the alumni display that spirit, the greater will be the enthusiasm of the men in college.

Now that hazing has been abolished and friendships are formed among the classes, the younger alumni especially will come back frequently to visit their friends. This good-feeling among the classes will remove the “strained” relations hinted at by one of our correspondents of last month—but we are getting outside our sphere. We need not

trouble ourselves about our welcome of recent graduates. We know them and they are our friends, but the older alumni who come out do not know us, and we do not know them. We want to welcome them; what is the best way for us to do it?

It is evident that the only way for the alumnus and the undergraduate to get on more intimate terms is for the individual alumnus to visit the college informally at various times during the college year. As a writer has noted in another part of this issue, the only way for the alumni to want to come to Haverford is for us to make it pleasant for them when they come. At present so few of the students know the individual alumni that, unless an alumnus has friends in college, there is no inducement for him to come—unless he wishes to revive dead memories or to feel decidedly out of things.

We are glad that the writer of *The Reproof Valiant* speaks of the Union. That is of all buildings at Haverford the one where the alumnus should expect a welcome. We who are students must conquer our natural disinclination to speak to strangers, because these are not *strangers*, they are just old Haverfordians. We have the Union; we are proud of it and we use it, and it is up to us as individual undergraduates to give its name a real significance as a bond of good fellowship among the alumni, the faculty, and the students.

In some colleges it is customary for the undergraduates to cheer in the dining-room for the visiting alumnus. This is sometimes done here—in football season, but we believe that it would be a good thing to give a cheer for every alumnus of ten years' standing who visits the college. We would exclude, unless for special reasons, alumni under this limit—*because we think they should return in such numbers as to make the cheering monotonous.*

It has been the custom at Haverford for some of the alumni to speak at Y. M. C. A. meetings or at more formal lectures. This custom furnishes splendid opportunities to meet Haverford men, and we should not be too anxious to rush to the door when the meeting is over. We do not wish to seem over-effusive, yet we know that some of the speakers remark our apparent lack of responsiveness and appreciation. It has not been intentional, but it has not been our custom to stay to speak to our guests. Let us make a precedent!

Then, also, there should be a permanent committee to welcome un-attached alumni, introduce them to the fellows, if they want to meet them, or to show them over the new buildings. Any fellow in college will be glad to have an alumnus come back to his old room and will show him every courtesy. In the absence of a regular committee, THE HAVER-

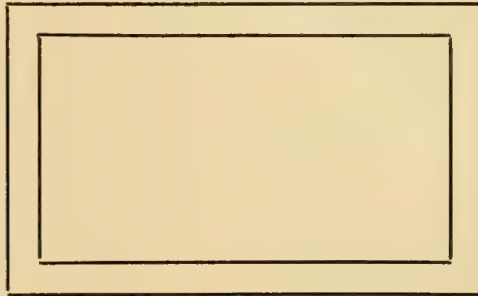
FORDIAN Board will be glad to be of any assistance to visiting alumni.

To sum up. The present attitude of the undergraduates toward the alumni is one of passive acceptance of that existing body as a whole. This attitude is due to the fact that the alumni do not come out frequently, and when they come, they are either unrecognized or are so *protected* by one or two men that the majority of the fellows do not even know of their presence. We should as undergraduates make every effort to give the alumni a cordial welcome, not perhaps because we want to be their close friends—for we recognize that this is impossible in most instances—but because they, too, are Haverfordians. We shall try to do our part in remedying the difficulty because we believe that, successful as Haverford has been, she can be made still more successful by closer relations between graduate and undergraduate, that when the alumni cease to be mere names to the majority of men in college, we shall have, in every sense, a *greater* Haverford.

We regret to announce that Leonard B. Lippmann, '14, recently elected to the Board, is unable to serve. In his place we have elected Eugene Morris Pharo, '15.

EXCHANGES

THIS TITLE HAS NO PICTURE



*For I am king
Of everything
That you would call worth while.*



OR the best picture to accompany the above title the *Punch Bowl* will give a check for one hundred dollars on any defunct trust company in Philadelphia. This extract from the Pennsylvania organ may have various and lively connotations, yet it furnishes an excellent seat of honor for the most worthy aspirant of the month's literary productions. Perhaps we

would hand the laurel to the *Harvard Illustrated Magazine* and inscribe within the frame *Upon this Rock*; an essay, which in its dealing with correlative topics and in the honesty of its plea is vastly more human than the scriptural heading would indicate. The article is introduced as follows: "Those who regard socialism as a sublimation of the Family Toothbrush feel that it must fail for the two causes that make a machine run down—that it is material and that it is mechanical. They believe it to be built up by cold philosophy on a bread and butter foundation. Since it depends mechanically upon the accurate and efficient working of its parts—fallible and dishonest human beings—it must break down." The author deplures a social organization based upon a minor function of life such as the provision for a universally full stomach. He observes that each member of society recognizes some greatest fulfillment to which these material and secondary functions must contribute. Then let us found our socialism on a harmony of the finest notes to which we individually aspire! The folk-song is suggested as this blending of ideals. "The song of the flower, not of the milliner." A song which is the product of a rural people, which reverberates with their highest thoughts and is mute before the advances of hypocrisy and ostentation. A ballad redolent with the meads of spring and melodious with the evening rest of the waters. "Yes, this can stand as the cornerstone of our philosophy and all else shall stand or fall according as it promotes or destroys this highest good." In following this thought one is impressed with the fact that it is not new, yet the suggestion that perhaps there may not be one definite scheme of things which they who seek may eventually hit upon, is quite infrequently met with and deserves recognition. Were it not that in everyman's interpretation of the ideal there lies some remuneration for his work, the fatalists would cease and all pessimists would vanish quite away. Does it not seem then that the sentiments which bring pleasure to a Poe should be helpful to L'Allegro, and that a sympathy with another's viewpoint is desirable, however unsound it may seem, or, what is the same thing, however radically his philosophy may differ from one's own? Then let us not whine "fanatical" at the emanation from beliefs which appear absurd until they cease to smack of sincerity.

A few of the most lenient may perhaps be disposed to apply the previously expounded precept of tolerance to the mode of its exposition and consider other disciples of this school. *The Amherst Monthly* offers *Two Fables* which are both exceptionally fine. The former describes the labored progress of a priest, an atheist and a scientist up the bank of the river of life. They arrive at its source and seek there to find the source of human knowledge. They delve among the vines and crags of the

cavern from which the river flows, each according to his several abilities. Finally the search is rewarded and the hidden object is unearthed.—“The Book of Wisdom,” they cried together, “now we shall know everything.” The priest and the atheist leaned over the shoulders of the scientist as he opened the book. At first he turned the pages slowly, then faster and faster until he was rushing through the book as if to devour it all at once. Every page was blank. The second fable is entitled *Man Goeth Forth to His Labors*, than which a better might be *The Value of the Dilettante*, a little travesty in three acts upon the Virtue of Toil. The opening scene introduces the revered King Nud of Slaw and his son, unfavored with a name like his sire's, from the mere fact of his not having won a name. King Nud informs the youth that he has steeped himself in wisdom to a sufficient degree and that it therefore behooves him to disentangle the wheat from the tares. To such great knowledge had he attained! His labors are supervised by two aged councillors who twice reprove him for observing that the river laughs in the sun and that a bath in the same would be quite refreshing, inasmuch as from the context we are to imply that such an event as the latter was unprecedented in that realm and the youth had worked in this tropic sun for some few years. Now the substance of the tale lies in the fact that at each reproof the heart of the son of Nud, which organ was well developed at the commencement of his labor, shrank quite perceptibly in his breast. “Now the autumn came, with winds and falling leaves, and the king's son took what he had earned of gain and of grain and built him an house of stone. Into this house he moved his possessions and there he lived, praised and honored among the sage councillors, for his wisdom, though by this time his heart was as small as a grain of wheat.” So are the mighty fallen!

There is a prolixity of good verse from which selection is difficult. We greatly enjoyed *The Bobolink* and *The Islands* from the *Vassar and Dreams* from the *Princeton Lit.* The *Smith*, as usual, contains real thought in its poetry and is very free from amateurish generalization. We print with great pleasure our favorites.

THE BOB-O-LINK

O joy of the rippling meadows!
O darling of blithesome June!
Tossing tip-toe on a grass end,
Sunlight sung to a tune!

In the meadows with daisies showered,
And sunny with buttercup,
Where the purple breath of the iris,
Is blown through the marsh: Down! Up!

DIVINA COMEDIA

While men of earth, with boisterous jest and laughter
Delude themselves to thinking they are gay,
Try to forget that sorrow will come after
The unconsidered revels of to-day;

While to laugh at, not with, is their desire,
To use their wit to hurt and to abuse,
And while they wear the twisted smile of satire,
Or woo with ribaldry the comic muse;

Thou towards whom time and circumstance are moving,
Who in the end will bring it all to pass,
Who knowest that human life is but a proving
That joy will be the only thing to last,

Thou laughest with a deep transcendent pleasure,
Thy smile is of eternity the measure.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ACCORDING to the recent Harvard Catalogue, Haverford has eight students in the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences—a representation equaled by only four colleges, as follows: Harvard, 195; Yale, 15; Dartmouth, 11; Bowdoin, 10. But this is not exceptional. Haverford had eight representatives, also, in each of the two preceding years and six in the year before that. The only colleges with better averages for the same time have been Harvard, Dartmouth, Amherst and Bowdoin, with averages respectively of 190, 10, 8, and 8. For the ten years from 1902

to 1912 the average enrollment of Haverford men in the Graduate School has been exactly six, an average equaled only by the four colleges already mentioned and by Brown and Michigan. Considering Haverford's size and location, this record seems extraordinary. Perhaps one reason is that twelve of the Haverford faculty, including the president, have received degrees in this school—a fact recently mentioned in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*. The Haverford men now in the Harvard Graduate School are: J. H. Redfield, Jr., '99; H. M. Trueblood, '03; T. K. Brown, Jr., '06; C. R. Hoover, '07; R. A. Spaeth, '09; R. L. M. Underhill, '09; L. A. Post, '11; C. Wadsworth, 3rd, '11.

The Governing Board of the Haverford Union recently asked seventeen of the alumni to vote on the twelve greatest Haverfordians, for the purpose of starting a Hall of Fame in the Union. Five men were chosen: F. T. King, Ex-'37; A. M. Elliott, '66; A. K. Smiley, '49; F. B. Gummere, '72; T. W. Richards, '85. At another meeting of the Board it was decided that no living men should be included on the list. P. C. Garrett, '51, and C. L. Smith, '60, were then chosen, besides F. T. King and A. M. Elliott. Their names will be inscribed on the bookcases in the new Union library. Other names will be added.

'60

At the Washington's Birthday exercises at the University of Pennsylvania, the portrait of Dr. James Tyson was presented to the University as a token of the distinguished services he has rendered.

'65

A. C. Thomas has revised and largely rewritten his *History of the United States*. It is published by the Jewish Publishing Company, of New York, with a parallel Yiddish translation on each page—the idea being that those Jews who come to this country too old to attend the public schools, should have a book by which they can learn the history and ideals of America from an American point of view. The book is well printed and contains many handsome illustrations.

'66

The portrait of the late Dr. A. M. Elliott was presented, in his memory, to the Johns Hopkins University on Washington's Birthday. Dr. Elliott was connected with the Romance Language Department of that University from 1876 until his death in 1910.

Ex-'71

W. D. Hartshorne is the agent of the Arlington Mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts, where, at the present time, a large strike of the textile

workers is going on. He has been taking a prominent part in the various conferences that have been held toward a settlement of the strike.

'72

On February 19th a reception was given at the Penn Club in honor of President Sharpless and Dr. F. B. Gummere.

'78

A son was born, in January of this year, to Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Taylor, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

'82

Dr. G. A. Barton addressed the T Square Club, of Philadelphia, on *Recent Excavations in Palestine* on February 7th.

'85

Dr. R. M. Jones published an article on *Two Conceptions of God* in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* for January.

T. W. Richards, Professor of Chemistry at Harvard, received, during 1911, the degrees of Doctor of Science from Cambridge University, Oxford University, and the University of Manchester, and of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Christiania.

'87

Dr. H. H. Goddard, of the Vineland Institute for the Feeble-minded, gave a very interesting lecture on February 17th in the Union on *Feeble-mindedness as a Social Menace*. The lecture was well attended and very much appreciated.

'89

Professor Warner Fite, who has been connected with the University of Chicago, is now at Harvard University, where he has been appointed Professor of Philosophy during Josiah Royce's absence caused by illness.

'94

The Life of John H. Dillingham, edited by J. H. Bartlett, has recently been published by the Knickerbocker Publishing Company, of New York.

A child was born to L. J. Palmer on February 20th.

'96

Dr. J. A. Babbitt is Secretary of the Committee on Soccer of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. This committee has been making plans to spread soccer interest among the schools and colleges of the country by appointing skilled coaches to travel among them, to drill

the teams, so that a high standard of play may be set and result in a game that is really worth while, to be played from Thanksgiving till April, and filling the gap between football and baseball.

Dr. Babbitt was one of the speakers at the Yale Alumni Banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford on February 7th. He spoke on the new football rules. Dr. Babbitt also spoke at the University of Pennsylvania Washington's Birthday dinner, at the Hotel Roosevelt.

Assistants to Dr. Babbitt as judges of the Interscholastic Meet at Haverford, on February 16th, were: T. Wistar, Jr., '98; J. L. Scull, Ex-'05; R. M. Gummere, '02; A. G. H. Spiers, '02; H. J. Cadbury, '03; A. H. Hopkins, '05; W. H. Haines, '07; and E. A. Edwards, '08. E. C. Tatnall, '07, was one of the timers.

D. H. Adams has opened a school for young boys at Atlantic City called the Winchester School. This is a sort of primary department of Cloyne House, at Newport, Rhode Island, of which he is principal.

J. H. Scattergood has just taken a trip to Florida, Jamaica, and the Panama Canal.

Ex-'97

A. M. Collins and E. M. Scull, '01, came out of the wilds into British East Africa on January 15th; and on that date shipped from Mombasa eighty-two specimens of forty-two rare varieties of the larger African mammals to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, where they will be mounted and put on exhibition. It will undoubtedly be one of the most important additions that the academy has had for years. Mr. Collins and Mr. Scull have travelled 2,500 miles, principally on foot, through the East African jungle. They have been in Africa since last summer.

'98

Dr. W. W. Cadbury has published an article on *Medicine as Practised by the Chinese* in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for January.

'00

W. W. Allen was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar on February 16th.

Ex-'00

We regret to announce the death, on February 16th, of Daniel Miller, son of the late Henry Clay Miller, of Baltimore. Mr. Miller entered Haverford in the fall of 1896 from the Haverford School. He left at the end of Freshman year and went into business in Philadelphia. He was unmarried and lived at the Rittenhouse Club.

'02

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Slayback Elliott, of New York City, to A. C. Wood, Jr., of Riverton, New Jersey.

A son, Thomas Shipley Brown, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Shipley Brown.

W. P. Philips has been made a member of the firm of Bryne & Cutcheon, prominent lawyers of New York City. Mr. Philips took an M.A. at Harvard after leaving Haverford, taught school in Albany, and then went to the Harvard Law School, where he was on the staff of the *Harvard Law Review*.

'05

T. S. Downing is in Pittsburgh at the Spang Chalfonte Iron Works.

H. W. Jones is assistant superintendent of a shoe factory at Showhegan, Maine.

Ex-'05

E. F. Winslow has opened a drug store in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

'07

W. S. Eldridge has left the Philadelphia Trade School, where he has been teaching, to take a position in the West Philadelphia High School.

E. F. Jones has been in the government forestry service in Washington State.

'08

L. C. Petry is connected with the Department of Botany of the University of Chicago.

'09

J. W. Crowell was in the cast of the French play, *M. Lambert, Marchand de Tableaux*, given in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford on February 8th.

R. H. Mott is now in the West, traveling for the National Cash Register Company.

'10

Though some of the following news gathered from the '10 class letters is not very recent, it has not been published before in THE HAVERFORDIAN.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Huddle, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, to T. N. Clark.

E. P. Gheen will go into the stock raising business near Malvern, Pa., this spring.

G. Sholem was married this fall to Miss Tabor, of Milwaukee. He is the junior partner of Sholem & Son's department store, of Paris, Illinois.

P. B. Strassburger was married on June 3, 1911, to Miss Alice

Birdsall, of Germantown. He is with George B. Atlee & Co., bankers, at 119 South Front Street, Philadelphia.

A son has been born to C. B. Shoemaker, 2d.

L. H. Barrett was married last summer in Indianapolis, where he is now living.

J. F. Wilson is married and is practicing law in Cleveland, Ohio.

Ex-'13

E. T. Kirk is working with William H. Kunz, photographer, of Boston. They are working out a new method of color photography which they expect to have completed by spring. Mr. Kirk is also studying chemistry and accounting.

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NOTES ON AN ENGLISH TOUR

SHAW, the most accurate of bowlers, referring to Grace in his prime, used to say that cricket was a game in which "I puts the ball where I pleases, and he puts it where he please." More famous is Lillywhite's immortal definition of cricket, "Me bowling, Pilch batting, and Box keeping wicket." As I recall the first English tour made by a Haverford team, these ancient sayings spring to mind. I think of "Me bowling, Steinthal* batting, and Mifflin in despairing pursuit of the ball down the misty terraces of Clifton." For it is not the white days that come first to the mind when one recalls that pioneer tour. It is the stubborn struggle against batsmen of resource, and bowlers of cunning and accuracy, such as we had not met on our fields at home; afternoons, now and then, when the resources of our attack,—all too limited for a tour,—were strained to the breaking-point; sunny hours filled with dogged and sweaty defence, constant glancings at the slow clock hands on the school tower,—and a quite incidental twenty-five runs an hour.

The guardian genius of that first invasion, as of those that have followed, was Henry Cope. One who knew him then need never look at the score board to see how the game stood; it were better to watch his brown-suited figure beyond the ropes. You would find him, if the match was going aright, sedate and quiescent, the center of frequent spectators; but if storms were gathering or breaking, you would look for a remote pacing man, haloed with an angry wisp of smoke. As it was always his criticism of the day's play, which was the sanest and most to be weighed, so it was his cheery approval that was the sweetest.

I have always held that English batting, just before the close of the last century, was better than it has ever been since. We have not seen in recent years such a wealth of really great batsmen as the Philadelphians met in 1897, when they first played the counties. More amateurs of the

* In 1896 Steinthal appeared to us to be the most powerful batsman in the public schools. He never went to the University, but was reported a few years ago by Bob Brooking as playing somewhere among the pampas. Steinthal made more than 200 against us at Clifton.

very first rank were then in the zenith of their powers. Besides Grace, who was still almost as good as ever, there were the brothers Druce, Palaret, Ranjitsinhji, Jackson, Maclaren, Fry and Ford. N. F. Druce seemed, on that year's form, the best of batsmen; though an innings Ford played against us at Lords on a hard wicket, was for certainty, grace and terrific power, the best I ever saw. And these great players had their miniatures in the schools, in such men as the Days, the Fosters and the Champains. At that time, both in the counties and the schools, the bat was beating the ball. It was the golden ante-googly time, when you could draw just deductions from a flick of the wrist. Then J. T. Hearne was still the best bowler in England, and the best in the schools was Dowson, at his favorite end on the old sloping ground at Harrow. But both were bowlers of the old school,—that is, bowlers of great accuracy, of great natural gifts, and equipped with every artifice but that greatest of all,—the art of concealing the direction of a break. And the fact that that art had not yet been learned, helps to account for the number of fast-scoring brilliant batsmen of that time.

Well, our experiences in England were probably similar to those of later Haverford teams. We drove in charabancs along cool lanes to historic schools, were met by open-faced boys in strange straw hats, were duly gazed at by schoolboy crowds, vexed our shepherd by missing trains, bought our BBB pipes, ate delicious lunches in breezy tents, got well whipped now and then, and sailed from the Mersey with our share of the victories. But we always had the zest of the pioneer,—of the first players to wear the red-striped coats on those famous playing fields. We felt the keenness of those who carry their colors into foreign places, long before we sailed; and I think made more earnest preparation for the task than some teams which have sailed since,—as indeed there was reason to do. As early as February we were out on the lawn in front of Barclay, trying out bowlers; and I can recall the delight with which we saw a left-hander of whom we expected much, nip back sharp and quick on the damp turf, as it began to freeze in the cool of the early twilight. That zest of exploration charmed and animated us to a man.

But reminiscences are delightful only to those who can share them. I wish, therefore, to put down only such points of a mental survey of our experiences in England as may be of use to future Haverford teams. First, this English tour should be regarded not as a regularly recurring athletic event, but as a reward for a team which at home has been well developed and successful. If the game at Haverford cannot support itself on its own merits, its days are numbered. It is often said that an English tour is the making of cricketers. It would be nearer the truth

to say that a tour in England never made a cricketer who had not previously made himself. You can think of several players whose reputations a tour has exploded, but of none who, starting without a solid and successful foundation returned improved players. The experience of Haverford and of All-Philadelphia teams all point to the same conclusion. A tour is not a preparation, but a test,—and a very trying one. How do you account for the great success in England of such men as Morris and Furness? Because they were keen and painstaking at home before they ever thought of playing in England, and brought themselves to such a standard of excellence on the old humpbacked ground behind the maples as to make the experiences in England useful instead of disastrous.

You can see the necessity for this stock-in-trade in the experience of both our bowlers and our batsmen. What is the first thing that the Haverford-bred batsman learns in England? It is that he can no longer play by the book, or wait for loose balls to score off. "It it 'ard, Sir! Them's them to 'it!" was the sound doctrine which daily echoed in the old shed, when the long hop, or the off-break wide of the leg stump was in the air. And there you are on a good English wicket, with Braund bowling everything six inches wide of the leg stump; or while the long hop is coming up, and the old adage leaping into memory, short leg has dropped back; and as you retire to the pavilion you make the mental note that after all "them's not them." In other words, a batsman must be learning new scoring strokes all the time he is abroad; and this he can do only if he has mastered a thoroughly sound defence at home. And yet no Haverford team has sailed with more than five sound defensive players on it. What is the first thing a Haverford-bred bowler learns in England? It is that he must count, as he need not count at home, on every loose ball being scored off. No bowler who has not played in England knows the price of inaccuracy, or of the value of those long hours on the matting spent bowling at a mark. These qualities must be learned at home, and can be learned there by any able-bodied man who loves the game. With a nucleus of well-bottomed batsmen, and of bowlers, who, to use Shaw's phrase, "puts the ball where he pleases," a team may go to England certain to improve themselves there, and to improve the game here when they return.

But the value of the game at Haverford can never be judged by the number of championships won, or by the number of successful tours abroad. The best memories of a summer's cricketing do not hang about silk hats and centuries. As a player grows older he thinks less of the great winners he has known, and more of the great losers. "The man who can walk away from the wicket," said Lyttleton, when Headmaster

of Haileybury, "having been badly run out by his partner, after getting twenty runs without a mistake; or who can be wrongly given out by an umpire in the morning of a one day's watch; or who can see his slows coarsely hit about by some brawny child of nature, and again and again missed by a painstaking but elderly set of fieldsmen; and under circumstances like these retain his cheerfulness and zest in the game, has learned an amount of self-discipline which no other frequent experience during his youth can possibly give him. He comes to see the enormous difficulty of doing anything really well. He must school himself to bear disappointment and constant collapse of his best hopes, to administer comfort to a younger player who is also in distress, and to refrain from worrying his friends with accurate but useless explanations of his own failures." It is harder to learn this than to play Schwartz or to hit a sixpence. But one need not look across three thousand miles of salt water to find men who have learned this priceless lesson from a game of bat and ball. Jack Mason, the Clarks and the Newhalls we have in our own little world of cricket; and the production of such losers is the real blossom of the game.

JOHN A. LESTER, '96.

LILITH AND EVE

Soul's Beauty—Body's Beauty: which of you
 Shall Adam choose who never has been true
 To either, nor can cease to love you both?
 Eden's first queen, and first devoted slave
 To Adam Lilith was. Her will she gave
 To him to rule supreme and was not loth
 He should direct his own strong body's trade
 And her soft neck and bosom, if at least
 She might be Eden's most beloved beast:
 And thus they lived and loved till Eve was made.

For God said, "I have given Adam a soul;
 And he must have a mate no less than he.
 Lilith has had her joy; she shall have dole,
 For queen of all the beasts she seeks to be.
 Adam is sleeping, there, beneath a tree,
 Tangled in Lilith's ivory arms and hair:
 I will create a woman—like to me
 As Adam is—to shame proud Lilith there.
 She shall be Eve—the woman with a soul.

Then Adam waking from his slumbers sweet
Saw dimly, through the web of Lilith's hair,
Another woman, standing at his feet.
Languid he pushed aside the golden net;
His eyes met those that were so angel fair—
Deep as the sea, blue as the violet.

Lilith's white arms, encircling, were forgot
For eyes nor Earth nor Heaven can forget
—Eve's soulful eyes: and Lilith, heeded not,
With burning tears must make the serpents wet—
Hidden with them in Eden's lowliest grot.
In place of Adam's arms a clammy snake
Curled around Lilith's waist. For kisses seven
He whispered in her ear how she might take
His form and bring on Eve the wrath of Heaven
By tempting her to eat the fruit forbidden.
Soon Lilith glided forth, in snake-skin hidden.

Approaching Night's sweet breath, the evening breeze,
Bringing refreshment cool to sense and soul,
Kissed Eden's mirroring waters and soft trees
And Heaven's clouds, fleeing the deepening blue.
God, tir'd of blisses, would in Eden stroll
Each day, to feel how softly fell the dew
From Heaven. Adam ever at this hour
Watched where He walked, with fearless reverence
Haunting His presence, as the bee the flower.
Alone Eve wandered, nursing soft the sense
Of all sufficient soul's omnipotence.
Twas then snake-Lilith, from the purple shade
Of God's own Tree of Knowledge softly sung
Of higher life, which for Great God was made,
But by a daring theft might still be wrung
From jealous hands divine. And Eve obeyed
The temptress—ate—alas the price she paid!
For while her teeth broke through the mellow skin
She saw from frowning Heaven a cherubin
Sink toward the earth with bright avenging blade!
She felt her coming exile. Swift she ran
To Adam; far more wily was her plan
Than simple Lilith or her snake could guess.

He ate with her. Soon outraged Heaven's ban
Drove them together to the wilderness.

Oh, Lilith! Hating Eden's lonely bowers
Of that fell fruit has she not eaten more
Than Eve and Adam—sucked the bitter core,
That she, too, might be exiled? There she cowers,
Weaving those nets of scorned golden hair
By which weak Adam she can still ensnare
For moments, but Eve's toils are stronger yet,
Whose woven charms doth Adam ever wear.
Still, as at first, he breaks the feeble net,
And naught has Lilith, but more deep despair.
She lies and weeps, 'mid fearful caves and rocks
With serpents crawling in her heaven-born locks.

If ever sleep has brought forgetfulness
To Lilith, and in June's ecstatic morn
She ventures forth, while all things seem to bless,
'Til rapturous she thinks herself reborn
In Eden, and the old love as before
Ready to answer to her softest call
Triumphant Eve's stern eyes upon her fall,
Burning like fire the heart's forgotten sore.

This is the fable simple men believe,
Not knowing God would never make for shame
A shape like Lilith's. Beauty is the same—
Body's or Soul's: Lilith is one with Eve!
Adam, 'neath Lilith's eyelids did behold
Her spirit, God-conceived, when his dull eye
Had never seen her mystic pregnancy;
And thought he took a new wife for the old!

Oh thou, in Lilith's lap who restless lies,
And sighest for thy soul's affinity;
And thou, who kneelest with averted eyes
Adoring Eve, not formed of clay like thee—
See even now thou blowest with thy sighs
The golden hair that hides Eve's longed for eyes—
Votarist, the blush, that doth to Eve impart
Such saintly charm, wells up from Lilith's heart.

N. H. T., '13.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM CHANGTU TO CHUNGKING

EDITOR'S NOTE.—These notes are taken from a personal letter from R. L. Simkin, '03, to friends in this country. We believe that our readers will be interested in his adventures. In a later letter, dated Chungking, February 1st, Mr. Simkin reports that the situation was so improved in the province that he intended to return to Changtu on February 19th.



HE mutiny of the soldiers and the looting of pawnshops and wealthy families which immediately followed it, convinced nearly all British and American residents that it was time to leave the city. December 9th was spent in removing belongings to the boats, and that night I spent on the boat of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, and Messrs. Foster and Bye, who kindly offered to share the boat with me. The following morning we learned that Mr. Ritchie and two companions had been robbed of several hundred dollars by two bands, one of which numbered more than a hundred men. The river between Changtu and Kiating was said to be infested by similar bands who were only waiting to rob the foreigners as they passed. I also learned that the occupants of another boat had had a very bad night owing to a band of men who kept shooting very close over their heads.

On receipt of this news I returned to my home, and, leaving most of my money and goods, I prepared to make my way by land to Chungking or Wanhsian. I expected to be robbed, but I knew that even if I lost all my goods and money I could make my way to Chungking or some other point on the river. On the other hand, I believed the position of those who were proceeding by boat would be one of extreme danger, for the robbers would know that they must proceed by a fixed path and would be waiting for them. Even with a guard on the boats, the robbers would have every advantage of position and concealment, while the thin sides of the boats would form no protection from their fire. If I were alone I should be free to choose any road which might at the moment seem least dangerous. Moreover, by remaining with the party, I could be of no assistance to the two ladies, whose husbands and the other two gentlemen would render all assistance possible, whereas I hoped that by proceeding to Taihochon on the other river I might form a junction with the members of my own mission from Tungchwan, and thus I might be of great assistance to the three single ladies there in making good their escape.

On the morning of December 11th I left Changtu, being accompanied by two servants and the carrier of my load. One of my evangelists named

Yuan also went with me, and I was very glad of his help, as he was most useful to me in every way during the experiences of the day. About thirty *li* from Changtu we continually received warnings that the road was infested by robbers, and as we learned that there was a large band at Heintientsi we turned to the left and followed a small road eight *li* to a place called Er Chiang T'o, where we boarded a small boat in company with about thirty other Chinese and started for Chao Chia Tu, where we hoped to lodge that night.

After passing one band of about twenty of the local militia, who came aboard and searched the boat for firearms or stolen goods, we came to another band of about twenty-five men who challenged us and fired a shot across our bow. As the boatman pulled in toward the shore about ten of the robbers stood on the bank with guns leveled at us, while the remainder waded out to plunder the passengers. With vile oaths and long knives uplifted, three of the robbers came straight across the boat at me, rifling my pockets of purse, watch, fountain pen, and all the money they could find. Meanwhile others carried my boxes to the shore and, emptying the contents on the ground, searched for the money which I had hidden in them. Others searched my two servants and Mr. Yuen, taking some of their clothing and all their money except three hundred cash. As the search through the goods did not disclose as much money as they wanted, they came back to me again and again to ask for more, even searching in my undergarments. They put a knife to the throat of my cook and struck Mr. Yuen three heavy blows with the back of their swords. Finally they tied my hands behind my back, put a rope around my neck, and five men stood with knives uplifted and a pistol at my breast, still demanding money. I wondered if they were really going to kill me, but as I yielded to them in everything they asked me to do, they finally became convinced that they had found all the money I had, and left me, to rob another boat which had come down stream. Either they did not recognize the value of my clothing, or else they did not wish to be encumbered by it, for they allowed my carrier to put most of it into the boxes and carry it back to the boat. I lost some clothing, however, and other articles, including my razor. They also took my typewriter, although one wonders what use it would be to them. The last I saw of them, one of them had a pistol at the head of the passengers on the next boat.

Soon after leaving the robber we left the boat and went to the village of Heintientsi, where Mr. Yuen and I found lodging at an inn. The country was full of robbers, and the occupants of the inn had been robbed the preceding night. Knowing that my goods would be only a

hindrance to me, as my bearer had run away and my two servants refused to go any further with me, I determined to leave my remaining goods in charge of Mr. Yuen, who would wait at the inn until the robbers had dispersed and then take them back to Changtu; so the following morning, with two or three important books in a bundle slung from my shoulder, and only the clothes which I wore, I started from the inn to make my way to Chungking. I had succeeded in saving a few dollars which I had instructed my cook to bake in the center of some biscuits and place in the bottom of the basket, but I did not dare to take them with me, as I expected to be searched again, so I started with only three hundred and four cash in my pocket. The landlord, supposing that this was all that I had saved, was very kind, refusing to receive the customary lodging fee and even offering to give me two hundred cash for traveling expenses. This I declined with thanks, as I knew that I could borrow enough at the chapels along the way to meet my scanty needs.

I slept the first night at the M. E. M. chapel at Chao Chia Tu and the second at the C. M. S. home in Chung Chiang, and at each place the native evangelist was most kind, providing me with a bowl of rice or vermicelli and a Chinese wadded quilt, which, with the clothes I wore, kept me comfortably warm. As neither would accept any money for the accommodation, I arrived in Tungchwan after a walk of two hundred and seventy *li*, having used scarcely more than two-thirds of my scanty funds. Had it been necessary I could have secured, even from those not connected with the church, all the money I needed to pay for my food and lodging all the way to Vanshion, I believe, for I found no indications of anti-foreign feeling, and the Chinese were as much afraid of the robbers as I was. The first day after leaving Heintientsi I had gone scarcely three *li* from the village when I was warned that there were robbers ahead and all that morning I frequently heard shooting in the direction of the river, but I went on and was not molested. The mountains were reported to be especially dangerous because of the robbers, but I passed over them early the second morning in a rain and fog, and the robbers had evidently not begun their operations. After passing the mountains I found the roads comparatively safe, though I continued to hear occasionally of robberies. Thinking that the Tungchwan people might not have left, I took that road, but on reaching Chung Chiang I learned that Tungchwan was surrounded by several hundred of the Hsui Fang soldiers against whom she had closed her gates and that it would be impossible to get into the city. I determined to try at least to learn whether the missionaries had left Tungchwan, and on my approach I learned that the soldiers had all left. The gates were still closed and

protected by a heavy portcullis, but the soldiers drew me up over the wall and I found all safe and still carrying on their work much as usual. During my stay of two weeks in Tungchwan another band of soldiers arrived and tried to levy blackmail. The gates were shut against them and the local defenders manned the walls to prevent a surprise attack, but after several days of waiting in the suburbs the soldiers left after having been bought off with a gift of two thousand taels.

The Tungchwan people were exceedingly friendly to us, beseeching us not to go and promising us all the protection they could give, the Fu official being especially cordial towards us, yet we saw that it was doubtful if they could protect us from any robbers who might gain admittance to the city, and so, after receiving the letter from the Consul-General urging us all to leave, we felt that there was no other course but to comply. Mr. and Mrs. Wigham and two children with Mr. Rodwell occupied one boat, while I escorted the three single ladies on the other.

Above Suining we had no difficulty with robbers, but about half a day below Suining we passed a band of between twenty and thirty soldiers, mostly armed with foreign guns, who were busily robbing a cargo boat. Our captain told us to appear on deck that they might see we were foreigners, and they allowed us to pass without challenge. They had four or five small cannon trained on the river, so that they could command boats going in either direction. A little further down we encountered another robber band of considerably more than a hundred men, who on the right bank were having a battle with two hundred of the local militia who stood on the other bank. As we neared the spot the robbers swarmed over the rocks with guns pointed at our boats, while the firing between the combatants still continued to some extent, Mr. Wigham's boat being hit once. In response to the robber's repeated calls Mr. Wigham's boat, which was in advance of ours, pulled into the shore and his captain went ashore and held a short parley with the robber chief. Many of the chief's followers seemed to want to plunder us, but the chief knocked aside their guns and told us we might go on. He said that if we had not obeyed his call to land they would have made it hot for both boats, but as we had obeyed he would allow us to pass. We even called to the others on the opposite bank that we were foreigners and they must not shoot. Meanwhile, when we were in the thickest of the fighting, all except two or three of our crew suddenly deserted their oars, bolted into the main part of the boat, and crouched as low as possible in the hold to escape the bullets, while the boat drifted down past the place where the captain was on shore. As soon as our men learned that the robbers were allowing the other boat to put off they returned to the oars and we were soon

out of range of the guns. No sooner had we passed than the battle was resumed and flash answered flash as the combatants discharged their cannon at each other.

That night we moored at the village of Yu Chi Kow, where we had a chapel, and we learned that the local militia, which had been engaging the robbers in battle, were from that village. They returned, bringing with them ten of the robbers whom they had captured. It is probable that just as we passed, the robbers were too much occupied with their battle to think of molesting us.

For some miles below Yu Chi Kow the river was said to be infested with brigands, so our boatmen arose shortly before 2 A. M. and made several tens of *li* by moonlight. About daylight a thick fog obscured the view and we were obliged to wait for a time near the bank, during which time we heard firing in the vicinity and we learned from the man on a ferryboat that there was a band of robbers just below us. The fog probably saved us, however, for we pushed off and managed to pass the dangerous part without being observed.

This seemed to be the most dangerous part of our journey, for after we passed Ta Ho Pa, above Hochow, we saw nothing more of robbers and at almost every village we saw bands of local militia drilling. They are very strict in driving away the robbers from this section of the river. At several places where we went ashore we received the most courteous treatment from these militia and from villagers.

ROBERT L. SIMKIN,
Chungking, West China.

SPRING

Great Earth: thy morning mistress lovely Spring
Cries now the millionth time to hear thee sing
Thy glorious song of freshened life and youth;
Broken the bonds of winter by thy truth!

Sweet Spring: Opposing nature's living death,
Thy mellowed sweetness and thy languorous breath,
Thy calm pervading power, thy untold worth
Have waked with magic touch the sky and earth.

And better symbol of thyself than all:
The running water, with its tuneful call,
Springs from the softened dying ice and snow;
Swift bears the message to the lands below.

F. M. F., '13.

"THE PLAYS THE THING"



RS LANSING and I have tickets for Sothern and Marlowe,—the great actors, you know,—and we find we're unable to use them. They're for the Lyric Theatre to-night. You see, they do a different play every evening. The one to-night is called *Macbeth*, one of Shakespeare's, you know. So if you can use the tickets, you're welcome to them."

Lansing said all this without meeting William Bradshaw's eyes. Perhaps if he had seen the dull eyes of his clerk lighten with understanding, his tone would have been a shade less patronizing. Lansing stopped speaking and waited for Bradshaw to reply. By this time the dead look had returned and William answered, "Thank you, sir!" as unemotionally as he said it every Saturday when paid his wages.

"That man Bradshaw's a queer duck all right," said Lansing to his wife that evening. "Couldn't tell whether he was pleased with the tickets or not. I'm rather glad you thought of giving them to him though. He may really enjoy it, too, in a way; the lights and the crowds and the costumes, you know. Of course," he answered his wife's look of protest at virtue being neglected, "he's faithful as an old shoe, and I couldn't get another man that would do his work a quarter so well for the money. I don't suppose Bradshaw's over forty, but he's so dead he fairly makes you shiver."

Lansing would not have doubted that his gift had made an impression of some kind if he had seen the look of tremulous excitement that came over Bradshaw's face as he felt the tickets actually in his hands. He read what was printed on them several times over, as if not trusting his eyes. He knew that the date was correct, and yet he gave himself the pleasure of looking up at the big daily calendar to verify it. Then resolutely he put the tickets in his pocket and went to work.

The two or three men that worked in Lansing's hardware store looked and wondered. Was this nervous, excitable fellow the Bradshaw they knew, as unemotional as a doorknob and as chilly as a North wind, if you can imagine a North wind with all the breeziness taken out and only the coldness left. Was there really something human underneath? But Bradshaw did not think of his fellow-clerks. Outwardly he plodded on, doing the routine work that he knew so well how to do. Inwardly his heart was thumping furiously and, for the first time in years, he *ran* down the steps as he left the store.

On the trolley-car he thought of the number of ways he would break it to his mother; for might not the surprise be too great? He

and his mother (there were only two of them at home) had been re-reading all the plays in the Sothern and Marlowe repertoire. In fact, the previous Sunday they had puzzled over the arrangement of plays, and each had cast his vote as to which they would go to if they could afford to go to *one*; as to which two, if a second visit were possible; and then, carried away by the daring of their castle-building, they had considered the possibility of even three. But to go to see all seven plays in the repertoire—that, each felt, would be crowding the bliss too much. Two years before, his mother had done a half-hour's more sewing a day and he had walked one way to the store in order to save up enough to go to one Sothern-Marlowe performance. But William's sister (she was in a retreat for cancer patients) had needed a few extra comforts and, with no outward protests, each had voted instantly against "selfishness."

And so they had never gone. To be sure, their Shakespeare had full notes, and frequently the difference in the interpretations of celebrated actors was described. Each would pick out his favorite parts to read aloud, and they felt as though they knew exactly how it all looked. Here William was awakened from his reverie by the consciousness of the arrival of his street.

One hour later, the mother and son left their house. Supper had been completely forgotten. He thought of it just as they were going down the steps, but each laughed, like a pair of happy children, at the idea of going back. The man with the opera hat, who sat opposite to them in the trolley, thought, if he thought about them at all, "What a funny, dried-up little pair!" Bradshaw's clothes had the shine that comes with much brushing,—not to be desired in clothes so much as in shoes. His overcoat pockets were bulging; inside them was an old-fashioned pair of opera-glasses, a copy of *Macbeth* and, best of all, the tickets. Frequently he felt the latter with his hand to make sure they were still safe. Their smooth slipperiness gave him a sensation new and delicious.

She wore a black silk dress, made twenty years before, and a little bonnet of the same decade. Shabby black gloves concealed the fingers worn rough with needlework. But around her neck was some real lace pinned in front and held together by an old-fashioned gold brooch. To crown it all, she had pinned at her breast a bright red geranium. Flowers are scarce in winter and she had hated to take away the bright spot in her window, but William agreed with her that the occasion was worthy of it. "Never mind," he had said, "there'll be another one blooming in a week or so, and it gives the last touch to make you perfect." Don't

laugh, reader, for the compliment was sincere; and, as she looked in the glass to get her full effect, he saw that her eyes were radiant with happiness. For the first time in years she felt dressed up, and her bent form straightened a little in the belief that her costume became her.

They reached the theatre fully half an hour before the rise of the curtain. They spent the time in reading over the long program and repeating softly to each other the beginnings of each scene. "They say you're so apt to miss the opening lines," she whispered. And finally the curtain was drawn apart.

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Long after other people were bustling with wraps at the end of the performance, the little couple sat still. Each hated to break the spell. Finally, she said in a low tone, "William, it was even more wonderful than I have ever dreamed." "It was the most wonderful thing in the world," he affirmed, fervently. Neither wanted to talk very much as yet; detailed appreciation would come later.

The story must end here, for, honestly, I do not know how it did turn out. For, you see, I am the man who sat next to them, and Ethel and I made up between us this story of "William" and his mother. We agree on the story up to this point. But now, like so many more valuable manuscripts, there are rival versions. I'll give you hers first.

Ethel doesn't want it to end too rosily. She insists that William should be seen cutting Miss Marlowe's picture out of the paper, and one of the other clerks should get started talking to him about it. Thus the first layer of his shell of reserve is to be pried off. Gradually he wins this man's friendship and that of other men.

"Will he marry in time?" I ask.

"No, he won't," she answers. "At least not until after the death of his mother. She couldn't stand it. Didn't you see how her eyes caressed him?"

But the masculine brute in me wants to add material prosperity as well, in genuine fairyland style. According to my version, the one glorious evening is to so awaken his personality that he will not only deserve a better salary, but command it. Then I want the invalid sister to be put out of her suffering within the next year. I'm not sure whether I'll have him marry or not. Ethel insists it would spoil it all to have him get prosperous; he and his mother are ever so much nearer to each other when they have to pinch a little to get along. But maybe that's just her nice way of making me feel comfortable; for, you see, I'm not earning enough money as yet to give her everything she had before she married me.

I. C. P., '12.

AN IMITATION OF LAMB'S STYLE



WHEN a man reaches middle life or that time when middle life is waning upon old age, he is surprised to find with what clarity the events of his boyhood stand in relief on his memory. All those weary years of toil, when he was winning his way as a man among men, seem a dull monotone beside the bright colors and sharp contrasts which were painted into his youth. My friends to-day are solemn men, men whom I admire, men whose judgment, foresight and knowledge I reverence, but none of whom I love. Against these I place the faces, some dead, all gone, of those who clapped me upon the back and called me "Rummy" in the days when a two-mile walk was a mere trifle.

First of all there was Geoffrey McGregor, big of bones and homely of face. He taught me how to swim, told me of the ways to catch muskrats, showed me where the best butternuts grew, and wandered with me through the woods in search of owl nests. How miserable I was when he went to the war, and how I cried when the news came he would never come back.

I was sent to high school in those days as we all were, and I found other friends. There was Billy Collum—Freckles, we called him—with his curly hair and his chubby legs. We planned many things together and dreamed many dreams. We had our secret "cubby-holes" round the school yard where we hid notes for each other at evening. We made whistles together under the old willow near Danforth Run and caught frogs which we deposited—shame on us—in the teacher's desk. The teacher was an old man, at least thirty-five, and hated frogs. The last I saw of Billy he was going west for the *new* country, where he married and lived happily until the fever took him.

Then there was Hock Brownman. He was tall, dark haired, and serious. He saved me from a drubbing by another boy once, and I was his sworn ally ever after. We had many a long hour together—Hock and I. He translated my Cæsar and I did his algebra. In the long winter nights, when the chill of the outer air drove us nearer the hearth, Hock and I would get down some old volume from his Uncle Jabez's library and flat on the floor we would travel in far lands and strange places. We discovered many an interesting author there, and much that was worth remembering. That was when I exclaimed, "I don't believe fish fly at all," and Hock, dear old Hock, answered, "Yes, they do. Uncle has seen them." We both decided once to be missionaries to the cannibals, but

that was long, long ago, and now Hock is a cripple living in English Lakes—Keswick, I think. He broke his back in Switzerland, twenty odd years ago, and it has been four or five since I have heard from him.

It will not be long now before I shall be left alone to what little comfort my memory affords me. It will not be long before I take up my existence entirely in the far-away past. It will not be very long before I begin to drift into that state which men call second childhood in their pity for it, and which I look forward to as an emancipation from a withering old age in the hope that it may take me back somewhat across the years to a time that once was, and is no more.

A. L. B., JR., '12.

SUNSET

Oceans of silver, sapphire and of pearl
Are blent into a sky,
Which mirrors back the purple sea beneath,
Where the purple shadows lie.

Melodies blown faintly from the west,
Wild vespers of the sea,
Chant lays we cannot hear, yet know they are,
They sail so silently.

A maze of preconceived imaginings
With sweet delusion teems;
A symphony bears in its cadences
The Spirit of our dreams.

D. W., '14.

PRINCE OYAMA

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy of five playing on the beach at Ushibusé; Ushibusé the picturesque, where the sea breezes chant among the pine trees and the waters lap against the crouching rocks and ripple with laughing of little eddies over the smooth sands. And the child held a string which was fastened to a miniature toy junk bobbing merrily over the wavelets. He clapped his hands with joy, and shouted forth ancient songs for little folks about big turtles with flowing tails and Heiké warriors who turned into little crabs—and many other things, until a wave, bigger than the rest, chased him over the beach and startled him so that he dropped the string and ran for safety. And when he came skipping back over the cool, wet sands, the ship was sailing serenely away—string and all—beyond his reach; and the little boy ran up and down crying very loudly—calling to his boat to return, but the boat didn't seem to hear. Just then a genial-faced gentleman of about fifty-five, who was strolling along the beach for his exercise, happened along and spoke kindly to the child.

"Ah, *Botchan* (Little One)—too bad, too bad. What are you crying for?"

"Boo-oo-ooh—my boat's all gone—to sea."

"Oh, is that the trouble; well then—"

And the dignified old gentleman resolutely tucked up his kimono, discarded his sandals and waded out into the water, picked up the line, and towed the toy craft back into the owner's hands. The little boy fell to playing again. He didn't even stop to thank the elderly gentleman who had aided him so kindly; he was much too happy now to think of such trifling matters of courtesy.

"Do you like boats?"

"Yep," answered the child.

"Is there anything you like better than boats, *Botchan*?"

The little boy paused and thought for a long time, then he said:

"I like *osushi* ve—ry much." (*Osushi* is something very good to eat.)

"Then come with me, I will give you lots and lots of *osushi*! Come, *Botchan*, with me!"

And he tucked the toy ship under one arm, while he grasped the little boy's hand with the other, and thus the pair walked down the beach. They entered a modest little *besso* or summer cottage, and the old gentleman entertained his guest with a pair of binoculars, holding them to his wondering eyes so that he might see Fujiyama, so big and near to him. Then he took down from a rack on the wall a beautiful sword and showed the little boy the gleaming blade as it shimmered in the sunbeams. But just then the *osushi* was brought in, and this of course put to flight all other interests, for the youngster ate and ate

till he couldn't possibly hold any more; and all the time the old gentleman sat gently by, smiling and smiling as he puffed at his long-stemmed pipe.

And when the little boy returned home he told everybody about the nice *ojisan* (uncle) who fed him on *osushi*.

* * * * *

Several years later the Emperor of Japan declared war against Russia, and Tokyo was in the greatest excitement. When a Japanese feels anything deeply, he does not show it in his face—he is silent. Tokyo was in such a silence. There was no shouting, no boasting, no carousing. Even the troop trains leaving for Shimonoseki drew out of the city in the small hours of the morning, so that the boarding columns of the soldiers might not block the traffic of the streets. Eye of citizen met eye of citizen, then dropped, for their glances communicated that which their lips failed to utter. On one of these days father and I went to Shimbashi Railroad Station. Marshal Prince Oyama, Commander-in-Chief of the five armies in Manchuria, was leaving for the front; and at the station there was to be a brief farewell reception.

Father took me by the hand and led me to the Prince. His face was calm and collected, his eyes narrowed to slits—as though he were peering afar off, his lips compressed and his whole body, with its finely formed head, poised in a tense military position. He looked at me for a moment, then his eyes twinkled, his face relaxed and his lips smiled.

"Ah, Little One, do you still like *osushi* ve—ry much?"

Y. N., '15.

LOOSE LEAF—THE COMING

IT is that time of day when twilight lowers her soft drapery over the horizon. Far, far down the river, all golden in the light of the sinking sun, appears a little schooner. The light westerly breeze blowing against her storm-stained sails is scarcely able to carry her up against the outflowing tide. Slowly she makes her way, but seems contented with the pace, for her deck and timbers show the marks of a hard struggle for life on the open seas. Her crew, few in number, leaning against the rail, are impressed by the rich beauty of the hills on both sides, for they are enveloped by the royal purple of the Catskills. The breeze dies down; her progress is stopped. An order is given by the helmsman, and the harsh sound of an anchor chain rattling over the side comes across the water. A loon, startled by the noise, dives quietly under the surface. The lilies along the shore fold up their blossoms and slip down into the bosom of the river. The glory of the dying day darkens into night, and one by one the stars appear. Fireflies awake and flit about in the cool of the evening. Lights appear on the schooner, and the sound of voices, together with the odor of cooking, tells that supper is going on. An hour or two passes. The lights, save one on the masthead, have been put out, and the ship lies at rest. A silent meteor slides through the heavens, leaving its shining furrow. Quiet reigns.

J. W. G., '15.

EDITORIAL

POLITICAL INSULARIZATION

A WRITER in the *Outlook* recently spoke of the danger of the *insularization* of the small college. We believe that this is a real problem, but one which can be met and satisfactorily solved. The college of few numbers is frequently out of the beaten track of "big" movements; it has the temptation to watch the world through eyes scholastically narrow, or even to slide through its existence, taking little account of the responsibilities one must assume at the end of four years.

At Haverford every means is employed to minimize this danger. In athletics, in its activities which have more than a local interest, in its scholarship, this college is widely and favorably known. We need not concern ourselves with these phases of the question, but would merely consider the interest the college takes in the next Presidential election. To be sure, there is enthusiasm for the most probable candidates, but is it enthusiasm based upon judgment or upon prejudice?

During the past few months the Civics Club has done a great deal to promote interest along this line. The speakers have in turn advocated the cause of three candidates for the Presidency, laying emphasis on their several abilities. Yet the fact that these men differ strongly in their convictions should make us walk warily and not be too prone to adopt without consideration the views of any man. "Facts are facts," says the man on the street. But facts may be distorted to fit the preconceived opinion of the partisan. If there is one thing that a college man is expected to do it is to lead, or at least to know his own mind.

The present Presidential campaign promises to be one of the keenest in a generation, one which will bring to the front fundamental problems on which, whether or not he casts his ballot next November, the college man should inform himself. Again, it is not sufficient to know the theory; he must know the actual condition of the political field and the ways in which the various issues will affect the well-being of his community and of the nation at large. From now until November the newspapers will rival one another in mud-slinging and in efforts to influence the unthinking element in the public. It is not sufficient to absorb the ideas of one editor. One should try to get at least a double view of the candidates, then, balancing their merits and demerits, vote for him who will govern according to the will of the people as expressed in the law, who will not be subject to the whim of the mob or the self-seeking of the politician.

EXCHANGES



UTSIDE howled the March gale. The new Exchange Editor lay in his big chair by the reading desk, sunk in fitful slumber. Occasionally he mumbled incoherently and his feet twitched with a peculiar, kicking motion. Six long hours he had read and read with feverish zeal. Gradually the formidable pile of college literature at his side (it had been a veritable tower of Babel for him) had been reduced, until finally, utterly exhausted, he had fallen asleep. It may have been the soporific effect of some essay on the New South or the Elevation of Drama among the Kaffirs, or it may merely have been the reaction from certain "turr'ble tales" in the *Amherst*. Anyhow, he was asleep.

He had lain thus a long while, when suddenly, at an unusually loud wail of the blast, he shuddered all over, and rose with a peculiar jerky action. His unseeing eyes shone with a green light. He groped among the papers on the table, seized a theme-pad and a pencil and wrote with quick, spasmodic strokes.

When the cold dawn broke gray in the east, the Editor-in-Chief burst in upon him with a frenzied cry for copy. The young Exchange Editor hurled a bundle of manuscript at his head, and fell in a swoon. The green fire had left his glassy eye, we trust never to return. Here, for the first time, are published the disjointed chatterings of that mad-dened mind.

* * *

The *Amherst* lay on top, so we read it first. "The Murder of Vermes" was a strong attempt at portraying the Psychology of Monomania, "as such," as our friend James would say. It dealt with the deliberate planning of a murder, and its consequences to the mentally unbalanced agent. The other story, "Darkness and Dawn," was well told and expressed the German Zeit-geist in a forcible way. But why, after introducing a marvel of feminine loveliness, and letting the hero shelter her in his bosom half the night, amid the shriek of bullets, did the author force the poor youth away from her door next morning, spite of her dazzling dishevelment, spite of her smiling entreaties—never, apparently, to see her again? Our usually fertile brain finds but one way out. The hero was undeniably slow. And slowness is a characteristic generally considered foreign to young American newspaper men.

When we picked up the *Vassar Miscellany* we felt that here was something worth while. "Why," we thought "this is a really-truly magazine." And having read it through and laid it down, we were still of that opinion. The essays were remarkably good. The little play, "The Moral of That," was clever and held the interest to the end, though its beauty lay in character depiction rather than plot-handling. Perhaps it isn't fair to criticise plots in college drama, anyway. "Wanted: A Swindler" was a business story slightly resembling the Wallingford type. As a representative of our grand old sex, we feel it our duty to defend masculine common-sense against the aspersions cast upon it by the writer of this story. "Suggestions for Whiling Away the Recitation Hour" was an admirably compiled essay. It is difficult to imagine any form of classroom occupation not ably treated in this excellent handbook (for such it is sure to become). We take pleasure in recommending this article to the perusal of all those who are so barren of invention as to waste their golden hours in following the recitation or looking out the window.

In the *Williams* there is a clever little essay of the same type, which describes the wiles of an "Expert Bill-Payer," as matched against the cunning of the pursuing tradesman. As usual, the *Lit* is overflowing with good things. (In this respect the cover decorations are certainly appropriate.) "Two Rabbits in a Band-Box" is undeniably funny, from invitation to cold stare, though if we were a prosperous man of thirty it would be difficult to accept that stare from a mere *Bachfisch* of nineteen, even if our collar were wilted. One of the best told tales of the month is the "Doctor's Ghost Story." We are ashamed to admit how we shivered while reading it. Perhaps the quiet of the sma' hours, and the darkness of the outer corridor, helped on our tremors a little, but at any rate the story achieved its purpose. The doctor's explanation of his ghost as a germ in the blood passing through the retina was ingenious, if a bit far-fetched. The man who wrote "In the Socratic Fashion" is a friend of ours. It is an excellent criticism of the present trend in education.

In the *Virginia* we liked the "Hungry Girl Story." The writer uses his short, balanced style effectively, though we fear he tries a little too hard to get away from the usual. The musically-minded gentleman in the same magazine seems to have a touching fondness for "full, open chords in the bass." His stories are of the delicate, temperamental sort, but he gets a good deal of pathos into them.

Verse, this month, is possessed of a profound pessimism. One man is even worried "Lest Spring Come No More." The best short poem we discovered was "The Harp-Player" in the *Vassar*. The *Virginia* has had

some good poetry lately. "My Lady O' Dreams" has a wonderful hazy lilt that fairly carries the reader away to dance in the moon-flecked glades of Fairyland. We fear it is too long to print here.

"THE HARP-PLAYER."

God of the stillness, the night-thrill, the thundertone,
 Making, destroying thy world evermore;
 God of the sun-streaks that quivering, glimmering,
 Whirl down the surges to flash by the shore—
 Fash'ning with sound I create thy world after thee.
 Glinting of birches and pine-swaying strong,
 Sweetness of thistle and coolness of gloaming time,
 Live like an echo in throbs of my song.
 Far in the forest I heed thy great silences
 Thrilled with a dream of a world to be born;
 Sing a new saga for joy of thy wonderlight,
 Sing a new God in a temple outworn.

We also quote from the *Nassau Lit*:

HAPPINESS.

A poet singing 'neath a Summer sky,
 Sought happiness complete, to signify
 The blessed state of happy Paradise.
 A beggar chanced the singer to espy.

"A boon!" the beggar cried. The poet told
 Of joy. He strove the glories to unfold
 Of heaven and Earth; the bliss of greatest price,
 But as he sang he felt his heart grow cold.

The beggar was transfigured. "Charity,"
 He cried, "The greatest happiness must be!
 Desire to give, nor feel a sacrifice,
 What others wish is purest ecstasy!"

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The annual banquet of the New England Haverford Alumni Association was held on the 2d of March at Young's Hotel, Boston. Colonel N. P. Hallowell, '57, presided. The following officers were elected for next year: President, Colonel N. P. Hallowell, '57; Vice-President, C. T. Cottrell, '90; Secretary-Treasurer, M. H. March, '07; Executive Committee, W. D. Hartshorne, ex-'71; R. Colton, '76; F. M. Eshe-

man, '00; W. R. Chamberlain, ex-'00; R. Patton, '01; W. E. Swift, ex-'03; C. N. Sheldon, '04; W. S. Febiger, '09; R. A. Spaeth, '09; E. S. Cadbury, '10.

After the banquet, which was frequently punctuated by the vigorous rendering of the well-known songs, Colonel Hallowell discussed differences between history *as it is* and *as it is written*, and cited some pertinent instances. W. S. Hinchman, '00, acting as toastmaster, presented President Sharpless, whose account of Haverford's financial and scholastic status was particularly interesting. Dr. Peabody, of Groton, spoke very acceptably, touching, among other things, on the failure of the committees to select just the sort of men desired for the Rhodes' scholarships. H. V. Bullinger, '01, spoke for the alumni. W. D. Hartshorne, ex-'71, gave a vivid inside account of the Lawrence strike.

Others present were: F. G. Allinson, '76; Dr. W. Fite, '89; E. C. Rossmassler, '01; H. M. Trueblood, '03; W. E. Swift, ex-'03; P. Jones, '05; T. K. Brown, Jr., '06; C. R. Hoover, '07; R. L. M. Underhill, '09; W. Palmer, '10; C. Wadsworth, 3d, '11; L. A. Post, '11; H. Worthington, ex-'11.

On February 28th the Pittsburgh alumni held an informal dinner at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, in honor of President Sharpless, who was then in the city. The following alumni were present: W. W.

Handy, '91; D. L. Mekeel, '91; G. K. Wright, '93; H. J. Webster, '96; H. M. Hallett, '00; D. B. Miller, ex-'03; B. Lester, '04; E. Ritts, '05; G. H. Wood, '07; D. L. Birdsall, '11.

Due to the kindness and the energy of H. E. Smith, '86, a smoker was held in the Union, on March 8th, for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm for the soccer game with the University of Pennsylvania, the next afternoon. Dr. Babbitt, '96, was chairman, and after a short talk introduced to the enthusiastic audience the following speakers: R. M. Jones, '85; C. C. Morris, '04; C. L. Seiler, '02; A. L. Smith, '81; H. E. Smith, '86; L. M. Smith, '12, captain of the soccer team; Dean Palmer, H. Pleasants, Jr., '06; W. R. Rossmassler, '07; E. C. Tatnell, '07; Mr. Huish, the soccer coach; E. N. Edwards, '10; C. T. Brown, '08. The meeting was characterized by a lively discussion on athletic ideals, as well as reminiscences and remarks about the team and the soccer outlook. Quite a large number of alumni were present. After the meeting pretzels and root beer were served in the basement. The smoker was a decided success and showed how interested in college affairs some of the alumni are. Considerable numbers of the alumni have attended the recent intercollegiate soccer games at Haverford.

At the smoker the desirability was discussed of new and larger

soccer field facilities, with a "soccer house" for winter practice, modeled after the English style, with open sides and a sand floor. It is appropriate that Haverford, under the present conditions, should stand as a pioneer in the development of collegiate soccer facilities in America. It is hoped that the alumni will be interested in this movement.

'67

On Friday, March 15th, the corner-stone of the new infirmary was laid by the donor, J. T. Morris, '67. Most of the undergraduates and a few of the alumni were present, the bad weather keeping most visitors away. After a couple of songs by the Glee Club, President Sharpless spoke of the great interest with which Mr. Morris has superintended the planning and building of the infirmary. Dr. Babbitt, '96, presented Mr. Morris with a silver trowel on behalf of the college. After Mr. Morris had accepted this, Dr. T. F. Branson, '89, made a speech for the medical alumni; J. H. Scattergood, '96 thanked Mr. Morris for the Board of Managers, and L. C. Ritts, '12, did the same for the undergraduates. Mr. Morris then laid the corner-stone. After the meeting those present had the honor of being presented to Mr. Morris by President Sharpless.

'70

H. Comfort presided at the seventy-fifth anniversary of Cheyney

Institute, celebrated at Twelfth Street Meeting House, March 22d, at which Dr. Booker T. Washington was the principal speaker. Among the speakers were also President Sharpless, S. R. Yarnall, '92, and G. Vaux, Jr., '84. Mr. Yarnall is secretary of the board of managers of Cheyney Institute.

'72

Dr. E. W. Brown, formerly on the faculty of Haverford College, has been spending a few days with Dr. F. B. Gummere, and attending the one hundredth anniversary of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. Dr. Gummere and Dr. Brown are councilors of the American Philosophical Society, which will meet during April.

'84

George Vaux, Jr., is chairman of the committee of 100 appointed to look after the municipal charities. On this committee are: Dr. J. Tyson, '60; W. M. Coates, '63; W. P. Shipley, ex-'81; F. R. Cope, Jr., '00, and Asa S. Wing, a manager of Haverford College.

'85

Dr. R. M. Jones spoke, on March 17th, at the Friends' Conference at Fifteenth and Race Streets, on *The Contribution of the Mystic to Modern Religious Thought*.

'87

Dr. H. H. Goddard published in the *Survey* of March 2d an article

entitled *The Basis for State Policy, Social Investigation and Prevention*.

'88

W. D. Lewis, dean of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, is a candidate for delegate to the Republican National Convention from the Sixth National District. Dean Lewis supports Roosevelt, and is running against Provost Smith, of the University, who is a Taft man. On March 22d Dean Lewis delivered an address, which has aroused a great deal of comment, before the New York Young Men's Republican Club, in New York City, defending Roosevelt's proposition for the "Recall of Judicial Decisions on State Constitutional Questions."

'92

Christian Brinton gave a lecture, March 18th, at the Museum of Fine Arts, of Boston, on the *Société Nouvelle*. Mr. Brinton is very well known as an art critic and has delivered more than one address lately on the same subject. His personal acquaintance with many of the artists of the *Société Nouvelle* makes him an authority on their work.

Ex-'92

Two panels by Maxfield Parrish have been on exhibition in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. They are from a series of panels, some others of which are already finished, which Mr. Parrish

is painting for the dining-room of the Curtis Publishing Company.

'94

W. W. Comfort published an article in *The South Atlantic Quarterly* for January, entitled, *The Appeal to Ancestry in Literature*.

'95

E. B. Hay has accepted a position in John Wanamaker's Store in Philadelphia.

'96

Dr. J. A. Babbitt was one of the judges at the A. A. U. gym meet, March 23d.

'98

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Strawbridge sailed on March 10th for a six weeks' trip in Europe.

'01

The Rev. G. J. Walenta has been elected President of the Interscholastic Cricket Committee of Philadelphia.

'02

There was a meeting, on April 2d, of the General Committee of the Class of '02 for planning the decennial next June.

Dean Palmer will spend next year studying at Harvard. Dr. R. M. Gummere will fill his position for the year.

C. L. Seiler has written a one-act opera, *The Wife of Potiphar*. The words are written by Mr. H. M. Watts.

A. C. Wood, Jr., is preparing an

article on *The History of Haverford Cricket* for the April *American Cricketer*. W. H. Roberts, Jr., '12, captain of the cricket team, is writing an article on the present condition of cricket at Haverford for the same magazine.

E. W. Evans has been appointed to teach "The practical aspect of law" at the University of Pennsylvania.

'04

C. C. Morris was captain of the cricket team of the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia, which took a trip to Bermuda in February. J. B. Clement, '08, was also on the team.

A child was born recently to H. H. Morris, in Canton, China.

'06

Dr. H. Pleasants, Jr., is now practicing medicine in West Chester.

'07

Dr. W. H. Haines began, on January 1st, his service as interne of the German Hospital of Philadelphia.

S. J. Gummere has been working, for the last two months, on the Altoona division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but is now back on the Erie division.

Dr. W. L. Croll is serving as resident interne at the Howard Hospital of Philadelphia.

'08

Dr. G. K. Strode was one of the

Kugler's

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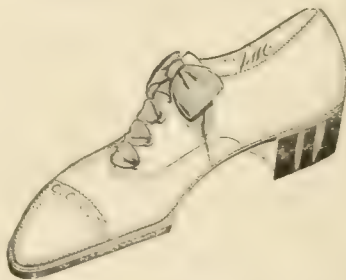
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speakers at the dinner of the Alpha Eta Pi Mu Medical Fraternity, on February 20th.

'09

R. H. Mott has left the National Cash Register Company and is now connected with the management of the Hotel St. Charles, at Atlantic City.

Ex-'09

C. E. Marsh was married last December. He is editor of the *Akron Press*, Akron, Ohio.

'11

J. H. Price has accepted a position at the *Friends' Central School*, teaching English.

P. B. Deane has started on the road for H. K. Mulford & Co., wholesale druggists.

D. S. Hinshaw is studying law in the office of O. S. Samuel in Emporia, Kansas. He intends to go to Harvard next year to study.

F. O. Tostenson will teach German at Penn College, Iowa, next winter.

J. S. Bradway was linesman at the soccer game between Haverford second and Hajoca on March 16th.

Ex-'13

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Shenberger, of Lancaster, announced the marriage of their daughter Sara to G. K. Taylor, on Saturday, March 23d. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will live at 20 West Orange Street, Lancaster.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDWARD BETTLE, JR., HOWARD COMFORT

RARELY, if ever, has the college sustained within one week such a loss as that incurred by the death of two of its most prominent alumni and managers, Edward Bettie, Jr., '61, died April 8th, and Howard Comfort, '70, died April 12, 1912.

Edward Bettie, Jr., born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, December 17, 1841, was the son of Samuel and Mary Ann (Jones) Bettie. His father was one of the most prominent and highly valued Friends of Philadelphia. Edward Bettie, Jr., entered Haverford College in 1857, and was graduated with his class, 1861. He was distinguished in his college course for excellence in the Latin and Greek classics and his love for literature, a taste which he retained throughout his life. He entered mercantile life on leaving college, and continued in it for many years. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Tatnall, of Wilmington, Delaware, in 1872, who survives him.

He was elected a manager of Haverford, 1872, and continued to be one till his death, a period of forty years. During this long time no one took a warmer interest in the literary and other activities of the college than he. He was earnest in the advocacy of wise athletics and in the support and advancement of cricket he was enthusiastic. He was, whenever it was practicable, an intelligent and sympathetic spectator not only of the great matches, but of the practice games as well. He was for a long time Chairman of the Alumni Committee on Athletics, and did much to influence the association in its policy towards that department of college interests.

He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Association and its Vice-President. He was Secretary of the Corporation of Haverford College, 1875-1883; Secretary of the Board of Managers, 1877-1883, and for many years one of the most active members of the Executive Committee of the Board of Managers.

While of the public institutions with which he was connected Haverford held the first place, he was deeply interested in others. He was one of the Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, and Secretary of the Board. He was a member of the Board of the William Penn Charter School,

Manager of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, of Friends' Asylum for the Insane at Frankford, and of other institutions also. These various philanthropic organizations with which he was actively connected show how wide were his sympathies and how extensive was his cheerful service for the benefit of others.

Howard Comfort was born in Philadelphia, April 21, 1850. He was the son of Edward and Susan (Edge) Comfort. He entered Haverford, 1866, and was graduated with his class, 1870. He always occupied a prominent position among the students, was President of his class, President of the Athenæum Society, and Librarian of the Loganian Society. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Association and its President, 1902-1903.

He entered into mercantile and manufacturing business on leaving college and remained in it until his death. He was married to Miss Susan Foulke Wistar, 1872, who survives him.

He was chosen a Manager of Haverford College, 1880, and remained on the Board for the rest of his life, a period of thirty-two years. He was Secretary of the Board of Managers, 1884-1908, and a member of the Executive Committee for many years. He was a firm believer in the college and, like Edward Bettle, Jr., gave his time and services without stint. His calm temperament, clear head, fair-mindedness and excellent judgment made him invaluable. He was active in the Alumni Association and a regular attender at its meetings. He was Treasurer, Vice-President, President and on the Executive Committee for many years.

He was a Trustee of Bryn Mawr College and the President of the Board. He was an active Manager of the Germantown Friends' Library, President of one of Germantown's large financial institutions, and connected with many other organizations.

The debt of the college to these two men cannot be measured.

ALLEN C. THOMAS. '65.

A PASTORAL IDYLL

IT was large enough to be called a river, for it had a valley, and, too, in the springtime, it was always to be reckoned with as a changer of topography. In summer you could ford it most anywhere, but just the same it was "the river," and all the inhabitants of the valley lived either up or down the river from the "Forks." The "Forks" was a post-office and store and the melting pot of two distinct divisions, for people from up the river felt "established" and would not mingle with those below. The latter thought the former backward. At any rate, "down the river" was sullied with urbanity.

John Lane was a plain young man and the most eligible person "up the river." He was the only child of old John Lane, who had started life with a mortgage, but now owned a good farm. John now had charge of the farm, and, like father, so son, he would make it pay whether the spring floods came or no. This circumstance, together with another, his age (twenty-two years), made him eligible.

But to be eligible means nothing by itself. One must be eligible for something. And John was; in a twofold capacity. Be it known, then, that the Lane Farm had at least four sides. Up the river it was bounded by the Bucklands, down the river by the Williamses, one side ran along the river, and opposite the river were the mountains. John Williams' family consisted of five children, the third being Olivia, more familiarly Ollie. John Buckland had a single child, Lucy. John Lane, Jr., was eligible to Lucy and Ollie, and this had been the accepted situation for twelve months, three or four.

John was plain, as before averred, yet was he gifted with a sense of the eternal fitness of things. He divided his attentions most admirably. The difference of even a jot or yet a tittle could not be discovered. Every summer there were two festivals in the valley, one up at the peach orchards and one down at the "Forks." This year it had been Lucy's turn to go in John's runabout to the orchards; and Ollie was already asked to the "Forks." John had been supremely happy at the first named affair, and, following his usual method of procedure, had won the tournament, and Lucy was crowned the Queen. But that wasn't all that made the day happy. Early summer was in the air and that means the delight of spring matured. They felt this, John and Lucy. John was the life of the picnic, setting an enthusiastic pace for all the sports and producing gusts of laughter by his hearty well intentioned banter. Ollie was there, too, and came in for her fair share of this last; but always John would

turn to Lucy, and there he would find an approving glance and a smile demurely tinged with pride. And as they drove home, under the glistening moon, scarcely a word passed the lips of either. It was artless and simple, their joy, but it was beautiful.

Late in August came the "hey day" at the "Forks," and, if anything, John's anticipation was keener than for the previous celebration. Ollie was going with him, and in a new dress. Furthermore, she was the pride of the valley, the most clever, the best educated and the prettiest. John knew he would be the envy of all other aspiring swains, even from below the "Forks"; and as a result he fairly thrilled with elation at the security of his position. The gossips of the valley had already been wagging their tongues. They favored the second combination and were on the alert for the expected culmination of things.

But the sun rose lurid and sultry on the fateful morning. It was a lazy day, and hot. The leaves were no longer fresh and green. The birds sang their matins rather perfunctorily, and the locusts droned out the hours of the day. John loved living things and was to some extent a creature of nature. To-day, without knowing it, he thought of the tragedy of nature and reflected it in his mood. The hot drive along a dusty road and through a dusty woodland was full of suggestion to him. It was unfortunate, perhaps; for when Ollie came to the gate, smiling and chattering, to meet him, he was struck as if dumb. Ollie saw this at once, but so intoxicated was she with youth and her own personality that she was confident she could soon infect him with it. As they drove along she pouted with her pretty little nose at the dust; but on and on she chattered, and gaily. Her sallies, however, could elicit naught but half-hearted replies from her sombre companion.

When they reached the "Forks" John seemed cheerfulness, but it was feigned, and he was distinctly out of sorts. Why, he could not tell. Ollie now began to banter him, and, lest comment should be aroused, John did his best to answer in kind. Outwardly the day followed its usual course, but John's mood was still gloomy; he could not shake himself clear. His companion's talk at first began to pall and then to cut him.

After a dinner from Mrs. Williams' generous basket, came the usual interim for digestion and the preparation for the tournament. Ollie lost patience. She began to encourage the attentions of a bashful group of admirers and deliberately tried to make John seem ludicrous and a buffoon. John thought at first that this was what he wanted and smiled indulgently, for it obviated the necessity of his entering into the conversation. But her shafts were not dulled arrows, they were wicked and vindictive. And they cut.

Soon the tournament was begun and John moved away without a word. Among the contestants he was greeted with the respect due a probable hero. Some of his contemporaries even ventured a little fooling with regard to his prospective Queen. The serious demeanor of his response they attributed to his earnestness.

The sky had been clear all morning, but after dinner the first suspicious clouds began to make themselves evident, just under the afternoon sun. In the excitement of the tournament, the sun had quite disappeared and the heavens had assumed a distinctly threatening attitude. Already some of the older folks had begun to gather up their belongings and to put them in places of safety.

As was to be expected, John's first two charges resulted in an almost perfect score. Before the final attempt he turned and glanced toward his lady, as if for encouragement. Relenting, she smiled her sweetest. It disconcerted her, however, for she felt that he was eyeing something beyond her. She was right, his glance had not reached her. For when he turned he had caught sight of Lucy, sitting in her father's carriage, just behind Ollie's and his. She saw him and glanced down, but her face had betrayed her. John stared another long moment; she looked up and he turned away.

* * * * *

"Sir John, knight of 'up the river,'" bawled out the announcer a few minutes later, "is the best Knight in Westmoreland County. Let him crown his own true love, for her whom he shall choose will be Queen of the Revels." The herald went on with his announcements, but the eyes of the crowd were on John. It was a pretty romance they thought, and love "in the making" is always worth watching. But this was all to no purpose, for during the herald's speech the first few drops from the threatening clouds had fallen. Everyone hoped against hope that it would pass over, but psychological attitudes have little effect on summer showers. The crowd was in turmoil before John had taken ten steps toward his lady. They never knew that even if it hadn't rained, Ollie might not have been "Queen of the Revels." Thoughtful housewives had already fished out tarpaulins and various bits of covering from their hiding places in the farm wagons; and buggy-tops were being put up with all the ludicrously clumsy haste that the ardent young husbandmen could muster.

John and Ollie were soon snugly ensconced behind the storm curtains and driving homeward. The wreath had been carefully and deliberately laid in the rear of the carriage. But it was a very different sort of a trip than the one these two had made in the morning. For, instead of

casting a further damper over John's spirits, the rain seemed to have revived his old self. Ollie did not know that influences less extraneous than the weather had been brought to bear on her companion. In the happy illusion of thinking that *she* had roused him from his sulk of the morning, she forgot all about the crown. It was lots of fun, and in spite of the fact that it had ceased to rain, John stayed to supper and regaled the whole family with his hilarity.

Ollie walked to the gate with John and as the two stood by the gate chattering over the events of the day, the crescent of the harvest moon began to glisten above them. Twilight was gone. Just as John gathered up the reins and turned to say good-bye, Ollie asked him a question. "John," she said, "why were you so gloomy this morning?"

The question was never answered, for John, after a tantalizingly hearty laugh, chirped to his horse, called out a "good-night" and drove away. Ollie stood for a moment puzzled, then turned toward the house, mad—at herself.

John took the "up-river" road and chuckled to himself till he came to the gate of his father's farm. He drove by, but as he did so he ceased to laugh. Ollie would have said that he was gloomy again, but he was not; at that moment he was simply the most serious man in all the world. His horse stopped instinctively at Bucklands' gate and John jumped out, opened it and led him over to the barn. His horse hitched, John walked toward the house. Halfway there he met Lucy coming out of the spring-house, where she had just finished her belated dairying. Together they walked over to the back porch and sat down. Here they talked of the picnic and the coming harvest till the tip of the new moon was cut off by the branch of a pine on the mountain top.

The two were silent for a moment and then John jumped up, saying: "That bay mare's a bit restless. I guess I'll go look after her."

Walking over to the barn, out of sight, he never looked at the peaceful animal, but went right to the rear of the buggy and picked up the wreath. Returning to the porch he stood in front of Lucy for a moment, holding the flowers behind him. Then, without a word, he laid the crown gently on Lucy's head, and, bending over her, as she sat there, he kissed her.

* * * * *

As John drove away, the crescent disappeared behind the mountain; and when this same moon was full there was a wedding "up the river."

H. F., Jr., '12.

CAMPS AND CAMP LIFE

BOYS' camps offer to the college man one solution of the summer problem. They are scattered all over the country, but are especially frequent in the New England States, where lakes and woods form an environment well suited for camping, with its attendant joys of swimming, boating, fishing and, not least, of exploring the wilds.

Out in the open we come to know each other intimately, as we mingle in the activities of camp life. It does not take long to find out who is camp "cow" or "hog"; who tries to slide his work, or who is the best all-round fellow. In camp, as nowhere else, the character of a boy is put to the test and proved true or untrue the quickest. Mostly the boys and common sentiment care for all ill-humored members, and very seldom do the masters have to interfere. An onlooker sees a marvelous change in a boy's nature as the days go on. It is the effect of his surroundings. The boy finds a life larger and filled with more zest for the very joy of living than he has known before. Every hilltop beckons him up to see what is beyond, and when he gets to the top, scores of others present just as pressing an invitation. Every flower, bird, tree brings a new message to him; and, as a result, almost all camps have found it necessary to establish a course in biology and to have a "bug-man" who, in spite of the slanderous name, is held in great respect. I have seen a group of active, wriggling youngsters stand for an hour watching a sunset, and have heard, half a mile off, the shout of joy when a snake, a long-sought-for bug or flower has been found. All the common things of life take on new meanings and possibilities.

But, since we are considering camps in general, we must pause for a few moments to call attention to another sort from that which has been pictured. Along with the fullness of life, and the energy with which it is lived in the woods, any camp may be developed from the line of companionships to a "rough house." Camps like these, however, are not great in number, and are generally due to the character of men in charge. Usually they are the men who mistake rowdyism and noise for wholesome manly sport, and who imagine themselves to be "tough." We all know such fellows. They are afraid that the camp may be turned into a "girls' seminary" and forget that amusement and clean sport, which is more alluring than general misconduct, when developed leads to a manly character and strong type of man.

The other kinds are just as easily discovered also. So successful have these been in the two brief months in forming the character of

fellows, that we need only to turn to California to see that the system employed by several of the best ones is being used in "camp schools" there the year round. A boy thrown on his own initiative feels promptings that often surprise him, but generally he works out his own salvation correctly. This is the full value of camp life.

On the camp council one finds only the college man or a fellow who has once before been a boy in the camp. Being a "*master*" is one of the great opportunities for a college fellow's summer work, and let me add, one of the most pleasant. Every year the headmaster of various camps looks over the different college lists for men to suit his purposes. Some desire scholarship men, some want *letter* men, but all demand gentlemen with sympathy for boys' sports. They must be "children of an older growth." They are not wanted to command the boys, but to be companions and friends and an older head in time of stress and excitement. For this reason many headmasters of camps desire men in athletics rather than scholarship men. They claim such fellows are more capable of keeping their heads. Then again, it is wonderful how the boys respect the man who belongs to a college team. He is a sort of idol to the youngsters. His every movement is studied and imitated.

The duties of a counselor are such as appeal to a college man. He serves as the leader on tramps, the cook on camping parties, the guide and general information bureau through the woods, and the instructor of games and sports. His life is spent in canoeing, swimming, playing baseball, tramping and fishing. He has charge of a group of fifteen boys, more or less, in a tent or bungalow and sees that their things are kept in orderly shape. The boys stand inspection every morning. The camp hours are from half past six in the morning until half past eight in the evening. The bugle is the signal used, and the martial strain lends spirit to the occasion.

All camps of the best type require some form of religious exercise. Prayers are said at morning and night, and on Sunday a "tree-talk" is given by the counselors in turn. Of course, the reading and telling of stories around the camp-fire at night is one of the main elements. The fire is the camp's hearth-stone.

The "soak" is one of the great features of daily life. Everybody must go in and all counselors must be present. Water baseball, polo and racing are indulged in. A boy to have the privilege of a canoe or boat must have swum a quarter mile under the guidance of a counselor. Prizes are offered for the best time in the various distances,

and one special day is set apart for the trials. This is the gala day of the summer and generally precedes the "long walk."

The boys have some special duty to perform every day about the camp, so that they feel the responsibility of the life and the general condition of their surroundings. The "duty lists" vary from day to day, so that one fellow builds the camp-fire, then cleans the lamps, carries the mails, et cetera. Different counselors have charge of the work to see that it is done correctly. No privileges are granted to a boy until his work has been passed upon.

The compensation of a counselor varies from \$50 to \$100 the first year, with an increase of \$25 every year he returns. This is the material side, but one feels that the benefits received from sleeping under the open sky, living the active life of the woods, which demands regular sleep and hence good health, cannot be measured in such vulgar things as coins. From a summer in the woods, and on a lake, one returns brown as an Arab, healthy as only nature can make a man, and full of energy and strength to meet the winter's tasks.

Such are the benefits, pleasures, duties of the life of a summer camp. No one will once drink of this magic spring without a desire, a thirst to return. It is a real, true, vital, wholesome life.

J. P. G., '14.

SONG OF THE ROAD

Over the hills the sunset glowed,
And over the hills the dawn,
And over the hills is the beaten road
Where the Romany tribe has gone.
Canopied o'er by the windy skies,
Ruled by their fancy's sway,
Freemen are they, who know no ties,
Lords of the Broad Highway.

Deep in the wood the song birds hide,
And deep in the wood they sing;
And deep in the wood the pixies glide
Who dance in the fairy ring.
Silver the stream, and cool and clear,
Far from the haunts of man;
Still through the dusk, if ye but hear,
Echo the pipes of Pan.

L. B. L., '14.

THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT

ONE evening last summer a group of people were gathered around a dying fire on the shore of Lake Isobelle. The hills opposite cut a long graceful curve against the sky, and the moon in the water divided and reunited itself in a never-ending restlessness.

It is strange how silent the nights can be. The very breeze died down and rested while we looked over the embers at one another. We had talked and we had sung, and had at last given ourselves over to the silence of the great night, happy with sheer happiness. Everyone felt it, and everyone understood.

Into the silence came from down the lake the faint note of a bell, lightly struck, sweet as silver. Again it sounded, nearer, as if it were swung in a mournful wind by a cord. It approached swiftly. Yet, though we strained our eyes through the dark, the surface of the lake remained unbroken and we saw nothing. The sound passed, and in a moment the silence reigned again unbroken.

About fifteen years ago there came to live in a little bungalow on the shore of Lake Isobelle a girl, tall, beautiful, graceful, whose name was Harriet Blake. No one along the lake knew who she was or whence she came, and no one cared. An old man, a gardener, kept the place for her and watched the house; she spent her days in walking and canoeing—that was all one could say. It was supposed, I imagine, by the country folk that she was a sorceress; anyway, no one ever bothered her.

The house she lived in had been roughly and simply built, its one mark of distinction being a roomy porch overlooking the lake and the little shelter in which Harriet kept her canoe. Opposite the cottage across the narrows of the lake rose Eagle Palisade, named from a pair of golden eagles that had built there for many years.

The nest, a large ungainly structure of sticks, was on a ledge a sheer hundred feet from the lake surface, and was easily seen from the bungalow porch from which Harriet would watch the old eagles circling in the sky or feeding their young. "Her eagles," Harriet used to call them.

If the country folk avoided this girl, none knew better than the gardener the injustice of it. He had been, as a boy, in her grandfather's employ and had seen all the tragedy which had broken up the home and sent Harriet Blake under an assumed name away from the world of her friends in search of seclusion. To be brief, by dishonesty, her father,

Herbert Blake, had ruined one of his old friends. The shock of the thing was too much for Richard Randall; he developed melancholia and shot himself. Blake was arrested, tried, convicted of forgery, and sentenced to the penitentiary. Blake's wife died, so the doctor said, of a broken heart. Harriet, now twenty-three years old, disappeared from society. She had a little money of her own, and the old gardener, faithful to his deserted mistress, had stayed by her saying he would look after her "till she found a man."

"But, Alfred, men don't fall in love with convicts' daughters," she said.

"If I were young, and a gentleman's son * * * Well, we'll see, we'll see."

It was chance alone that led Robin Randall to Lake Isobelle. It was a chance that one day his canoe and Harriet's met, and it was chance, according to some people, that knit their two souls so closely that they were never to be torn apart. They were both interested in the same things; they were both in love with the open air, and as frank and fearless as the breezes themselves.

Robin had not been long on Lake Isobelle before he discovered the eagles' nest, and being a lover of nature for love's sake, he often paddled down toward the bluff and watched the great birds in their hunting and their home life. He would pull his canoe under the birches that overhung the border of the lake and dream there, intensely conscious that even if things were hard, life was eminently worth while. One day he was awakened from his reveries by the sound of a human voice singing. He sat up quickly, to see within a few yards of him Harriet in her canoe.

"Excuse me," he ventured, "am I trespassing?"

Surprised at the presence of a strange canoe, she made no reply.

"I didn't mean to intrude on private property."

"The lake is not private," she answered.

"I came to watch the eagles," he said. "I don't understand them, but they interest me."

His frank tones elicited a franker reply, "Why do they interest you?"

"Because they live in a sphere beyond mine. Because, I suppose, I would like to leave the earth for a little while and fly the way they do. Why do you like them?"

"I didn't say I liked them."

"But you do, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. I have been here long enough to get to know them for one thing. I don't see much of outside people, so I like to watch them. They are my society, you see, and they are well worth knowing."

And so they talked, and when they met again they talked of the eagles and each came to feel an added interest in the birds. One day Robin called them "our eagles," and Harriet unconsciously adopted the term. In time Robin confided his story to Harriet, but she did not meet him half way, and so he never guessed that this glorious woman was the daughter of the only man he hated.

"There is only one man on God's earth I hate. He has on his hands the blood of my father. He did not murder him, but he drove him to his death. That is one thing which I can never forgive. He had a daughter, poor girl; she's gone away now. I guess she took it hard. But the cowardice of it. To ruin the man that trusted him, to lie to him, and to forge his name! I could forgive almost anything but treachery. You don't know what it is like. It cuts and cuts to have such a thing come so near you. His name should have been Benedict and not Herbert."

"It must be hard," she said.

"It *is* hard. I thank God my mother was not alive. She had too tender a nature for that. She was a Swiss, mother was. I remember just how she died. She called me and I went in and knelt by her bed. 'Richard,' she said, 'I called you to say good-night to you. I'm going to leave you, Laddie, and before I go I want to give you a mother's blessing. You may not understand all this now, but remember it, for the time will come when you will understand, and thank God you had a mother who loved you. I have always wanted a daughter to love, Laddie, and since it has pleased God that I should not have one of my own, I have been waiting and hoping for the time when you should bring home a woman as your wife whom I might love as a daughter. And now I am to go and I shall never see her, but I would have loved her, Laddie, and I am going to leave something with you as my bridal gift to her.' She gave me a key to an old chest and directed me to a certain box in it. I found an old silver cowbell in it. It was beautifully designed and on the side was the old family name of my mother. 'Take it, Laddie, and keep it,' she said, 'till you find the one woman whom you will love better than your mother.' We bid good-bye to each other, and that night she died."

He told all of what had followed. He told her he had come just to get away. He wrote, he said, and was getting enough at it to live on. He had brought a supply of paper and ink and expected to be on the lake all summer. He had come, in short, to be alone.

But solitude is never what it is thought to be. The longing for human faces soon creeps in, and it is small wonder that when these two met, their friendship ripened more quickly than either realized, and that

one night on the porch of the bungalow Robin opened his heart and declared his love.

Harriet flatly and promptly refused him.

Robin stood his ground.

"You are 'the one woman.' We were made for each other. Don't you know it? Can't you feel it all through you?" and she answered,

"Don't! You can't know. I can't come to you. It isn't whether or not you love or I love, I can't! That is all."

"Can't I make you feel what it means, what it is to live without you, what it is never to have any place you can call home? I love, you love; what else can matter?"

"There is something else and it matters. I haven't said I love you, to begin with."

"No, but you have told me. What do I see written on your face but love? What is there in your eyes but the note of your heart?"

"You must not believe my eyes. They might lie. You have not known them long. You don't even know who I am."

"What do I care? You are my sweetheart; you! Your eyes lie? Look!" he cried, and drew from his pocket the silver cowbell. "See! This is the bell my mother gave me. I have brought it to you to-night."

He pressed the bell tightly to his lips, and kneeling, held it out to her.

"Take it. My heart lies in it. Listen! That is the voice of my soul. Can you stand there and say 'No'? Can you feel the sob in your bosom, and feel your whole nature yearning for the love I give you? Can you, and yet say: 'No, there is something which matters'?"

"Yes," she cried, "I can! I can feel my heart gnawing in my breast with hunger for you and say, 'No.' See! This bell which your mother gave you, for me, can never be mine,—nor another's. I love it. I love you. I would give my life to own it." She pressed the bell to her lips and then hurled it out toward the lake.

When she turned, he was white. His hands were clenched, and blood was running from his lower lip where he had bitten it.

"There is a reason. This is why. The blood of your father is on the hands of my father. In God's name, why did I not send you away long ago. Oh! Go now! Go now! And leave me alone with my grief."

Robin could bear no more. He caught her in his arms and held her pressed against his breast while they both sobbed, he for joy, she for pain. At last he spoke.

"My bride * * *! My wife * * *!"

The strength of the woman returned. She tore herself out of his embrace and cried:

"No! not your bride! Not your wife! Nor ever will be. The touch of your lips on mine shall burn there till death shall seal them. The beat of your heart shall sound in my ears forever. Before God I am your wife and you are my husband, but not before men. Go and leave me. I have courage to live, have not you? Cannot you see I am thrusting a knife into my heart? Go and God keep you, for I love you."

He folded his arms. "Don't doubt my courage, my bride, but I shall make you my wife before men. God has bound us, can man keep us apart?"

"You mistake me. Before God I swear I will never be your wife. Do you hear? You have made me a woman and I am drinking the bitterest cup life can offer. Now, go!"

"I go," he said. "To-morrow at sunrise look at the eagles' nest. You will see me on the upper ledge. I shall wave my handkerchief and then take two steps forward. Wave your own if you have changed your mind. If not, take two more steps and wave again. The ledge is not so long. One soon comes to the end. If you wave I shall know you have decided our love is worth keeping alive. Good-night, and God keep you through this night."

He kissed her and was gone. A moment later she heard his paddle in the water.

All night long she lay on the porch and at sunrise she was gazing upward across the lake. Whether Robin was taking an unfair advantage over her she neither knew nor cared. Ten times she turned, thinking to avoid what she dreaded by going in, and yet remained waiting, watching. She felt for her handkerchief. As the mist rose she could make out Robin standing on the ledge, and at last saw him slowly and deliberately take his handkerchief and wave it. She clutched hers and waited. He took two long strides along the ledge, balancing himself with his outstretched arms. He paused and waved again. Maybe she was wrong after all. The words he had said once before came back to her. "He did not murder him, but he drove him to his death." Would *his* blood be on *her* hands? Robin took two more steps. She calculated the distance yet to go. She looked at the height of the cliff and shut her eyes with a shudder. In terror she opened them again lest Robin should have fallen. He waved again and took two more steps. By an impulse Harriet threw her handkerchief over the railing. As it left her hand she repented. She sprang to the table and snatching the cloth waved it frantically, calling and sobbing with joy and relief. From far up the cliff came the faint "Halloo" of a happy man as Robin began retracing his steps.

In moments of strong emotion men think little of personal risk, and Robin, knowing of a shorter but more dangerous way back, dropped down to it and made his way round by the eagles' nest. Harriet saw him stride over it. She saw the old eagles above him. She saw one fold its wings and drop, striking Robin between the shoulders. She saw him grapple with the bird as he fell and saw them strike the rocks below. The scream of the bird and the cry of the man reached her ears, the sky whirled and she fell unconscious.

When she came to, she and the gardener paddled across the lake and brought him back to the bungalow. Harriet was courageous. She sent Alfred off to telegraph from the head of the lake and stayed behind with Robin's body. She washed his wounds and bruises, she smoothed his hair, she closed his eyes and kissed them. She got him into her own room, laid him on her own bed and knelt there beside him till evening, when Alfred came home with a doctor.

For two days and nights she kept her vigil and then his friends came and took him away. Her duties at an end, she collapsed and slept, exhausted, hour after hour. The sun set. The air grew dense, a storm rose and blew across the lake, bending the trees over with its force. It whistled around the house and roared down the chimney, but still she slept, unmindful of the storm. She was awakened by the scream of a falling eagle, only seemingly near at hand. She started up and called the gardener. He had heard it, too, and armed with a lantern he went out into the wind and the rain. About twenty yards from the house he found one of the young eagles, blown from its nest, and beside it on the ground lay a silver cowbell. He brought both to the house. Harriet took the bell and went back to her room.

The next day she undertook the rearing of the eaglet. It gave her diversion and kept her interested. The bird seemed to recognize that he had a friend in Harriet. She trained him to answer to her whistle, and later when he took to longer flights he always returned to the bungalow at night. And so as the days went by a strange friendship grew up between these two.

A year passed thus and then Harriet was taken ill. The doctor said it was pneumonia and that her chances for recovery were slight. The eagle somehow seemed to know something was wrong and flew around the bungalow, calling. Harriet, who realized fully that she was dying, had the window left open and called her eagle. He flew down to the porch and hopped awkwardly over the sill. Harriet took the bell and with a thong of leather tied it around the bird's neck. She was wandering a little, but she spoke clearly:

"My eagle, my husband, I am coming home. I have waited God's will patiently, and now I have been called. Take this bell he gave me and keep it, for in it lies the heart of all I loved, of him for whom I would have gladly died. Take this bell from me, that no mortal man may touch it ever. Let it ring over this old lake and over this old woods that I have loved. Keep it safe and remember that I gave it to you. There lie two hearts in it and when it rings, beloved, it shall be the voice of two souls who are united at last. Keep it well and I will bless you. Be faithful to your trust. O! My husband, my husband, I come." And so she died.

A. L. B., JR., '12.

TWILIGHT

The last bright glow of crimson
 Is fading in the west,
 And mirrored in the water
 Its passing outlines rest.
 The shadows of the hemlocks
 Creep further from the shore,
 And twilight, softly falling,
 Extends the waters o'er.

The pine trees whisper softly,
 And with the balmy air
 That sighs among their branches,
 Their fragrance freely share.
 Lo, blending with the silence,
 And whisp'ring of the trees,
 The hermit thrush's vesper
 Comes floating on the breeze.

Now softly falls the darkness;
 The stars appear on high
 And brighten with their twinkling
 The cloudless summer sky.
 Then through the hemlock branches
 The rising moon serene
 The shadowed landscape brightens
 In its pale and silver sheen.

G. H. H., JR., '15.

LOOSE LEAVES

MONA LISA

THE GODS! what a subject!" says the Jaded Theme-Reader. "Why don't these undergraduate fledglings take some subject that the big critics haven't attempted? The big men have said, as well as can be, all there is to be said about the *Divine Comedy*, the *Sistine Madonna*, and *Hamlet*." The same with *Mona Lisa*! Who has not spoken of this woman? Who has not made comment on that "wonderful smile of hers"? All sorts of guesses at her personality have been made. I know one earnest young thing who says quite frequently, "I know I'd hate that woman. You can see she's horrid from her smile!"

Now comes the usual undergraduate iconoclast! To me she has the most stupid face ever put on canvas. Cowl-like is the only word to describe the placid contentment in her smile. The position of her hands connotes the kind of woman we refer to as "a good, old soul." In her face is all the peace that comes from lack of ambition and self-satisfaction. Why anyone should wish to paint such an unattractive person, I don't see. And so I repeat in the words of the afore-said Jaded Theme-Reader, "Ye Gods! what a subject!"

1912.

SCROGGINS

OLD SCROGGINS certainly was a peculiar individual, but it did not seem to bother him at all. His head was very smooth and round and highly-polished. "My skullcap fits so much the better," said Scroggins. His protruding forehead ended in two long, bushy brows. What could be better to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun in summer and the chill winds in winter? His nose was extremely large and had a knob on the end; it accepted a beautiful polish, so this large, red appendage was the pride of Scroggins' face. His mouth was wide, and when opened, exposed a huge cavern of red. "How much easier to take big mouthfuls," he used to say, when rapidly concealing a piece of pie or cake. The rest of Scroggins' person seemed to be bones and joints, enshrouded in drapery consisting of a rusty, black Prince Albert, with trousers to match. He was rarely seen on the street, but generally kept in his room at Thompson's.

Possibly you wonder why Scroggins has any claim to publicity? Well, the cause of his mention here is his funeral. Of course, if Scroggins had run his own funeral, things would have been different; but Tim Rooney, who made what money he had by the sale of various liquors, heard that Scroggins, apparently with no relatives, had been found dead in his third-floor back-room and decided, since he did not have funerals very often in his family, to hold Scroggin's from his home.

The appointed time came and all of the neighborhood turned out in force, the gentlemen with a motley collection of black ties and the women also with a little black interspersed in their make-ups. The people gathered in Rooney's front room. The shutters had been opened and the covers taken off the gilt furniture for the occasion—and Mrs. Rooney received them, all shimmering in rustling bombazine. The remains could be viewed in the next room and one by one the sorrowful—but curious—neighbors filed in. Some of the women wept and little Mr. Peckson, also in tears, was seen tucking something into his back pocket which might at first

glance impress some people as an onion. The procession had very nearly all passed when a little thing slightly disconcerting took place. It is hardly worth while mentioning it, but old Scroggins raised his head from the coffin and opened his eyes. Mrs. Rooney fainted and Mr. Peckson thought he was going to faint. After thoroughly surveying the assembled throng and then his own unusual position, Scroggins suddenly seemed to realize what was expected of him. For, heaving a deep sigh, he grumbled that, seeing that they had everything fixed up all right he supposed he should not disturb it, he closed his eyes and drew his head back into the coffin. Of course a doctor was called in but this time Scroggins was pronounced truly dead so the funeral was carried out as arranged. To hear the whole tale of Scroggins' funeral in detail just visit Tim Rooney's saloon any Saturday night and hear little Peckson give his original thrilling account.

J. K. G., '14.

EDITORIAL

THE THREE-MONTHS' LOAF

A THREE-MONTHS' LOAF certainly gives one a fine chance to work. Not that it is a man's duty to work all the time—*minime!* But the summer gives opportunity for a change of work—and change of work seems often suspiciously like play.

First of all, the ideal summer for the college man is spent in travel. There is nothing else which so broadens his life and makes it rich in memories and in universal sympathy. The Oxford scholarships very wisely provide that the student shall travel in his vacations. We hope in the future we may have some *Haverford* scholarships which provide that the recipient shall use a part of the money for travel!

But unfortunately there are a great many men in college who not only do not have the means to travel in the summer, but have to use their time in earning enough to cover their college expenses. For these, there is so large a field that the individual must usually pick out his own line. In general we prefer the out-of-doors life. If a man studies hard all winter and takes moderate exercise he ought surely to give his brain a comparative rest in the summer. Several of the men this year are going to cut down chestnut trees, to check the blight, and, incidently, to come back with strong muscles and clear minds. Others will run automobiles; others work on farms. Some will be on surveying gangs in the West and others will try a hand at business. There are sometimes fine openings in boys' camps for athletic directors and tutors. We publish in another part of the magazine an article on Boys' Camps by one of our men who has had experience along this line. Then there is also tutoring, which may not occupy more than a couple of hours a day. The rest of

the day the tutor can use for getting a proper amount of exercise and recreation. The work is hard and requires efficiency, but it combines opportunity for work and play better than any other of the pursuits of our loafing time. The work in a city-store teaches lessons in business, but it does not build one up physically for the autumn work. No athlete should engage in it unless for a very short time. If one has a definite occupation in view one should try to become acquainted with its details, but if it is confining, one should not—according to our opinion—engage in it for the entire hot season.

If it is your misfortune to have to live in a hotel at Atlantic City for three months, you will be attacked on all sides by the summer book and the summer girl, but when you are weary of both, tuck your copy of Lamb or Thackeray under your arm and run away to the sand-dunes that lie far down the beach. There you will store up energy for the winter, and your loafing time will not be altogether wasted as you look back at it from the ruddy hearth.

EXCHANGES

IT must have been the song-sparrow that did it. The breeze, usually described in vernal sonnets as the Balmy Breath of Spring, had failed to waken any sentiment in our cynical breast. Even the sight of two yellow crocuses and a snow-drop, on the way to meeting last Thursday, was unable to remove the gloom from our brow. So we returned to our spacious habitat, and, curling up our feet, we read four spring poems in rapid succession. Gentle Reader, you will not be surprised to learn that our next act was to give a snort of disgust. Each of the four mentioned either purling brooks or lush grasses or both. Besides, we had a cold.

And then, way over by the gym somewhere, there came three clear, sweet chirps and a trill. We got up with energy in every movement, and throwing wide the case—window, we mean, we took in deep satisfying draughts of air. Yes, it *was* spring. Take it from us. If you haven't realized it yet, go out and sit down by the railroad-track and wait till you have heard a song-sparrow.

After we made this discovery it was some moments before we could get back to the contemplation of sordid things like college literature. But we happened to seize on the *Nassau Lit.* It opened to "De Febri Verna" and we began to read.

Have you ever paddled your canoe softly down the shore at dawn, just as the first sunbeam strikes the blue ripples, and the kingfisher darts by, bent on his breakfast-getting? Have you ever driven her bow into

the whitening waves of the oncoming squall, when the wind howls straight up the lake and the home beach is still a hundred yards away? Or, to change the scene a bit, have you swung her down through tortuous clear brown eddies, and felt the rush and thrill of white water?

Well, the author of "De Febri Verna" has.

We read feverishly and leaped for joy and struck our thigh at times. And once we think we chortled in our glee, for our better-half entered from his sanctum and seemed peeved about something.

That afternoon we were discovered feeling of an ancient, and, be it said, purely ornamental paddle, as it hung in a friend's cosy-corner, and every time we see a glass of water we can hear the dip of a maple blade in some cold forest stream. Decidedly the germ is in our system.

But to leave this hilarity of springtime and turn to the serious side of life: A very great deal has been written on the question of married love. We have seen plays, some of them good plays, depicting the strain that "mid-channel" sometimes brings to bear on marital felicity. We have read many stories that tried to deal with the subject and most of them only half succeeded or else failed utterly. But in "Dawn," a one-act play in the *Nassau*, we find a clean, sane handling of the problem, combined with spontaneity of action and force in character-drawing. Frankly, we consider it "good stuff."

The *Smith* missed its train last month, and we meet it in April for the first time. We like the idea in the "Sketches." In a "sketch" one can be very free and say quite what one pleases. It is a perfect library-around-the-fire, compared with the best-parlor atmosphere of restraint that hampers one's efforts out in the forefront of the magazine. We found a sweet little bed-time kid-tale, in this section of the *Monthly*, called "A Make Believe Ghost Story," that made us feel like patting somebody's curly-haired, pajama-clad youngsters on the head and saying, "Bless their little hearts!"

In the *Virginian* we admired the poems, and liked the tone of "The Germans in Virginia," but the stories were mediocre. "The Locket" differed very little, in its imaginary local color, from the run of Western stories. Its only originality developed along the line of a futile endeavor to shake our belief in mankind. In late April, human nature has a rosy hue that no pessimist can darken.

The poem, "The Ending of the Quest," has the real Arthurian ring. It is certainly above the average of the longer verse in college publications. We also wish to congratulate the author of the "Dalmatian Lover" group of verses.

The somber-hued *Amherst* comes to us with a strong article on the

present-day crisis in Higher Education. After a careful consideration of the lacks and faults in the modern college, especially in the direction of original thinking, and executive ability, the writer suggests as a remedy, a return to the Arts Course on a higher standard than ever before. The keynote of his criticism is contained in the following extract:

"The college man must be distinguished by conquest of *mind*. And we have found it necessary to admit that he is not in all instances a master thinker, or in any sense distinguished other than by his specialized knowledge and his inbred Philistinism."

In the *Vassar* we return to the happy, rambling type of essay. The author of "Your Boy and Our School" has been a close observer of the prep. school nature. We trust it was her brother she had in mind as the hero of the piece, for she has known some boy very well indeed. The story, "De Jegement uv de Lawd," was well told, especially in its concluding touches. We should like to say in passing, however, that, in the gentle art of cursing, lurid detail is not always so effective as a hint of deep, suppressed emotion.

The two little poems, "The Wish" and "The Hills," appealed to our notorious failing for juvenile literature. There probably are people who do not even know that Robert Louis Stevenson ever wrote a "Child's Garden of Verses." Poor starved creatures, how did they ever get through their babyhood! "The birdie with the yellow bill" was just as real to us as any sparrow that ever hopped, and it is into the same atmosphere that we step when we read "The Hills."

It would never do to pass from this season of gay awaking into mid-summer without quoting a spring poem. Perhaps the best attempt we have seen was "Frühlingsrufe" in the *Virginian*. With it we will close.

FRÜHLINGSRUFE.

The red-bird's song that trills along
When the first few sunbeams dart
Where the yellow rays through a violet haze
Stir the sap in the maple's heart

Brings message clear:
Awake, awake, for Spring is here!

The night-blown breeze that through the trees
Sifts pipings clear and shrill
From where young frogs in grass-grown bogs
Sing to a star-lit hill

Brings message clear:
Dream, dream, for Spring is here!

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The Alumni Athletic Reunion, held at college on April 5th, was a great success. A soccer game was played in the afternoon on Walton Field between the college team and a picked team of the alumni—won by the college, three to one. The alumni who played were: A. C. Dickson, '06; R. M. Gummere, '02; E. P. Allinson, '10; C. C. Morris, '04; H. Pleasants, '06; A. G. H. Spiers, '02; D. D. Reynolds, '11; S. W. Mifflin, '00; H. J. Cadbury, '03; C. W. Stork, '02. Others of the alumni coached the track and cricket teams. A game of baseball was played near the infirmary by alumni and undergraduates. In all there were from fifty to one hundred alumni who visited college in the afternoon and stayed for supper and the smoker afterward, which went off very successfully. The judges of the various interclass athletic events that took place in the gym, that evening, were: H. N. Thorne, '04; J. H. Scattergood, '96; and S. W. Mifflin, '00. The reunion was the occasion for so much good-will and mutual interest between the alumni and undergraduates that the establishment of such a day as a yearly event is a certainty. In the dining-room the alumni sat at the various tables with the students, and there was a good deal of getting-acquainted done in the gym. Dr. Babbitt, '96, to whose efforts, largely, is due the

success of the reunion, said that he thought the recent articles on *Graduate Interest* in THE HAVERFORDIAN had a good deal to do with the enthusiasm with which the alumni entered into it.

Many of the alumni have been coaching the soccer and cricket teams during the last few months. In particular C. C. Morris, '04, and F. C. Sharpless, '00, coached the soccer team on March 28th; while J. S. Bradway, '11, has often been coaching the second team, and H. A. Furness has been bowling several times in the cricket shed.

The Haverford Society of Maryland held its eighth annual dinner at the Baltimore Club on April 27th at 7 o'clock. Dr. R. M. Jones, '85, the principal speaker, spoke on *Early Quakers and Their Interest in Education*. Dr. R. Winslow, '71, and M. White, Jr., '75, also gave addresses.

The Alumni Cricket Reunion, at college on April 27th, was spoiled, in so far as cricket was concerned, by the bad weather, though there was some practice in the shed. The supper and reunion in the cricket pavilion in the evening, however, were very successful, in spite of the rather small number of visitors. A. C. Wood, Jr., '02, was chairman, and introduced, first, W. H. Roberts Jr., captain of the cricket team, who talked of the cricket prospects. The other speakers were: Henry

Cope, '69; W. C. Lowry, '79; G. Ashbridge, '67; J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88; F. H. Strawbridge, '87; J. H. Scattergood, '96; C. C. Morris, '04, who told about the recent Bermuda cricket trip; J. B. Clement, '08, who spoke about *The American Cricketer*, of which he is an editor, and R. M. Gummere, '02. The meeting was very generally enjoyed. Others present were: R. T. Cadbury, '72; W. M. Longstreth, '72; E. M. Wistar, '72; R. P. Lowry, '04; A. G. Scattergood, '98; T. F. Branson, '89; E. E. Trout, '02; A. G. H. Speirs, '02; D. A. Roberts, '02; T. Wistar, '98; R. N. Brey, '09; J. P. Magill, '07; A. E. Brown, '07; H. A. Furness, '10; H. G. Taylor, Jr.; J. S. Downing, '11; C. Winslow, '11; W. F. Price, '81; J. C. Thomas, '08; T. K. Sharpless, '09; F. C. Sharpless, '00.

The New York Alumni Association held its annual banquet at the Columbia University Club, New York City, on April 26th. On the committee that arranged the banquet were: Z. H. Wood, '96; A. S. Cookman, '02, and V. F. Schoepferle, '11. James Wood, '58, was toastmaster. In opening he gave, in a brief memorial address, a touching tribute to the lives of the late Edward Bettie, Jr., '61, and Howard Comfort, '70. He then introduced R. B. Howland, '43, one of the oldest of the alumni, who spoke a few words. President Drinker, of Lehigh University, the

guest of honor, spoke on his relations with Haverford College through his sons, on his recent travels in the Far East, and on the intellectual progress of the world, and ended with a plea for the tenets of universal peace. Dr. J. A. Babbitt, '96, spoke of the relations of the New York Alumni to Haverford life. He then reviewed the material changes at Haverford, lately, and the plans for future improvement. Afterward he touched on Haverford's place in the development of the new spirit in intercollegiate athletics, particularly football and soccer; on the effort to correct the conditions indicated in THE HAVERFORDIAN articles last winter; and ended by an appeal for the spirit of Haverford as fostered by President Sharpless. Professor E. W. Brown, of Yale, who for so long was professor of mathematics at Haverford, was next introduced. He spoke on the benefits of a large interest in college work on the part of the alumni. The alumni, he said, should be organized to express the needs and opinions of the world at large, and to convey them in proper effect to the college faculty. A. S. Williams, on the part of the alumni, spoke for the greater interest in college affairs. He quoted at length from a letter from R. M. Gummere, '02, on the general conditions of the year at Haverford. He suggested several plans under way among the alumni, such as alumni committees

for visiting the college, publication of an alumni magazine, etc., and a committee to anticipate the requests and needs of the president and faculty. He gave a hearty approval of the spirit of Haverford development. After this speech G. K. Wright, '93, was introduced informally as a representative of the Pittsburgh Association, of which he was for a long time the head. He spoke of the work of Bernard Lester, '04, in the last few years and the revival of interest in the Pittsburgh alumni. He spoke also of the civic work done by himself and others in the regeneration of Pittsburgh politics. At the end of the evening L. H. Wood, '96, read letters from Colonel N. P. Hallowell, '57, president of the Boston Alumni Association, from A. M. Carey, '81, president of the Baltimore Alumni Association, and from President Sharpless.

Ex-'63

J. Thorne has moved his office from No. 43 Cedar Street to No. 19 Cedar Street, New York City.

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere's "Democracy and Poetry" has recently been favorably reviewed in *The Nation*, *The New York Evening Post*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Outlook* and *The Chicago Dial*.

Dr. Gummere spoke at the banquet of the *American Philosophical Society* of Philadelphia on April 20th.

'76

Professor F. G. Allinson gave an illustrated lecture in Founder's Hall on *Life in the Country Demes of Attica* before the Pennsylvania Society of the Archæological Institute of America, on the evening of April 3d.

'81

D. H. Forsythe was lately made clerk of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. W. L. Moore, '84, has been made assistant clerk.

'87

Miss Julia H. MacLaren was married to R. J. White on May 13th at the home of the bride in New York City.

On April 3d, Dr. H. H. Goddard addressed the conference on the *Conservation of School Children*, then being held at Lehigh University. He discussed the subject of "How Far Shall the Public School System Care for the Feeble-minded?" His address was the center of interest in the day's conference.

'88

W. D. Lewis has been elected as a delegate to the Chicago Republican Convention, where he will support Roosevelt.

'89

C. H. Burr has lately won the \$2,000 prize offered by the American Philosophical Society for the best essay on "Treaty-making Power of the United States and the

Methods of Enforcement as Affecting the Police Powers of the States." Mr. Burr's essay gives an historical justification for federal sovereignty in police power as well as other branches of the government. He examines the details of the administration of past treaties. He offers a solution by which treaties may become effective by being drawn up so as to operate as acts of Congress.

'90

J. R. Valentine is president of the Board of Commissioners of Haverford Township.

Ex-'91

E. A. W. Valentine has recently published a novel, "The Labyrinth of Life," with E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. The book is a study of the characters met in the colony of literary and artistic Americans in Paris.

'94

The engagement is announced of Miss Lelia T. Woodruff, of Scranton, to F. J. Stokes.

'96

We beg to correct an error in the March HAVERFORDIAN. D. H. Adams' School at Atlantic City—the Winchester School—is *not* connected with Cloyne House, which Mr. Adams has left.

'97

Dr. F. B. Jacobs is on the staff of the Philadelphia Hospital for Diseases of the Stomach.

'98

F. A. Swan is treasurer of the New York Alumni Association.

'99

Dr. E. R. Richie is practicing in Long Island.

H. C. Petty holds a high position in the Crocker Wheeler Electric Company, in Ampere, New Jersey.

Ex-'01

H. F. Babbitt is the New Jersey State representative of the S. F. Bowser Oil Tank Company.

'02

E. W. Evans has been elected to the board of managers of Westtown School.

C. W. Stork delivered a lecture on *Ballads* at Gettysburg College, April 18th.

C. L. Seiler has been re-elected secretary of the central board for appointing football officials.

J. B. Haviland is practicing law at 32 Nassau Street, New York City.

'03

J. B. Drinker is a manager of a branch office of the Mercer Rubber Company of Pennsylvania. He is located in the Arcade Building in Philadelphia.

D. B. Miller is Pure Food Editor and Assistant Advertising Manager of the *Pittsburgh Leader*.

W. E. Swift has invented and patented a new machine for distributing paper drinking-cups which is

coming to be very much used on trains in New England.

Dr. J. K. Worthington is practicing at Roslyn, Long Island.

W. P. Phillips is practicing law at 24 Broad Street, New York City.

'05

A. G. Priestman and Miss Dorothy Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Williams, of New York City, were married in the Holland House, New York, on the evening of March 30th. The ushers were: A. H. Hopkins, '05, and G. H. Deacon, '09. Mr. and Mrs. Priestman are now living in Germantown.

'06

Miss Dorothy Kerbaugh Goodwin was married, April 16th, to H. B. Hopper in the Church of the Evangel, in Narberth. J. D. Phillips was best man. The wedding was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Hopper will live at Merion.

We regret to announce the death of David J. Reid, on April 7th.

A. T. Lowry is manager of the branch office and yard which J. S. Lowry & Sons, coal dealers, have opened near Ardmore Junction.

'09

J. W. Crowell and P. B. Fay will spend the coming summer in France, in Grenoble and Paris, respectively, where they will continue their study of French.

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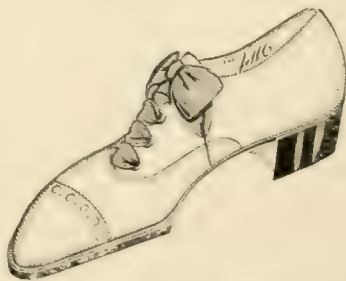
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T. K. Sharpless has been appointed chairman of a class committee to consider plans for a George Bard memorial. Plans for erecting a grandstand to seat a thousand are under way.

The wedding of T. K. Sharpless and Miss Grace Warner will take place on Tuesday, June 4th, at Germantown Meeting, at 12 o'clock.

At the 'Varsity sports between Oxford and Cambridge, last March, P. J. Baker won the half-mile for Cambridge for the third year. His time was 1 minute 56 3-5 seconds. He won by five yards.

'11

W. D. Hartshorne, Jr., will teach history at Friends' Select School next winter.

H. Ferris, Jr., has accepted a position with the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia.

Ex-'11

W. H. Wilbur is captain of the West Point fencing team that recently defeated the Navy.

Ex-'12

C. Wetzel visited college on April 4th and spoke to the Aeroplane club about last year's inter-collegiate aeroplane race in which he took part. He encouraged the club to enter the race, and attempted to revive the enthusiasm in aeronautics, which has lapsed here since he left college.

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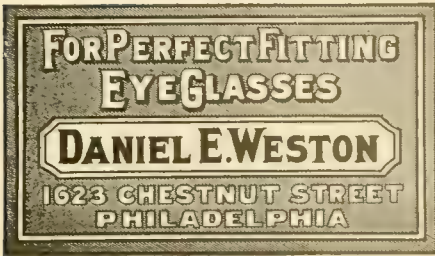
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CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN

IT was two o'clock in the morning, and the Matterhorn loomed up before us a vast, towering monster—a ghostly form, dark and silent against the stars. Forty-five years before, Whymper's party, the first ever to stand on the summit, had stood on the same snow field above the Hörnli and looked upon the same dark rocks, then so veiled in mystery. Their hearts that day were light, for they were set on the conquest. But they knew not of the morrow. Since that tragedy many other men have stood on the same snow field to be roped together, but none about to start up those rocks have looked at them without wondering what their sinister blackness holds in store. In the intervening years the way has been made safer, and the guides know their mountain better; but, nevertheless, of those who have ascended, not all have returned the same way—for the Matterhorn has shown its fangs all too often. That is the reason the Loadstone Rock on the summit has drawn so many upward. The challenge is always open, and with a mountain's history grows its fascination.

A great silence, such as is peculiar to night-time in the Alps, was spread about us as we made the final preparations. Two dim lights were visible on the rocks above. One lantern, very high up, was the light of an Italian climber, forced to spend the night on the mountain after failing to reach the summit. The other was quite near, and it was due to this one that John Fuhrer, our guide, who had been with us all through Switzerland, now broke the silence.

"Uffpassa! Steini. Ma sein gerad unner Euch!" he shouted.

There was no answer.

"What does he mean?" someone asked.

"He's telling them not to start any rocks," answered Doctor Goddard.

A moment passed.

"Are you ready, Mister Doctor?"

"All right, John."

So with this our caravan singled out in a line—every man roped to his guide. Thus we started. It is rather weird work this climbing through the darkness, for you have no idea what sort of places you pass over, or how close to the edge of a high precipice you often are. There

was no very hard climbing, though, for the first two hours, with the exception of a few "chimneys." It was in one of these that some falling stones made a little excitement and caused considerable suffering to one of our party all day. A little after daybreak we came on the party of the Italian whose light we had seen from below. The Italian himself looked utterly exhausted, but he smiled warmly as we passed, and we knew him to be a good sportsman at least. All felt heartily sorry for him, as it was his fifth attempt.

The climbing for the next four hours was more difficult and, consequently, only one person moved at a time, the rocks being covered with ice and snow. The guides insisted on our getting good hand holds, for the axes are not to be trusted under these conditions. Most of our work was along the northeast *Cerête*, the ridge that runs down toward Zermatt. The rocks go down abruptly on either side, and it was most thrilling to look down. On proceeding from the shoulder, the route turns to the north face. It was this part we had feared the most, for we had seen through the telescope the plucky Italians here the day before fighting desperately in the gale. To accompany this, a well-meaning climber who had once been up in bad weather himself, filled our already doubting minds with a vivid account of what they were going through. "Now they are in the toils," he had said. But we remembered all this only in an indefinite way now that we were there ourselves. It isn't bad nowadays if the weather is good, but it is needless to say that our young hearts rejoiced at seeing that the fixed ropes were not covered up with ice and snow, as had been predicted. By nine o'clock we had reached the end of the fixed ropes, and in ten more minutes stood looking off from the snow-covered summit—the highest sanctuary of the Matterhorn. It was a thrilling moment. What lay before us seemed more of heaven than of earth.

The day was marvelously calm and clear, for mountains a hundred miles away were free from haze. In front of us, and on both sides, the great giants stood out in all their glory. To the south, in Italy, a huge *nebelmeer* lay over the country for miles and miles. Ten thousand feet below us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted here and there with brown chalêts. Our old friends amongst the Oberland Ranges looked more magnificent than ever. Over in the west, glowing in the warm sunlight, rose the monarch of all, Mount Blanc, standing out in sharp relief against the blue Italian sky.

Soon the guides started to sing and yodle. They made the old peak fairly ring with "Mein Vaterland." The time passed all too quickly, and

after taking a few photographs and gathering some summit stones, we bade a reluctant farewell to the solitary mountain top. Beyond a doubt it was the most glorious half hour of our lives. At half past nine the descent was begun, and a long, hard, tedious one it was. Dr. Goddard said that he would rather climb the mountain twice than descend once, and we found later what he meant. While on the ropes I could but picture the scene of that first terrible accident. We were then very near the place where it occurred, and the tragic cry of old Peter Tangwalder came to me again and again: *Chamonix! Oh, what will Chamonix say?*

But all that was very long ago, and we were soon off the most dangerous part and stopped at the shoulder again to rest. During this wait one of the big ruck-sacks somehow got loose and went roaring down the mountain—just missing a climber and his guide who were below us. The Furgenglechter was its first stop. We later found that someone else had seen it through a telescope and thought two men went with it. He 'phoned to Zermatt from Schwarzsee, and soon the whole village had the news and had started seven guides and a physician to the rescue.

Hour after hour we toiled down over the rocks. The blazing sun burned our faces fearfully, while the thin, dry air parched our throats, for all the food and drink was in the fated ruck-sack. We tried eating snow, but anyone who has done that for hours at a time, knows that it soon becomes unbearable. We were all beginning to feel the effects of the work. After a certain time, we became oblivious to the danger, and then would wonder why the guides nearly cut us in two, by pulling on the ropes so hard when we clambered down over some snow-covered ice. We had very little trouble with falling stones, but I shall never forget seeing one boulder as it dashed down the mountain. Nothing could stop it!

Far over in front of us the Matterhorn cast its gigantic shadow, and we knew it was getting late. Already the grey mists were whirling about the lonesome peak.

It was six-thirty when we reached Schwarzsee again, where we were greatly refreshed by a good meal. We then soon gathered up our ruck-sacks and ice-axes for the last time and set out down the path that was to end our wanderings in this wonderland of beauty. As we walked past a little group of tourists in front of the hotel, the Italian's wife called out a cheery "good-night." Her husband was very fast asleep. Darkness had already fallen, and the moon again covered the mountains with its pale light. Old Dent Blanche was steaming away as though she were a huge volcano,—the Matterhorn, too, was clothed with the night mists. Soon

we came into the shadows of the pines, and then passed through the sleeping hamlets of Zunsee and Platten. Before long we had crossed the Matterhorn bridge, and soon after swung into the main street of Zermatt. Our axes lazily dangled from our wrists, bouncing over the cobbles; our hob-nailed shoes shuffled along heavily, for we were very, very tired.

* * * * *

The following afternoon we went down to Vispe. A feeling of deep regret came over us all as we now said good-bye to John, for we realized that we had climbed our last mountain together. That evening, as we sped north toward London, the disappearing foothills seemed a silent echo of all the mountain glory we were leaving, and we began to know then that it should be ours forever. And even now, at times, when some lovely sunset floods the heavens, that strange music returns, unbidden, and softly strikes a chord in our hearts which carries us back, once again, a little nearer to the stars.


F. C. S., '14.

LUCTANIA—TO A MOOD

I love to watch the leaves fall in the rain
 When opaque phantoms interwrap the trees.
 Impenetrable mist which guards, now frees
 Brief glimpses of the mazy wood again,
 Be not dissolved. Thy shadowy control
 Of sight and sound and senses that are God's
 Names Thee a greater than that One who nods
 His sceptre to a "credo." While thou hold
 The shaping of appearances their mold
 May be foregone. Distort then if you may
 The truth of things; he has no less of pain
 Who thinks him aged than he who is old.
 And as sometimes 'tis twilight, so I say
 I love to watch the leaves fall in the rain.

D. W., '14.

ONE MAN AND TWO WOMEN

HE hard part about writing a short story is to present the characters. It is like a house-party; once the crowd knows each other, things are apt to run along smoothly, but in this stage we, on whom falls the responsibility for entertaining, long for clever chitter-chatter to amuse the guests while introductions are being made.

To begin with, as we have hinted in the title, this is a tale of one man and two women. As our story commences, one of the women is standing at the door of the village hall on the night of the Easter dance. Alice Hunt, for that is her name, hardly warrants the name of "woman." "Not a day over twenty!" was certainly the verdict Bill Worthington pronounced upon her to himself as they stood together in the doorway. A society woman would have agreed with Oscar Wilde and might have quoted, "Her dress is sadly simple, and her hair looks almost as if it might be as nature left it." She had all the characteristics of a country girl, as the quotation implies. What she lacked in style, however, she made up in quiet prettiness and efficiency. That very morning she had gotten up at five o'clock to get the farm work started. And now, at six-thirty P. M., she and Worthington, who were active members of the "decoration committee" for the little local dance, were taking a final inspecting look at the results of their work.

"You must be tired, Alice," he said, with a sympathy that made a delightful foil to his Western roughness. "Four or five hours' sleep is all a big hulk of a chump like me needs, but it's different with girls. Now, it's a funny thing that a man when he's tired or sick, shows it, but a girl can go on a long time on her nerve. Now, Evelyn Dunlap, the girl I met in my cousin's house in New York City, that I was telling you about, can go on night after night without showing how tired she is. Before I came East a year ago I always thought I'd hate a society girl, but this Miss Dunlap—I wish she'd let me drop that handle on the front of her name! I hate to call anyone Mr. or Miss!—well, she sure is a peach and there's no mistake about that. I saw quite a lot of her that week in New York, despite the effort to monopolize her time made by two or three men of the kind she's been used to. Well, I guess I was kind of a novelty to her. At any rate, she cut several dances for me, and to-night she's breaking another engagement to run down to this dance."

Worthington said all this as they walked to her home together. She waved good-night to him as she stepped inside her door. "See you to-night!" he called familiarly, and she answered "Yes, indeed!" as brightly

as possible. For try as she would to efface it from her mind, the knowledge that Evelyn Dunlap would be at the dance had spoiled the evening for her. Her pride was great enough to make her try to shake off her feeling of jealousy; but not sufficient to crush what was so eminently human. For though Alice would hardly have admitted it to herself, it was true that the big Westerner, in the short year that she had known him, had appealed to her more than any man she had ever known before and, she realized now, more than any man ever could. And then she flung herself on her bed, sobbing; she would give herself the relief of being outwardly wretched for a few minutes before she should force a happy exterior for the dance. She was resolved that neither Miss Dunlap or Bill Worthington should see her suffering. But the struggle was so unequal. The other girl had the advantage of social experience and perfect clothes; Alice felt bitterly that she would win him from her through her own lack of the proper tools.

An hour later, at the middle of the first dance, Evelyn Dunlap was standing at the door of the dancing-room, with that to-be-claimed look of a girl whose escort has been delayed. A moment later Worthington came up and, as they entered the room together, there was an almost perceptible murmur of admiration. Her entrance was perfectly timed; and the little flush, half of pleasure and half of annoyance, betrayed ever so slightly that she was aware of the stir she was making. For, although Evelyn had carefully picked out the simplest of her evening gowns for the occasion, she was by far the most striking figure in the room. She had the ability to hold the center of the stage very gracefully, and her condescension in coming to this little local dance was very charmingly disguised. Just enough of it was evident to fill the favored few who were introduced to her with awe and gratitude for her slightest favor.

During the first few dances, under cover of very lively small talk, she asked herself for the fifth time since she had left New York just why she had wanted to come. The obvious answer was Worthington, but Miss Dunlap was well aware of what she had to offer—with beauty, money, brains, family as assets, what, indeed, could she not command in exchange?—and was not going to let herself fall in love with anyone manifestly so ineligible. Though Worthington sprang from a good family, long separation from the society of his equals socially had made him feel and look as much at home in a dress suit as an elephant in a baby carriage. The whole atmosphere of so-called "society" stifled him. She realized that it was the frank naturalness of her manner that nullified the repulsion that the artificiality of her life would have on him. The man

did attract her, however. The aggressive virility and lack of formality that went with a certain boyish charm appealed to her immensely and went far in atoning for the lack of polish. It would be amusing to have him fall in love with her, she thought. But that must be the end of it, for, as a husband, he was clearly impossible.

All this was thought out in snatched reveries during dances. Worthington had told her of this thoroughly nice little country girl, Alice Hunt, and he was now, at the beginning of the intermission, walking with Alice across the floor in her direction. The couple joined the party, some necessary introductions were made, and more or less general conversation commenced.

But something in Alice's face and manner aroused Evelyn's interest. The nervousness that the former's lack of experience allowed to be evident to Miss Dunlap's sophistication,—what did it mean? And then Evelyn caught the look Alice gave Worthington when the little country girl felt herself unobserved in the flow of small talk. Suddenly the society girl understood Alice's secret. * * *

For the next ten minutes Evelyn thought hard. She tried to put all emotions aside, as a society girl must, and weigh the evidence. Yes, they were perfectly suited to each other and she herself would never take him. A new humbleness came over her. Who was she, she asked herself, to interfere in the happiness of these people just to satisfy her own craving for admiration? Alice Hunt and Worthington would come together but for her own more dazzling attractions. What right had she, Evelyn, to make him fall in love with herself?

"And Mr. Worthington," Evelyn said during an intermission later, gaily, but very deliberately, as if picking her words. "I'm having the most wonderful time to-night. I wish there were nothing in the world except dances and lunches and theatre parties. Do you know, I can't imagine anything worse than not seeing people all the time and lots of them. I've been out three seasons, but I've never gotten over my fondness for lights and a crowd. I could never be happy far away from them."

She broke off her monologue as she saw the disgusted look that this big man of the outdoors knew so little how to conceal. It hurt her to see it, but it was worth doing. For a new kind of happiness was lighting up her eyes; she was sending the Westerner back to the right girl.

I. C. P., '12.

VANA TRISTITIA

A river from the mountains like a maiden of the hills
Flowed smiling through the flowers and the trees,
And her footsteps in the Valley turned the green grain into gold
And her laughter left its music on the breeze.

A river from the mountains intertwined a golden plain
And blessed it with all joys one could devise.
Yet a man built there a castle with a battlement called pain,
A tear served him a window, while his frown kept out the rain,
And he drew his soul within it and applied himself to gain
And to accumulate his wealth of sighs.

Now the toilers of the vineyard held him Lord of high degree,
In his castle by the windings of the stream.
For his battlement of pain, said they, must bitter anguish be
And his tear-emblazoned window is a drop of agony
And his frown an awful sorrow, for they really did not see,
That his dole was due far less to fact than dream.

When this potentate of sadness felt his dignity increase,
His self-esteem soared wonderfully high.
And as he strolled one evening, by the river at his ease,
He was overheard remarking, "man's immortal through his griefs,
And again, "for me the gift to parody, life shall never cease,
For never shall I weep nor shall I die."

A river of the mountains and a maiden of the hills,
Steal slowly through the twilight on their tryst.
The maiden's song is gentler than the lay the river trills,
And her dimples are more tender, while her smile is one that fills
With sunlight, all the castle of the monarch of all ills,
Who fears perchance there're some things that he's missed.

For now he felt his castle shattered at the first attack
Of a petty human feeling he despised;
So he called the maiden to him and he told her all his woe,
And when she laughed, he wept—and then he died.

D. W., '14.

THE MISTS OF EVENING

A Scene from a Play.

CHARACTERS.

THE OLD SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN.

GRETTEL, a peasant's daughter.

A CHORUS OF DISTANT VOICES.

(The action takes place on the slopes above Zermatt, the evening before the first ascent of the Matterhorn.)

The rising curtain discloses nothing but total darkness owing to a heavy mist, which has arisen since the setting of the sun. All is deathly silent save for a far-off inarticulate chant which is accompanied by low music. After a little time, GRETTEL, a girl of some nineteen years, is seen walking up the alp with a lantern on one arm, and leading the OLD SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN by the other. His long, grey beard portrays his age. His mountain is the only one of the great Valaisian group which has not been ascended by man. He is, therefore, the only mountain Spirit who has not been called into the Silence of the East.

Matterhorn—It is growing thicker....

Gretel—Yes, but we have found each other now. I have been watching since the dawn. I knew that you must come if you had heard.

Matterhorn—They told me this morning. (*A slight pause.*)

Gretel—But many days must pass....

Matterhorn—No. It is to-morrow,—perhaps. I know not where they are. The mists are heavy on the slopes to-night.

Gretel—Then this may be the last?... It would be hard to part with all so dark and cold.

Matterhorn—There are many partings in this world. They cannot all be beautiful.... But let us not be grave and solemn, you have found many kind hearts among your people.

Gretel—Yes, but none so kind as you. I never knew what kindness was before I came to love the mountains. And you, Sir, have the greatest heart of all. If you had but withstood the powers of Heaven, everything save the unconquerable sea is crushed—brought down before a force that nothing can withstand. You were so lonesome there—no one could give protection.... But all the mountains know that you were Monarch once.

Matterhorn—That was long ago; in the Slumber of the Ages.... But no one thought of standing on my summit-snows till now; now when my heart is broken.

Gretel—You must not blame these mountaineers, Sir, for having a de-

sire to climb. It is not a mere fancy of their little hearts. It is a passion which becomes deep-rooted in their souls. . . . They do not understand your mountain Silence to which they fondly listen. They only feel the Distance calling, and in answering they are bound to ascend, for from your heights the world stands up to meet their gaze. . . . It is not a vague desire to conquer all the earth, but merely to make their lives more beautiful, and to bring a certain satisfaction to their hearts. . . . Manfred told you that long years ago.

Matterhorn—There was a time when I did blame them, sorely. . . . I do not any more; you have made me understand. . . . It has been said that the soul grows wiser towards evening.

Gretel—If only you could understand. It is sometimes hard to say just what we wish to those we love the most. . . . But these are little words; words which are merely holding off the silence.

Matterhorn—You are right, Gretel. We are evading something. We must not lose courage.

(Just then the low, monotonous chanting is again heard, coming from very far away. It is the singing of the mountain Spirits in the Silence of the East. The refrain can be understood.)

Distant Voices—

The gray old Monarch will start to-night,
For the Mountain Kingdom's highest height,
On the other side ' the world.

Matterhorn—*(aside)*—The other side ' the world. Oh! . . . *(to Gretel)* Do you hear them?

Gretel—Very indistinctly. They are so far away, and the mist so very dense. *(A pause.)*

Matterhorn—They have been waiting a long time; and now they are calling.

Gretel—Ah, and the children are there too. My dearest love to them all when you see them! Rosa, in particular; and would you be so very kind as to give these little flowers to her if you happen to remember—Love in a Mist they call them, they may remind her of something. . . . And the little twins too,—you must kiss them both for me.

Matterhorn—Only too happily, Gretel. . . . Do you recall the pleasant days when they played so long together with the passing clouds,—Hide and Seek, the valley children call it. . . . Even the stars were kind to them, and came at times to sing an evening hymn as they were sleeping. . . .

Gretel—Sir, you are full of gratitude for the old memories. *(A slight pause.)* But we still evade the thoughts which are burning in our hearts. . . .

Matterhorn—It may be the dim glow of your lantern, Gretel, but your face seems very pale to-night, and tears lie in your eyes.

Gretel—It is nothing, sir....The night is dark and cold.

Matterhorn—Your words are closely guarded, little girl....You must be thinking of the mountaineers. (*In a low voice.*) If only they knew!

Gretel—Then they are to meet defeat again?

Matterhorn—No. Their hearts are strong and Michel Croz is with them.

Gretel—But the Italians who are going from Breuil, will they have victory also?

Matterhorn—No, their task is greater. The Val Tournanche will be filled with disappointment. But what will their little disappointment be!

Gretel—I do not understand.

Matterhorn—Already too much has been said. It is merely a tradition that has been connected with an old-time Monarch—away back in the past.

Gretel—I have never heard.

Matterhorn—You may know very soon. The breeze is growing stronger now.

(*The wind continues to arise and slowly the mists clear. All the Valaisian Alps are visible in the half-light of the moon. In the distance, the Matterhorn rises dark and foreboding against the stars.. Several hundred feet up from the base is discovered the light of the English mountaineers who are encamped among the rocks.*)

Gretel—Already it begins to break away!

Matterhorn—Yes. (*After a moment.*) There! I see it now. They are high up on the rocks! No one can reach them. But I could have trusted you anyway. (*GRETEL's lantern is extinguished.*)

Gretel—In anything, I hope, Sir.

Matterhorn—This must not sadden you, Gretel. You must be strong and very brave.

Distant Voices—

A winding-sheet of snow,

A winding-sheet of snow!

Gretel—(*With a great cry.*) Oh!...My dream was true!

Matterhorn—What dream?

Gretel—Only last night.

Matterhorn—Did you hear the sobbing among the peasants, and did they speak of the sorrow in far off England?

Gretel—Yes, yes! It will all be true....If I had only gone to the village with the others!....

Matterhorn—Gretel?

Gretel—I cannot lose you both. Pierre, Pierre I mean! They are going to take him after all. He saw my mother this morning. I feared I should be called a coward, else I would have told my dream.... Ave Maria, guard him well!

Matterhorn—He was very near to you?

Gretel—I never knew it until now.

Matterhorn—(After a pause.) Gretel, Pierre shall return, safe. I did not know that he was to go with the others. They must have changed their plans very suddenly.... But he shall not be harmed; even though the rest be swept away.

Gretel—And you can save him, then? You are certain?

Matterhorn—Yes. I give you my word. (A pause.)

Gretel—I never understood before.

(The bells from the Zermatt Church now ring. It is eleven o'clock.)

Matterhorn—Those chimes shall toll a requiem to-morrow eve—but not for you. You shall hear them and be sad, but you shall know that he is safe.... (Slowly.) That hour shall see me far away from here—far off in the Silence of the East.

Gretel—(Affectionately.) And you must go so very far away?

Matterhorn—Yes, very far away—whither no man knoweth. To a land that e'en the Sons of Martha never dreamed of. A land where dwell the golden clouds of bygone afternoons, and all the silver mists of twilight.

Gretel—(Raising her head which she had held on one side in order to have a more perfect picture of the night.) And will the moonlight sleep as sweetly there, as now it sleeps upon these mountains?

Matterhorn—No. There are no lovers there. They make the moonlight beautiful.... On such a night as this, the old lost loves awaken from their slumbers, and vainly strive to make the Silence speak. They will go back into the Long Forgotten, and search for what is lost. But the gray mists are ever growing thicker in that land, and only shadows and dark phantoms can be seen and distant voices heard.

Gretel—But where are the loves of yester-year?

Matterhorn—Many are still where the dead dreams go, but some there are who have emerged from out the mists of evening, and are gazing fondly on the moon. (A pause.) We must part now, ere it is too late. ... A little cloud which may at times float lightly off from o'er the summit of my mountain, will be the gentle token of my sorrow for all this.... The rising of another moon will find you all alone, but this keep in your heart—Pierre shall soon return. He will come to you, first of

all the others, for his very faith in Heaven will be shattered. He will need you sorely. He will have a long story, and if he tells you all, as I know he will, you may tell him yours also. . . . To all the rest keep silent; the children of men must never know of me.

Gretel—(*Looking into the old man's eyes.*) You have been so kind, Sir. It is very hard to have you go away. . . .

Matterhorn—The mountains still are here. They are always the same—the everlasting symbol of God's constancy.

Gretel—But they will never speak again.

Matterhorn—Yes, that is true. . . . The heart grows sad and thoughtful when it hears the words, "The last time of all" But come—Good-bye.

Gretel—Oh——! (*They embrace. Gentle sobs.*)

Matterhorn—This shall be the seal of silence for the years.

(*They separate and walk off in opposite directions. When the OLD SPIRIT stops and turns around, GRETTEL is standing still also. They gaze for a moment into each other's eyes. They say nothing. Finally, she turns and walks down the alp. The OLD SPIRIT watches her till she is out of sight. He turns to go, but stops again, and for the last time of all, gazes over the mountains.*)

Matterhorn—How beautiful it is when the slowly rising moon halows a path on which the dreams of kindred hearts may wander.

The curtain slowly falls.

F. C. S. '14.

DANTE

When God in His great universe,
Strong evil put for man to fight
He took one soul aside to verse
In secrets deep of wrong and right.

He placed within that poet's soul
A light of Truth for all mankind,
Which bright and clear, points out the goal,
To stumbling ones who erst were blind.

On Dante's brow He pressed His seal
And sent him forth, inspired, to teach
That man's divine, and life is real
And Heaven's his if he will reach.

E. M. P., '15.

THE JUDGE'S STORY

SLOWLY and almost imperceptibly night was falling on the jungle and from far up in the Himalaya foothills the breeze blew, cool and life-giving, after a burning Indian day. The great ferns swung slowly to and fro, then, blending in the twilight with palm and teak and thorny undergrowth, were one with the great wall that shut us in from the world outside. Countless monkeys jabbered incessantly in the treetops; a lonely jackal howled on the edge of the compound where white-robed natives moved noiselessly, silhouetted against the shrubbery. It was the mysterious noisy tranquillity of the tropics half-asleep.

We sat on the veranda, Bob Struthers and I, he a judge on the bench at nearby Almora, I a simple soldier of fortune, scholar, what-not, drifting wherever the call to wander drew. We had not seen each other since our college days—they seemed but yesterday as we talked.

"What's become of Jack Butler?" I asked. "He is out here, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed; he is just a few miles across country, at Dharkot. He's a doctor, you know; gave up a gentleman's life to carry those beggars through the plague."

"Is he married?"

"No, lives there with a couple of native assistants. I go down to see him every once in a while and talk over his cases. A fellow appreciates that out here. I stayed with him a couple of weeks not long ago, and, by George, I had the weirdest experience that I ever hope to have. You don't believe in transmigration of souls, I suppose?"

"Transmigration of fiddlesticks! I am a Quaker. Seems to me that you used to be."

"I am yet, at least all that this climate has left of me. But no fooling, Sam, I'll tell you the story—then think it over for yourself."

"Go ahead," said I, and he began.

"I got down to Jack's about four in the afternoon—took a regular holiday—and as luck would have it, he was just about to leave to see a patient a mile or so in the jungle. He told me that this case had baffled all his skill. The patient was a twelve-year-old boy of the lowest caste. He had been a pupil at the English school in the village for over a year and had acquired a limited English vocabulary. He knew nothing of history or the higher branches; his parents—superstitious, you know—refused even to learn the language. Two weeks before our visit he had become ill with what seemed to be a malignant fever, but the disease neither responded to the doctor's efforts nor did it, however, prove fatal. At five o'clock every day the lad would pass into a sort of trance, and then becoming greatly excited would babble in some tongue which, whatever it was, was not his native dialect.

"After about a half hour we reached the hut, a one-roomed thatch under a giant palm. The mother sat impassively at the door, grinding corn with the millstones. She led us in to where the boy lay huddled up in one corner on a pallet of straw. His eyes were very bright, too bright. Jack looked at his watch, 'The trance will come on him soon. See!'

"Even as Jack spoke, the boy's whole frame grew rigid, and his eyes closed. He sat up with a cry; his voice became deep and his tone authoritative. He waved his right arm. Jack leaned over him. Suddenly he started. 'American, by Jove. Listen!' I strained my ear to catch the words. 'To horse, to horse! Arms!'

"With strange accent, to be sure, he was speaking, not 'American,' but English as pronounced in Elizabeth's day or before! Yet this boy was a poor ignorant native who had never heard of Elizabeth or her predecessors. We tried to question this second self as it were, but to no avail. Gradually the body relaxed and the boy lapsed into his normal state, but completely exhausted.

"The next day we returned, and every day for five days. We tried repeatedly to arouse this spirit, but until the fifth day we could gather nothing except that this second self had once inhabited the body of a Lancastrian captain who served in the Wars of the Roses. On the fifth day, as soon as the trance came on, Jack began to question the 'Captain' in military phraseology. This seemed to excite his attention, and he gave orders for a detachment to go at once to Barnet—you remember the battle, about 1450. Then we asked him definitely why he was torturing the boy.

" 'See here,' Jack said, 'Captain, you're killing this boy. What has he done to harm you?'

" 'Nothing; but the orders must be given.'

" 'But if you kill him, then you will have no home.'

" 'The orders must be given.'

"This seemed final, but at last the spirit consented to give up his individuality, on one condition. On the following day—Friday—at night-fall, we should lower into a dry well, some hundred yards from the hut, a dinner composed of certain ancient English delicacies. If this was done, the Captain would keep quiet, and the boy would forget this strange co-partner of his life.

"When we returned home we found on consulting our English major domo, together with a volume of English antiquities, that most of the articles on the Captain's menu had been great favorites in the fifteenth century. However, with our assistance, the cook succeeded very creditably in preparing the meal. At eight o'clock the next night Jack and I carefully

lowered the well-filled tray into the well. There was no sound except the slight shock when it touched the bottom. We waited, but saw nothing.

"At five o'clock on Saturday afternoon we arrived again at the hut. Outside, the mother sat grinding as before, but when she led us in, the boy lay on the straw pallet in peaceful slumber. The fever was broken, and he was himself again."

Bob paused. For a moment neither of us spoke.


"Well?" I queried. "Is that all?"

He hesitated, then thoughtfully replied, "About the boy, yes, but for the rest—who knows?"

1913.

LOOSE LEAVES

THE OLD WRECK

HE lay on her side on the shelving beach of sand which formed the banks of the little river for several miles from its mouth. The spot was a tiny sparkling bay shut in by two tree-covered promontories around which the river flowed in an almost perfect horseshoe. So close were the tall pines to the water's edge that the slender foremast seemed almost to enter their midst and the young firs seemed to try to grow out to the old spar, perhaps scenting a travel-worn comrade come home to rest.

At high tide she was almost surrounded by water, and then what sport we used to have on the weather-beaten deck! She could be boarded from the shore; a boost from a companion and you could easily pull yourself up over the bow; but the romantic, the dare-devil way to get on board was to climb out an overhanging pine, seize the mast and climb down like any sailor. And the games and revels that were carried on must truly have disturbed the spirit of the old boat, if she had thought that once gone ashore life would be one long, quiet dream.

The favorite choice, of course, was to be a pirate, and the sloping deck afforded an admirable example of the daring seamanship necessary in steering into the heart of a wild typhoon. The stuffy foc'sle, with its two broken berths and rusty stove, that was where the prisoners were kept, and once the gallant crew of three mutinied and tied their struggling captain firmly with rope ends and placed him in the "lazerette," as it was called. But the captain cried for help so lustily and had such a big, "big brother" that we soon let him loose, and after that our captain was a permanency.

But the cabin aft was our real citadel, and here it was that we brought the gleanings of the pantry to grace a pirate board. Unfortunately here there was a big hole in the side, made by a twelve-pound shot from an English frigate which we sunk off Cape Clear, and when the tide came up the bold sea-rovers would, perforce, be driven to the deck. Many were the handkerchiefs and stockings sadly injured in attempts to stop the leak, and once the youngest pirate, determining to go the historic Dutch-boy one better, sat with a certain portion of his anatomy over the hole while we consumed our viands without interruption.

When the tide was out it would have strained the strongest imagination to sail in search of booty in a landlocked vessel, so then the "Deadly Devastator,"

or in common parlance, the D.D., was run ashore on a sunbaked Caribbean key while her crew went through the arduous task of careening.

Not until the sun was low above the meadows on the other shore, and the fir-trees began to cast their long shadows over the beach, did thoughts begin to turn upon home and supper, and then when the last laughing echo had died away in the woods, the old boat could rest in quiet under the golden moonlight beside the quiet lapping of the little river.

F. M. M., '15.

EVENING

THE sun had set; an atmosphere of calm and quiet settled down upon the lake, and all nature was preparing herself for a period of slumber and repose. The camp-fire, which but a few minutes before had been burning brightly, seemed affected by this overpowering stillness, and gradually died down, until only a heap of glowing embers remained. The first star appeared high up in the eastern sky. Faintly it shone at first; but, as the night came on, it seemed to take more courage and began to twinkle more and more. The birds sometime before had sung their last song of praise and thanksgiving to their ever-watchful and protecting king, and were now resting from their hunt for food.

The lake lay at our feet; not a ripple was stirring on its surface. The stars, which had softly come out, were reflected in its depths and appeared as sparkling jewels, lying far down in its deep, cool waters. The weird hoot of a screech-owl came across the lake from the woods on the opposite shore, and sent a strange shiver down our backs. Again and again it came, now answered from a tree quite near us, and now from one some distance off. Somewhere out in the lake we heard the splash of a giant pickerel, and then all was silent again. In the midst of this silence the moon rose and shed its pale silvery light over the lake and woods, making them seem more quiet and death-like than ever. Its rays made a broad path of shimmering light across the waters. The mosquitoes and gnats began to find us at length, and so, after throwing a log or two on the fire, we sought our beds of hemlock boughs, leaving the moon to reign in her glory, the queen of the night.

J. W. G., '15.

EDITORIAL

BASEBALL

IN the April issue we published an article on Cricket, by Dr. Lester. One of the sentences which particularly caught our attention was this: "*As early as February we were out on the lawn in front of Barclay, trying out bowlers.*"

Nowadays, we play baseball. No, not all the time, to be sure, only in odd moments; only on days which have no cricket matches; only between halls or between a pick-up team from Haverford and Westtown first. But it is the odd moments that count. At Haverford we have that peculiar condition where an American College fosters an English game. The majority of preparatory schools are not enthusiastic supporters of cricket. Their best ball players turn to baseball; most of these go to college where they can play on a first-class team. Hence,

for our second and third teams, we have largely to depend upon cricketers developed in college. Some of these men make the First IX by Junior or Senior year. This method does not produce cricketers like the Englishmen who are trained to the bat and ball from infancy; it does, however, develop some good men, *if they practice*. And practice they must, "on the lawn in front of Barclay," and not rush off to pitch in a game between the Merion Field Club and the Haverford School Fifth. When cricket practice becomes a perfunctory *recitation*, as it were, from three o'clock to four, and men play baseball instead of cricket, Haverford loses her first love in the older game.

Of course, with the increase in numbers, the college will inevitably change to a certain extent. More and more men will enter who are not interested in cricket. The question is whether we are to let these mold Haverford, or let Haverford mold them. The games between the halls afford opportunities for exercise, certainly, but why not have inter-hall cricket games? Why should we not concentrate our energies upon the sport in which we excel instead of scattering them over two sports, one of which is weak to begin with, the other bound to lose as the former advances?

Then Haverford will maintain the reputation which is due to no small extent to her excellence in cricket. Whatever baseball teams go out from Haverford, either officially or under the auspices of a college club, can do no good to her name and can only lower her reputation among the schools. It makes no difference whether scores are, or are not kept. Poor playing reflects on the College.

EXCHANGES

JUNE!—What a warm, drowsy sound it has, you say. Perhaps you are thinking of those days, too hot to play tennis or walk or anything, when you lie on the lawn under the great chestnut and watch the slowly-shifting kaleidoscope of scarlet and black and white that illumines the green reaches of the cricket field. Perhaps you remember the joys of strawberries and iced tea, so inseparably connected with the balmy months. These thoughts are but fleeting, however. Soon there is sure to come stealing in the remembrance of soft, cozy darkness, flecked through with moonlight, the gentle creak of the hammock rope, the faint, pervading perfume of honey-suckle close by, and last of all, the feel of her warm little hand in yours.

Aha! So *that* is June! O Undergraduate, you have betrayed yourself. Now we know why the Y. M. C. A. meeting missed your melting tenor on Sunday night, last.

The spirit of June is in us all. It has reached even to the college magazine. The budding *litterateur* has migrated from his fair-haired, light-footed ideal of the Vernal Sonnet. Spring, the goddess so lately sung by the *Williams*, the *Amherst*, the *Virginia*; Spring the composite photograph of all the aspirations and blind desires that April can instill in the young masculine heart, has gone from these classic pages. In her place we find enthroned The One Girl.

A comparison reveals many things. Spring was noted for her "smiling, carmine lips." The One Girl is distinguished from all other girls by having a "soft, warm little mouth." Even Dr. Watson might be able to draw conclusions.

And so, considering the general barometer and our own state of mind, we are going to make this an Amorous Number. We are going to be thoroughly scientific in our methods, but we are also going to deal with nothing but love. Essays will get short shrift at our hands, and any *story* which does not throb with sentiment ought to be drawn and quartered.

Of course there are different kinds of love-tales. We had little difficulty in capturing a couple of specimens of the fluttery kind which Spring Proms inspire in College literary men. "The Girl in the Violet Dress," in the *Amherst*, is an excellent example of this common or garden insect. Its habitat is a region of decorated gymnasiums, where the music varies all the way from "Beautiful Doll" to "Mysterious Rag." A sentence clipped at random will illustrate: "As Frank felt the silken folds of the violet dress next him, a thrill went through his body." The species grows scarcer as summer advances and usually gives place to the football story in the fall. In the *Vassar* is another tale, likewise of the Genus Prom, but belonging to the order *Amor Catulorum*. It is commonly known as puppy-love. Unlike the *Amherst* variety, this species has a really clever little plot. It is called "That Other Dear Charmer."

In the *Nassau* we find a garden fairly swarming with bright-winged fliers. There is a story called "His Goddess of the Underworld." At a distance there is a peculiar lurid radiance to the wings of this species. We seized our net and bottles, and hastened after it. A long chase brought us at last to the place where it had lighted, atilt on a grass stem. We swung the net over it, and eagerly examined our prize. O vanity of human wishes! After all our expectation there was nothing naughty to be found except the title. We discovered that it was the latter which had drawn us on with its flash of red. To our utter disappointment, we found that the "Goddess" was an intellectual young person of Tarrytown descent, and the "Underworld" nothing but an uptown confectioner's store. A ray of hope appeared once, when the author mentioned Luna

Park, but this was soon banished by the lofty tone which the conversation took on. Our only consolation was found in watching the eagerness with which our fellow-collectors pursued the same enticing-looking specimen. While we were still searching the *Nassau*, something of attractive appearance buzzed by. Its name was "She Wanted a Hero." We netted it joyfully, but as we were just about to slip it into the bottle we felt a pain in our hand and let it go. 'Twas nothing but a bumble-bee that we had caught.

As we were passing the entrance of the *Nassau* garden, we noticed a great orange and black swallow-tail hovering near. As it fluttered in our net, we felt a warmth about our heart. It was one of those stories, rare in college "Lits," which by their gentle, tender humor, are able to make us smile a wondering smile and say thoughtfully: "Well, life is worth the living, after all." If you can get the *Nassau Lit* for May, read "The Man Who Lied."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

We here publish in full the speech of Mr. Miles White, Jr., delivered at the annual dinner of the Haverford Society of Maryland.

SOME INTELLECTUAL VAGARIES

HAVING, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, partaken freely of the indelicacies of the season, so liberally provided for our creaturely comfort, and having been so refreshed by the deep draughts from the Pierian spring which our friend has drawn for our intellectual pleasure and inspiration, I assume that we are all now in that satisfied state of body and mind which needs no stimulus and can stand almost any shock.

Under these circumstances I arise, fully aware that our aeroplane which has been traveling so evenly and smoothly at the heights to which our friend has so skillfully guided us, has now reached one of those most dreaded aerial conditions, an air-pocket, and is liable to tumble precipitously to a much lower level.

I hope you may all be able to stand the ordeal, retain your equipoise and not lose consciousness. I extend to you my sympathy and crave your indulgence.

Our distinguished friend and guest, whom it is always a privilege to associate with and listen to, has to-night given us the great pleasure of hearing him speak concerning the interest Colonial Quakers had in education.

I do not believe the poet William Knox had in his mind any thought of the Quakers when, over a century ago, he wrote:

*We are the same things our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.*

And yet in the minds of many persons these lines fairly well describe the conservative Friends of the East at least. While we ourselves do not admit that such a description fairly portrays us, we certainly do take pride in maintaining the traditions of the fathers and in advancing the causes they held so dear.

We have had the benefit of their experience and of the experiences of others which they had not. Nature has also revealed many of her laws which were unknown to them, and which should have given us a much broader vision than they had. If we have not progressed, we have retrograded, for in life there is no standing still.

Service, we believe, is the chief object of life, and though it is true that "He also serves who only stands and waits," let us not forget that it is the waiting and not the standing that counts.

A man being asked what the people did at a certain summer resort, said: "Some sit and think, and others only sit." Thinking may be the best service we can render, but we should never be content only to sit.

In the sixteenth century Robert Southwell said:

*My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfill,
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds unto my will.*

But in the twentieth century we try to extend the limits of our power and to undertake tasks that are not so easy to fulfill.

Education in a broad sense comprehends all that disciplines and enlightens the understanding, corrects the temper, cultivates the taste, and forms the manners and habits. It may be physical, intellectual, ethical, moral or technical.

Of late years, perhaps, more development has been given to the technical than any one other branch; it is probably a pity that these lines were not taken up earlier in our denominational colleges.

I remember hearing that some years ago a student on his graduation day was found by a classmate to be in tears, and in reply to inquiries said, "This is the saddest day of my life. I have been here four years and have had a good time, but now I return to my mountain home where I must spend the rest of my life, and my training here has unfitted me for that life, for it cannot offer me the things I have become accustomed to, and I am indeed most miserable." He was oblivious to the words of Pope:

*That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.*

Technical or manual training, rather than merely intellectual cultivation, would have been much more servicable to him and have made him know his powers better than he did. Such has been the experience of Hampton Institute and other schools.

When I was at Haverford, Boll, the Carpenter, whom many of you remember doubtless, was the sole representative of manual training, and many evenings were spent in his workshop by those of mechanical tastes.

The student of to-day is properly instructed in many technical courses, and his graduation day should be one of joy, he should rejoice that he goes forth fitted to meet and help solve the problems of the day, and as a strong man to run a race.

Times change and we change with them, and as we change our viewpoint, relative values change much. Things which at one time seemed essential, at another have lost their importance. I remember when an English Friend, Mr. Tuke, an expert on insanity was here years ago, he said environment had much to do with definitions. For instance, said he, if a Friend in England was seen sitting in the gallery wearing a plain bonnet and fanning herself with a large

palm leaf fan, as I saw to-day in your meeting, all would say that she was crazy, and they would be right.

I wonder what he would have said if he had been at our monthly meeting this month and seen the clerk clad in a bright red waist and wearing a hat trimmed with feathers.

But what matter the palm leaf fan, the garb or headgear, so long as the Spirit is in accord with the Divine Will and the intellect is searching for means and methods of true service.

Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus is the legend under which we were trained, and the better way is the one we should seek to travel and show to others.

If the histrionic art is an aid to this, why should it be denied a place in the curriculum.

To one who remembers how much objection was formerly raised to our friend James Carey's homemade fiddles, it was a revelation to see the enthusiasm shown to an interpretation of Molière recently by the Cap and Bells Club. But then the fiddle was a thing of many years ago, and our friend and guest of the evening has recently told us that, "We must learn to remember that whether in education or in religion, progress is not made by leaps, but by slow stages, and if we expect to lead, we must begin where people are and let them move up at their own pace of speed."

When I was at Haverford it was not thought necessary to send the Cricket Club to England in summer, nor a Glee and Mandolin Club upon a winter tour of the principal cities, but that was an antediluvian age and modern advantages were sadly lacking.

We can only trust that advanced modern methods produce much better scholastic results.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work will never produce a real man. We must seek the golden mean, and endeavor to have intellectual, moral, physical and technical training all properly looked after, remembering that education should bring, not scholasticism, but life, and that more abundantly.

Aristotle was asked how much educated men were superior to those uneducated. "As much," said he, "as the living are to the dead."

The modern craze for original research leaves no field unsought, and educational problems are nothing new, if some methods are. One who has been considering the troubles of our first parents has raised the question: "If Eve wrote a column of figures, was Cain Abel to Adam?"

I have recently read that it had just been discovered that about fifteen hundred years ago in India there were professors who taught the art of love-making and had many students, too—of both sexes—though, I believe, not as Co-eds. It is a pity that Colonial America did not have such a course to which Miles Standish could have gone.

Coming down to modern lines of work and research, we find some are quite novel.

Mr. Burbank has done much to increase the beauty of our homes, and if report is correct, will shortly increase their sweetness. He is said to be considering transferring his studies from the flower to the bee, and hopes by breeding the firefly and the bee to produce a bee that can work at night as well as by day. I do not vouch for this, but I understand there is no doubt he intends to cross a mountain with a bicycle! I hope the result will not be The Fall of Man.

Medical research has done much of late years, and the future is full of promise in this direction, but in the presence of our illustrious members of that profession, it would ill become me to say more on this subject.

There are always some persons who do not appreciate what science or art or education has done for them, and, like Dorothea in "The Man in Lonely Land," say, "I wish I'd been born before all this science had been found out. If we sneeze we have to be sprayed, and if we cough we're sterilized or something, and the only word in the English language Antoinette pronounces right is Germ! You'd think they were ghosts the way she lifts up her eyes and raises her hands when she says it—and she doesn't know what they are either."

Like Antoinette I probably do not know what are the things I have been speaking of; but germs are real things, and it is important that some of them be not overlooked. Some of the things I have mentioned are also realities, and I hope will not be entirely overlooked.

It has been said that vision plus decision equals power. In this day of big things, power is what we all need, and proper education will fit the mind for both vision and decision.

It was probably a realization of this that caused Mr. Pearsons, whose death at over ninety years of age occurred to-day, to distribute the large earnings of a long life among so many of the colleges of this country.

Let us hope that others will emulate his example, and that our Alma Mater may not be forgotten.

I thank you for your kind attention.

The Haverfordian Board wishes to extend its cordial thanks to those of the alumni and the faculty whose hearty co-operation has made the Alumni Department possible during the past year.

A second reunion of *Haverfordians Overseas* will take place in Oxford on June 25th. The dinner last year was a distinct success and the prospects this year are quite as favorable. The following are certain to be present: F. H. Taylor, '76; L. P. Smith, Ex-'85; A. Bryne, '09; C. D. Morley, '10; W. L. G. Williams, '10; W. C. Greene, Ex-'10; P. J. Baker, Ex-'10; Dr. J. Rendel Harris; Dr. Legh W. Reid, W. H. Jackson, and J. Allen Baker, M.P. Any Haverfordians who expect to be in England at that time, are asked to communicate with C.

D. Morley, New College, Oxford.

The Alumni Banquet in New York, on April 26th, is said to have been the largest and most successful ever held by the New York Alumni. Almost 60 men were present. Their names were printed in the *College Weekly* for April 29th.

We are indebted to Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., for the following account of the Maryland Alumni dinner:

The Haverford Society of Maryland, held its eighth annual dinner at the Baltimore Club, on Saturday, April 27, 1912.

Professor Rufus M. Jones was the guest of honor and spoke upon Haverford Past and Present. His address was most interesting and was interspersed with a number of humorous anecdotes.

Mr. Miles White, Jr. spoke upon *Some Intellectual Vagaries*, and his remarks appear above.

He was followed by Mr. Hans Froelicher, Jr. who made some remarks upon Haverford from an *Undergraduate Viewpoint*.

Dr. Randolph Winslow gave a rather entertaining account of early days at Haverford and especially in early days of cricket.

Following this Mr. Dunton made a few remarks regarding the election of officers, stating that he believed the interest of the Society will be best served by continuing a president in office for as long as it is thought desirable, rather than continuing the custom of electing a new president each year. After some discussion, which was against this, Dr. Dunton moved that a committee of three be appointed, composed of younger graduates who should have a special charge of bringing Haverford to the attention of prospective students. This was seconded by Mr. F. A. White; amended by Mr. Mitchell Froelicher that the president and secretary should also be members of this committee, which was accepted.

Dr. Winslow nominated Mr. John C. Thomas as president, who declined. Mr. J. L. Winslow, therefore nominated Mr. R. H. Holme. Nominations were then closed and the secretary directed to cast a ballot.

Mr. Mitchell Froelicher next nominated Mr. R. L. Cary as vice-president, but the latter declined the

nomination on the grounds that he will be abroad and unable to serve. Mr. Froelicher then nominated Mr. John H. Janney, which was seconded by Mr. J. L. Winslow.

The Executive Committee was continued as before and a special committee was composed of Messrs. Mitchell Froelicher, C. B. Thompson and W. H. Morriss.

Dr. Henry M. Thomas, president of the society, presided very happily and the dinner was an extremely enjoyable one.

Those present were: Mr. John C. Thomas, '61; Mr. Donald B. Carey, '10; Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., '89; Dr. Randolph Winslow, '71; Mr. J. Leiper Winslow, '01; Mr. Charles B. Thompson, '09; Mr. Percival B. Fay, '09; Mr. Francis A. White, '84; Mr. Miles White, Jr., '75; Mr. Joseph S. Hopkins, '60; Dr. H. M. Thomas, '82; Mr. Hans Froelicher, Jr., '12; Prof. Rufus M. Jones, '85; Mr. W. H. Morriss, '08; Mr. Mitchell Froelicher, '10; Mr. A. M. Carey, '81; Mr. James Carey, 3d, '16; Prof. Mustard, of Johns Hopkins University; Mr. J. H. Janney, '87; Mr. R. L. Cary, '06; Mr. James Carey, Jr., '72; Mr. R. H. Holme, '76.

'72

The Class of '72 will celebrate its fortieth anniversary by a dinner in Founders' Hall, on June 13th. The following men are expected to attend, two others hope to attend, and four of the class are unable to be present: R. T. Cadbury, T. S. Downing, W. Erben, W. H. Gib-

bons, F. B. Gummere, C. W. Haines, A. F. Huston, W. P. Huston, W. M. Longstreth, E. M. Wistar. With such a large proportion of the class present, the anniversary will undoubtedly be a great success.

'78

C. S. Crosman will soon reach San Francisco on the way home from his trip around the world. He met W. S. Hilles, '85, in the Philippines.

'85

Dr. R. M. Jones addressed the students of Lehigh University in the Lehigh Chapel, on Sunday evening, May 12th.

Ex-'85

L. P. Smith has just published a short *History of the English Language* in the *Home University Library Series*.

'86

Dr. J. P. Tunis has been making some exhaustive studies of frozen portions of the brains at the Wistar Institute of Anatomy this winter. As a result of his writings on the subject, he has been elected a member of the *American Laryngological, Rhinological and Otological Society*. Dr. Tunis read a paper on *Sphenoidal Sinuses in Relation to Optic Neuritis* before the convention of this society in Philadelphia on May 14th.

'91

We regret to announce the death of Harry Alger. He died suddenly of heart disease, at his home in

Newport on May 4th. After graduating from Haverford he was connected for some time with West town School, and of recent years has been a teacher in the public schools of Newport.

'96

J. A. Lester has a letter on *The Honor System* in *The Nation* (New York) for May 2d.

'97

F. N. Maxfield has accepted a position in the Psychology Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

'00

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hinchman on May 1st, at their home at Groton School.

Captain J. A. Logan, U. S. A., is in charge of the army rescue work in the districts flooded by the Mississippi River. His headquarters are in New Orleans.

'01

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cadbury, Jr., on May 9th. It will be named for its father.

Dr. A. L. Dewees has been made a member of the Board of Health of Haverford township. President Sharpless is also on this board.

'02

On May 18th, at Dr. Spiers' invitation, C. W. Stork addressed the English XIII Class at College on William Morris. This class is taught by R. M. Gummere and A. G. H. Spiers.

E. W. Evans has been appointed

one of the solicitors for the Bell Telephone Company.

Alumni Day, May 15th, will be especially celebrated by the Class of '02 as their decennial. As usual, they will have a ball game with '07. A supper will be served in Dr. Spiers' room, 33 Centre Barclay Hall, at seven o'clock, on Thursday, June 13th. Fifteen out of sixteen in the class who have yet answered the invitations (May 10th) have accepted; so that most of the class are expected to attend. From six o'clock to seven a reception will be given in Dr. Spiers' room to such members of the faculty as were at college in '02.

E. E. Trout is captain of the Merion Cricket Club Team B.

'03

H. A. Domincovitch is teaching classics in the *Germantown Friends School*.

R. L. Simkin has returned to Chengtu, and on April 6th was the only American there. He is lecturing and teaching and taking charge of the church work in that city.

'04

W. S. Bradley has changed his residence to 2212 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

W. M. Wills is now vice-president and treasurer of the Diamond Specialty and Supply Company, 918-919 Harrison Building, Philadelphia.

A. W. Kratz was married last year, and is living in Lansdale, Pennsylvania.

D. T. Burgess expects to spend



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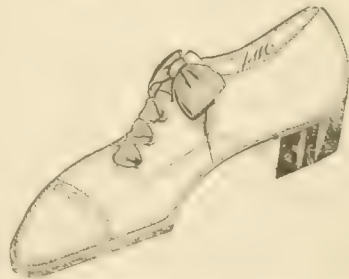
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two months studying in Germany next summer, probably at Marburg University, after a month's trip in Great Britain with a small party of Haverfordians.

'05

F. B. Seely is teaching mathematics at Northeast Manual Training School.

'07

C. R. Hoover was reappointed to a Thayer Fellowship of \$450 in the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. R. A. Spaeth, 'c9, in the same school received the Francis Parkman Fellowship for the same amount.

'11

C. Wadsworth, 3d, will spend the summer in Europe after finishing his year of chemistry at Harvard. He sails with his family on the S. S. Pretoria from New York on June 15th.

J. A. Clark, Jr., is now connected with Glendinning and Company, bankers and brokers, 400 Chestnut Street.

Ex.-'13

W. Richards is studying Philosophy and English at Göttingen, Germany. He recently took a walking trip through Italy.

Ex.-'14

R. J. Schoepperle has spent the year in the Chemistry Department of the University of Illinois, where he has won full standing as a Sophomore. He expects to sail for Europe at the close of the term, and will spend the summer studying and traveling with his sister.

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THE BURNING LEAVES

I WAS gloating over the gay and gallant little statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, when suddenly over the fringe of lilac bushes that borders the Serpentine came a great waft of fragrant blue haze—the scent of burning leaves.

The scent of burning leaves! That sweet tingling pungent odor always brings back autumn days at Haverford—the warm still afternoon in late September when the 11 or the 41 sets you down on the well-known platform. Through the damp, cold passage, past Mr. Harbaugh's, and then (scorning the Conklin Gate and the cement path) over the green fence and across the campus, along the spoor of diligent feet from Merion. There stands Barclay crowning the slope, and as you come by Roberts, your suit-case growing heavy—there is a great pile of dead leaves on the roadway, and the blue reek slowly drifting under the trees.

All through those golden days of Indian Summer faint trails of smoke are woven about the grounds, as fragrant as a woman's hair. As you sit in Chase Hall you hear the rustle of the rakes outside, and through the open window comes the wistful sweetness of the dying summer. The leaves beneath which you ate ice-cream and strawberries on Class Day—perhaps you did not heed them then, but now their soul is set free, their magic is abroad in the air. What is left after the burning? Only a spadeful of feathery ashes, but all the richness of summer, all the tingling golden atoms of August, are in that wandering smoke. As you pass under the old greenhouse arch, Old Caleb, reverend sire, comes footling slow, and if you have the privilege of his acquaintance he will tell you how he loves those sweet strands of blue. Yes, the summer is gone. The cricket-shed is shut and locked, and from Walton Field comes the thud of the booted ball.

Autumn afternoons at Haverford are the sweetest of all. There are many ways of enjoying them. You may sit, as two of us did, in a corn-shock beyond the grandstand (not far from that ratty lane that Dr. Gummere used to tell us had been laid out by the College on purpose to show his Chaucer students what a fourteenth century English road was like)—you may sit there among the warm stalks with your pipe of

Tuxedo and read *The Alchemist* aloud with approving chuckles. If you are hardy after a summer of camping in the northern woods you may have a belated bath in the silver waters of Darby, which are Abana and Pharpar to all Haverfordians. You may, in an excess of youthfulness, spend two hours digging for buried treasure (as did a red-headed zealot and I) in a ruined cottage not far from the creek, under the conviction that a Shakespeare-Bacon cryptogram is there concealed. And after all it is just as likely to be there as at Chepstow, where an American pundit has been delving. But best of all you may find your way to the old cider mill, where the West Chester Pike crosses the stream. There is the true Helicon known only to the elect, there Pegasus may be heard neighing in his stall. Not even the booming trolleys can remove the glamour of that spot, for there the golden apples of the Hesperides are minted into the sweetest slipperiest most potent cider that ever shortened the homeward path. To lie on the logs by the screaming sawmill, to toast every car that goes by, perhaps to read aloud *Songs from Vagabondia*—some of us will remember that long after the equation of the ellipse has whistled down the wind.

And then there is the Sabine Farm near Coopertown.....

And if (as is more than likely) you are a trifle late for supper, they may be singing *Boys Again We Are Here* as you come into the hall. After supper, as you stroll towards Barclay, there is a tiny heap of ashes, the only tangible remains of three summer months. Perhaps the words of Andrew McGill, that much unappreciated poet, will occur to you—

“In scarlet sash and yellow sleeves
October new enchantment weaves—
She wears a drifting scarf of blue,
The magic of the burning leaves.”

And after all, what is that in your pipe? Only burning leaves.


C. D. M.

London, 6th September, 1912.

THE SOUL OF THE DRAGON-FLY

This is the story of a child and of a child's prayer which ended in death. Yet, he did not die, for on Kudan Hill, in the Spirit-Invoking-Shrine—in the midst of a hundred thousand memorial tablets which appear in vague vibration through a haze of dusk indescribable—there is a tablet of pure white pine on which is inscribed in characters of ancient script the name Kumamoto Motokichi. And he whose name is thus inscribed never dies but forever lives in the memory of those of whom he once was.

I.

 HERE is a gorge in Izumo, in the Province of the Gods, which opens fan-like to the sea. Where the rivet of this fan might be, there is a grove of trees, hoary in their age, colossal in their size. And every evening when the sky is radiant blue, the shadows of these trees steal stealthily down the gorge, softening the green of the young rice in spring and mellowing the dead-gold of the harvest in autumn. And as the harvest of this valley is rich and plentiful the gentle farmer folk offer thanks to the gods and call the shade of the grove *The-Shadow-of-Fruitful-Rest*. For other reasons also is this grove a sacred one—in its quiet depths repose tiled roofs and columns curiously carved, the Monastery of Myo-honji. The handiwork of ancient artisans, time and the elements have changed: they have softened the vermilion into hues of dull rose, they have ameliorated the ornateness of the pillars until one might imagine the carvings to be the work of some tree insect and the balconies the airy haunts of the nightingale.

Beyond a courtyard of cool flagging which lies before the main temple is the *sammon*—the two-storied gate. On either side of this are the guardian Nio, the two Dêva Kings—Indra and Brahma who with terrific visage scare away the demons. But in Izumo there are no demons; there are only thieves, and even these are rare. But against them the Nio do not condescend to use their powers. And so, hard by *Sammon* the wise monks have built a lodge for the keeper of the gate. And here begins our tale.

One day, as the gate keeper nodded over his charcoal brazier, his little child sat on the floor and gravely proceeded to tie a thread around a large blue dragon-fly which had unhappily flown through the open window.

"Kichi, little one, hurt it not. It is cruel and moreover the Prior says it is a sin to harm any creature. Perhaps that *tompopo* is a human soul on way to Nirvana."

"Otottsama," for that means honorable father in Japanese, "when you and I pass on shall we be *tompopo* too? Oh how happy I should then be, for I could go anywhere—yes, even out to the great waters beyond!"

And here the little boy clapped his hands and looked out at the shimmering glint of the sea between the mossy tree trunks outside the window.

"Kichi, little one, some day it may be that you will be reborn a dragon-fly, but as for me—no. See how the *tompopo* so valiantly darts here, and then there, never flittingly it flies—but in a straight line, swerving neither to right nor to left. So must the soul of the warrior be even in reincarnation."

"Then, *Otottsama*, who is this warrior whom I behold? Is it Kato Kyomasa who speared the mighty tiger of Chosen?"

"Oh no, little one, Kato Kyomasa became a *kami* when he died. He was so very, very brave that he did not have to pass through the wheel of reincarnation. No; I do not think this dragon-fly is Kato Kyomasa."

"Otottsama, I would like to be a *tompopo*, for then I should have been a soldier who died for his country!"

"Be dutiful to your father, Kichi, and daily say the *Namu-Amida-Butsu*. The time may then come when you can render sacrifice to his August Sovereign."

And here the gate keeper sucked in his breath to show how even the mention of the Son of Heaven dazzled him, and stiffly bowed his head. And little Kichi bowed too, but he bowed to the *tompopo*, saying:

"Sir Warrior Dragon-Fly, forgive me; to have honorably hurt thee great sin on my part was. Like thee to become is my desire—pray help me Sir Warrior Dragon-Fly!"

* * * And Kumamoto Motokichi grew up and became a man.

II.

The hours were the hours of night, the night was utter darkness. A storm had come and passed, leaving in its wake wrecks of things that were. From somewhere in the distant blackness a streak as of lightning flashed its way skyward. Silently it burst into sixty brilliant white stars, which fell slowly in a silvery shower lighting up a vast area of

land. Only ten seconds did it last, but for those ten seconds there was visible a low mountain, desolate in its gloom. In the valley which sank away from its base were parallel streaks; on its slope were scars of unnatural depth; and about a hundred yards from its summit there ran a deep trench as if crowning the mountain. From the parallels in the valley below to the trench and even past the trench to the summit, the ground was strewn with heaps of flesh and rags which seemed from the distance, like a myriad ants crawling over the surface of their tomb-like hill. Only these heaps did not crawl; they were deathly still.

The rocket has died away, but the storm clouds have broken up into little rifts. The chilly illumination of the stars spreads over the scene.

Torrents of rain have filled the ditch skirting the summit of the hill, so that there is no dry place to sit or stand; the bottom of the trench is covered with bodies of the dead. Shelves have been clawed out along the sides of the ditch and on these shelves are shattered fragments of men—strong men whimpering for water though their teeth and jaws are mashed to a pulp, strong men chewing earth to relieve the torment of bowels scattered on the shelf beside them. Knee-high in the dank ooze are motionless groups of the living whose hopeless silence is far more ghastly than the delirious shrieks of the dying. They speak nothing, they are doing nothing, but their thoughts are thoughts of hell. Some, stooping, fill their caps with foul water and drink; others turn over the dead and feel in their pockets for a crust of bread, and eat. But the bread is no longer dry; it is wet with blood.

Captain Matsuyama of the Sappers using his naked blade as a staff waded along the ditch. And his staff oft times sank with a sickening give into something else besides mud. He came to a man seated on a pile of stones, his back bowed and his splattered face between his hands. Captain Matsuyama saluted, whereupon the other man peered into the gloom with blood-shot gaze, then rising returned the salute.

"My watch has stopped, what hour is it, Captain Kato?"

Then Captain Kato of the Infantry looked at his wrist.

"It is 4.17 A. M.—the twenty-second of August."

"The twenty-second of August—it is then over thirty hours that we have been in this ditch. A rifleman of the fifty-second regiment said that Ichinohoé sent them with Sendai reinforcements to help us get the fort. That must have been all that firing we heard last night before the storm. Eleven hundred started on the charge and he alone reached us. He said that the third assault on Port Arthur had failed: Two Hundred and Three Metre Hill is still Russian: the Eleventh Division repulsed

at North Keekwan fort. So I have the honor of telling you, that you, Captain Kato, of the Fourteenth Regiment of the Ninth Division, are nearer Port Arthur than any other soldier of his Majesty's troops."

Both officers laughed a little at the joke, but their mirth sounded strange amidst the moans and stifled shrieks about them. Captain Kato then spoke:

"Matsuyama, when I was a boy and lived in Tokyo I saw a funeral for the first time. Some bearers were carrying a box on their shoulders. I asked my mother what it was. She didn't answer me at first, but her eyes filled with tears.

"'Little boy—that is what we must all get into when we die.'

"Then she wept a little more until the sleeve of her kimono was damp with tears: I did not then know that it was my father's funeral. But I determined then and there that I would never be put into such a little box as that, because mother did not like it and cried when she saw one. So here I am in my coffin, one hundred and thirty metres long and ten feet wide!"

For a long time the two captains faced each other in silence. Above was the occasional siren of a bullet—the boom of the "Osaka Babes" sounded miles away. Captain Matsuyama asked:

"How many men have you? I have seventeen sappers."

"I have eighty-four rifles," Captain Kato answered.

After moments of silence up spoke Captain Matsuyama:

"It is hopeless to wait longer for relief and it is impossible to escape. As soon as we showed two inches of our heads we would be shot like so many rats. I have hand-grenades which could be thrown into the loopholes of the fort above us. Under the confusion of the explosions, you could charge with your men. Anyway, we could thus die fighting; there isn't much chance but let us try it. What do you think, Captain Kato?"

For answer, the infantry officer whisked out his flask and pouring forth the last few drops of precious water raised it to his forehead. Then the men drank the common cup, the pledge of brotherhood even unto death—the oath of their Samurai forefathers for generations back.

"Kumamoto Motokichi! Come this way!"

A young soldier stood forward from a group of men and saluted.

"Kumamoto Motokichi, you have been always brave and faithful. Listen carefully to what we say."

Then the two captains explained how he was to crawl the hundred and eighty yards up to the very guns of the Russians and destroy the bomb-proofs.

* * * * *

"God bless our little Father, if there ain't another Japonski who has jumped out of that trench!" said Ivan to Peter as they lay on their bellies, their rifles sighted up the ridge of the trench in the early light of dawn.

"Stop firing! You long-eared asses!" said Lieut. Vladimir Grievskovitch.

"Don't you see the Japonskis are being stunk out and are throwing out their corpses? Save your ammunition for live Japonskis or at least wounded ones."

As soon as the Japanese found that a corpse did not call for a shot from the Russians, they took Kumamoto by the shoulders and the heels and flung him over the edge of the trench. He landed on a body, rolled off and remained perfectly still on his stomach, the hand-grenade securely fastened to his belt. Peter and Ivan both saw, but they blinked their little blue eyes and said: "another dead Japonski."

With infinite care Kumamoto Motokichi slowly began to crawl, almost imperceptibly—a muscle at a time—a finger at a time up those hundred and eighty yards. Time and again he felt impelled to jump to his feet and shouting, rush to his death; for his suppressed movement of muscle, this tenseness of nerves was torture—and death at any moment from those innumerable shiny rifle barrels and those deep blue slavic eyes peering along the sights.

"That Japonski is alive!" said Ivan to Peter, and carefully sighted his gun on Motokichi's head.

"If he moves again, I shoot."

The little heap not more than eighty yards away slowly but surely brought up his right leg to his stomach.

"Little Father, be with us!" said Ivan, as he knocked off the Japanese soldier's cap and smashed his shoulder. Motokichi bit his teeth into the ground, but did not move. After minutes of torturous waiting he started again—nearer and nearer to the bomb-proofs.

In the trench below were sixteen sappers, each man armed with a grenade. There were besides, eighty-four men, bayonets in rifles. The two captains were listening for every sound, knowing that if they lifted their heads to see where he was, they would not live long enough to tell their comrades.

Kumamoto Motokichi, his right arm shattered and useless, leaned against the bomb-proof, gripped the grenade between his teeth and lit a match. The grenade began to splutter. With his left hand he seized it, and standing on tip-toe, hurled it into a loophole over the heads of Peter and Ivan, right into a machine gun crew.

There is a deafening roar and the roof of the bomb-proof is hurled skyward.

Kumamoto Motokichi, faint from loss of blood, sees sixteen sappers leap silently from the trench, and under cover of the confusion, sprint towards him. There is the dum-dum of the gatling gun, the spluttering, crashing spit-spit of a hundred rifles. Man after man falls in his tracks. Will none be able to reach the fort? Will his own labors be in vain? Suddenly to his right, there is a splintering crash, another to the left and again another. Three sappers have reached the bomb-proof. And the series of explosions along the front of the fort are like the upheaval of a volcano, filling the air so full of shattered concrete and earth that it is only as through a mist that Kumamoto Motokichi sees eighty men spring from the whole ridge of the trench—Captain Kato at their head. Above him he flashes his three-foot blade, the sword of his ancestors.

Man after man stumbles and totters down, but unchecked the charge of the forlorn hope rushes on. Only the gleam of their eyes, the steely whiteness of their bayonets and the red spit-spit of their rifles can he see. As Captain Kato dashes past him, he shouts:

"Well done, Kumamoto! Quick, signal reinforcements."

Though the sapper can scarcely crawl for loss of blood, he climbs to the top of a wrecked escarpment and tearing off his dark stained shirt, sticks it on a bayonet and with his single arm waves the signal for help. Immediately from the parallels in the valley below, Ichinohoé's men swarm forth and begin their rushing charge to the aid of their countrymen. Thousands upon thousands, they come like a tidal wave; hundreds upon hundreds are swept down like leaves in autumn. But the Russian forts flanking the hill are taken unawares: they pour their fire now upon the deserted trench, now upon Ichinohoé's men. And in the confusion the charging lines steadily draw nearer and nearer the fort. Captain Kato with his handful of men, is managing to hold the rifle gallery against the stinging fire of pom-poms, machine guns and hand grenades; when Kumamoto Motokichi hears the shouting of a thousand voices—"Nippon Banzai" as the reinforcements charge past him into the breach to victory.

Motokichi's eyes are closed, and his ears scarce hear the roar and shout of battle. Far above their hideous crash he hears the rustling of tremendous trees, and as he utters that mighty invocation—"Namu-Amida-Butsu"—there settles over him *The-Shadow-of-Fruitful-Rest*.

* * * In Izumo, in the Province of the Gods, an old gate keeper knelt before his ancestral shrine to offer up his morning prayer.

And as he knelt there came to him the chant of a hundred priests reciting the grand Nehan-gyo, the Sutra of Nirvana, the song of the passage triumphant over the Sea of Death and Birth. And these sonorous words came to him like the surge of a sea:

"Transient are all. They, being born, must die. And being born, are dead. And being dead, are glad to be at rest."

As the last words of the hymn died away, the gate keeper beheld by the warm rays of the early sun, a great blue dragon-fly which darting gently, lighted upon his ancestral shrine.

And a smile of great joy and contentment settled over the old man's face:

"Kichi, little one, welcome home."

Y. N., '15.

HOMESICK

Little flower of the cliff,
Freshly blue, and sadly sweet,
I have called thee "News from Home"
Looking toward the sea I roam
As thy soft blue eye I meet,
Little flower of the cliff.

Little flower of the cliff,
Far across the heaving sea,
In a sweeter place than this,
Waits for me a sweeter kiss
And a softer bed for thee,
Little flower of the cliff.

Little flower of the cliff,
Meek in this unfriendly air,
Thou wouldst love my native ground
I am starving for the sound
Of the voices over there,
Little flower of the cliff.

N. H. T., '13.

"IN A SQUARE"

ONE evening, some time ago, in the course of a walk, we happened into Independence Square. You may have noticed that at this hour the place is well nigh deserted; excepting of course, on those occasions when calendared days with their festivities and speeches lead the populace on tip-toe into the revered halls where they consider soberly the bodily structure of this signer and that signer by worn chair-cushions, and in general lend their minds to the hot-blooded patriotism of the day.

Certainly we should not smile at these performances, for sentiments must be got into people's heads at any cost, even if they be done up in newspaper or inoculated into lemonade or ushered into their ears with noise for escort.

But leaving these glorious occasions till they will have descended upon us once again, we remember that only three were with us on the benches at the time mentioned. Of the three only one was awake and the not subtle sounds arising from the lowered heads of the other two made us attend to them. For men, sleeping with obscured faces, if they be successful grocers or unsuccessful hoboos, have a common incentive to interest. They submit to the most searching stare without exhibiting the slightest token of indignation or self-consciousness. You may build from their sleeping substance anything which wildest fancy prompts. All those natural phenomena, the eyes, voice, and smiles, which bind with such instant force the particular man into his particular box, are for the time departed. A most interesting condition this comatose equality! The universal plane from which dreams take their glorious and horrible flights. In this extremely useful creative pastime, we are, however, often limited to certain species of the human creation.

For example, the sleeping subject across the way happens to be rather close upon a gas light and this dimly but positively reveals a slight portion of his physiognomy. Now noses when isolated, are not generally of such a form as would define their owners' class or station. Yet certainly here was a nose that at once confined the attached subject within insurmountable fences. With dispatch it settled his ancestry, his faith; I even became aware of a more guttural note in his snoring. We had never attached to noses such far-reaching suggestion, upon consideration we must now make our creation a peddler, or fishmonger, or to become lofty, a prophet, who, before us, dreams of leading his people away to some kindlier zone where fish may be caught in backyards and smells may be smelled unmolested, and where "South Streets" and "Second Streets" cross one another in an infinite maze with temples at every

second corner. Our sympathy with such a migration is most sincere. We lament that dreams are not spun from tougher yarn.

Of a sudden, however, our "subject" passed through that tremendous space lying between sleep and wakefulness. We suspected that the prophet calmly leading his tribes, and marching on foot, as all the greater leaders persist in doing, had entered some Red, or other sea before the water had properly receded. Evidently the shock of cold water was too much even for prophetic feet.

After considerable thought we have come to the conclusion, that the patriotic appeal of this venerable square would be warmed and heightened by a closer proximity to those places which dispense patriotic and other sentiments over the counter.

Certainly you would agree with this conclusion, were you to visit Franklin Square, which place, instead of reclining proudly in the shadows of that fine old hall, must content itself with the more noisome shades of theatrical boarding houses and the shabby presence of many old clothes' emporia.

In spite of these rather serious handicaps to any expression of patriotism, not a few little babies carry flags and it were not unusual to see an old gentleman stand upon a bench and wave a banner most emphatically, which act is always touchingly cheered by large audiences. With these reflections we resumed our walk, noting however, that the third man now slumbered. We leave it to your invention to make the most of him, nor should we neglect to state that he wore a number eleven shoe, certainly not a point to be trifled with.

R. C. S., '14.

TO AN IDEAL

How like the springtime are the lays we hear,
Sung by fair singers who themselves have loved!
And yet how like a summer's days, rose-fair
But lustreless, our own loves oft have proved!
Far rather let my ecstasy embrace
The Image which these greater ones have left,
What though their passion glow more splendidly
In story than in truth, of art bereft.
Mine be the bliss to dream by Sappho's lyre
And watch her ivory fingers intertwine
The strings, as on the cloud her voice conspires,
I skim the blue Aegean where the vine
Doth stir with nightingales; nor ever rue
A mere Illusion soon to prove untrue.

D. W., '14.

THE SONG OF THE HEADLAND

East wind howling by my face,
Filled with stinging smother
Heavy clouds that landward race
Jostling one another!

Hoary patriarchal seas,
Mountain high and breaking
March against my granite knees—
Think to set me shaking!

From beyond the rocking bells
Gathering their power,
Come the long Atlantic swells—
Batter at my tower.

Proudly then I shatter them
Hurl them back to wallow
At my streaming, kelp-clad feet,
Warning those that follow.

When the mighty winter tides
Dash their spray about me,
Let them pound my icy sides
They can never rout me.

Still by me the boatmen steer,
Still I stand defiant;
And my gray old front I rear
To the winds—a giant.

S. W. M., '13.

LOOSE LEAVES

THE SONG OF THE GEISHA

ONCE as I wandered in Shimbashi ward right by the mart of Ginza, I heard the sonorous strum of the *samisen* and the sharp falsetto of a girl's voice rise in plaintive song:

*Kokoro ni mo
Arade yuki yo ni—*

And I stopped to listen, for the voice was sweet and the street was the *Street of Singers*.

It was September, at the Hour of the Ox: the stars twinkled brightly above, for the air was clear and cold. On a house-top, silhouetted against the luminous sky of night, was the figure of a girl. And she it was who sang so sweetly.

Then to Chombei, my old retainer who knows much of the ways of life, I asked:

"Why, O Chombei, does that woman sing to the sky when the night is so sharp and chill?"

And Chombei quickly made answer:

Young master: that girl is to be a Geisha, for lo we are in the *Street of Singers*. And accordingly her voice must be soft and strong to sing—else she may not please the hearts of men. So every night, even when the sky is dark and the earth is white with snow, must she strengthen her voice with song and her fingers with the *samisen*—out upon the house-tops. Some there are that die, but again there are those who live. *Arra*, young master, there is the tale of Okiku of Shimbashi—very famous is she, entertaining even in the presence of Our Lord Matshudaira-no-O-Kami. And she it was who, during the One-Thousand-Days-of-Learning could not even speak for the hoarseness of her throat with song: and when the cold would chill her bleeding fingers so that the playing of her *samisen* grew fainter and fainter, then only would her master unbar the door and let her descend into the house. But now she is a famous Geisha."

Again the girl's voice rises and trills in the cadence of a light song of love. But to my ears there comes not the sweetness or the joys of love: I hear only a wail of sorrow—and the gentle accompaniment of the *samisen* sounds like the falling of tears.

Y. N., '15.

THE MONARCH OF THE NIGHT

JOE, my Sioux guide, and I sat on opposite sides of our brightly burning camp-fire, which was sending its sparks high up among the tall pines.

Our journey that day had been a long one and now how good it felt to loll back on the soft pine needles and to look up into the night. Our dear friends, the stars, were there, peeping down on us as they had done for endless ages. How calm and clear and bright they seemed up there in the cool ether! Venus, the evening star, was slowly setting in the west. Directly above us shone those immortal twins, Castor and Pollux, always inseparable, and I thought of my study of Homer, when I read of "Castor, fleet in the car and Polledences, brave with the cestus." Jupiter, Mars, Mercury and Orion seemed to see me down in the still, dark forest and to wink their eyes at me in token of recognition.

Thoughts came to me of my home, my dear friends and neighbors, and a feeling of loneliness crept into my heart and oppressed me. I fell into a deep reverie which was only broken by the sound of Joe's stepping on a twig as he got up to stretch before turning in.

"Let's take a look at the lake, Joe," said I in a quiet tone of voice, for I was affected by the great stillness of the forest. He grunted his assent, and led the way down past an old knotted oak, across a little stream and finally out upon the shores of our mountain lake.

The moon had risen and had caused the tall trees to cast a dark shadow over the water for a little distance out from the bank. This darkness was a marked contrast to the brightness of the middle of the lake, on which the pale silvery moonlight was shining. Perhaps we had stood there spellbound for five minutes or so, when we both saw a huge, dark mass come forth from the woods of the opposite shore. This mass (for we could not yet see what it was) stopped for an instant and then advanced to the edge of the water. It must have been drinking, for, after a few moments' halt, it waded out into the lake and, in so doing, passed out beyond the shadow line and disclosed to us a magnificent bull moose. How wild and free he seemed, as he stood there up to his knees in water and calmly surveyed his forest domain. While we watched, he bent forward his head and hurled forth his fierce challenge to all the beasts of the forest. The mountains around us echoed back his mighty call, but, except for this, no answering challenge came back to him. He drank again, turned, and stalked back majestically.

Joe and I looked at each other. He shrugged his shoulders, grunted, and led the way back across the stream, past the knotted oak, and up to our little camp. Our fire had burnt itself out, but neither of us cared to rebuild it. As we got into our sleeping bags, we heard again that mournful challenge repeated from some dark spot, way off on a mountain side, and again in our mind's eye we pictured the monarch of the night.

J. W. G., '15.

THE DEATH OF SAINT ———

His life's ascetic pilgrimage is o'er
 And miracles worked by his holiness;
 He dies where he has traveled to confess,
 Before the well-known monastery door.
 The brothers crowd around him; but his eyes
 See naught but Mona's spirit, all her harms
 Forgotten, with her baby in her arms,
 The first to welcome him to Paradise.
 Breathless, the youngest monk feels o'er him rise
 Desire to join the lists for God, and win—
 Watching a-tip-toe. As the halo dies
 That crowned those brows, scarred in the fight with sin,
 A second halo lights the shadowed eyes
 And parted lips beneath the capuchin.

N. H. T., '13.

EDITORIALS

A SENIOR CLASS

NOR some of us this October marks the beginning of a last year at Haverford as undergraduates. The first three years are irrevocably past. What the Senior Class has made of them matters much; what it will make of this year matters more. Power is in its hands. What will it do with that power?

Certain members of the Senior Class, by constant effort and single-mindedness of purpose, have risen to positions of authority, and others have reached the goal of their various ambitions. The college looks to them for advice and leadership. The duty of every Senior Class is to lead, to guide, and its power of leadership depends not in "running" a College Meeting, but upon the faith which the College places in its judgment, in the understanding of the purposes of the class. And that faith is determined by their estimate of the individuals of the Senior Class—on the field, in the class-room, in their every-day life with their fellows, and finally upon their class spirit.

We have heard in the various classes a great deal of talk about class spirit, one-third vague tommy-rot, the other two-thirds of such fine gold that it would be a misfortune to lose one grain of it. The one-third, and sometimes we fear that it encroaches upon the other parts, consists of petty prejudice, in condemnation of a man because he is not fortunate enough to belong to 191x. It springs from ignorance, from misunderstanding, from a false conceit, and a desire to cover lack of class spirit by using *enforced ceremony*.

But the other two-thirds of class spirit, those parts which alone justify class unity, compose a spirit that holds men together in putting in their "besticks" for Haverford, rejoicing if their class with high ideals surpasses all others *in carrying them out*, but refraining from boasting and destructive criticism. All class spirit that does not have as its final aim, the good of Haverford, is artificial and undemocratic.

If a Senior Class holds coveted records in Athletics, if it has won them honorably and has maintained the standards of Haverford sportsmanship—has even raised them—then it may rightfully be proud, because every point gained is placing Haverford on a higher level. Yet these records should not engender contempt for those classes whose members have not yet won their laurels.

If a Senior Class stands high in scholastic attainment, then it may

feel glad that it has done its duty in that for which the college was founded. Yet if another class contains one whose genius surpasses that of any of their own honor men they should not sneer at him as inferior, but rather be happy that he will give honor to Haverford.

Even though a class excels in sport and in scholarship it may go down to posterity with a shrug of the shoulders of its college mates. We say that we love *Haverford*; and what is Haverford? Is it the buildings, the campus, our friends? Yes, and more. It is the indefinable halo of atmosphere, of happiness, of friendship that surmounts the golden pillar of *Haverford ideals*. The members of any Senior Class who have lowered in any way these ideals or who have encouraged others to do so, have failed in their college career and their class must bear the stigma of their disgrace.

Last June a class graduated from Haverford with all the honors of four years well-spent. It is fitting that their successors should express the universal estimate by the college of this class—that it was a body that left its mark for good upon its fellow classes, that as a class it stood four square. There was not an activity in which it did not lead, if not officially, at least in numbers and in serious purpose. Its men were on every team, they excelled in scholarship. They were active in the abolition of hazing—the most important reform in a decade. They led in the social and religious work of the college, work that demands service but gives no title and gets no cheers. It was largely through their influence that 1915 was second to 1912 in number of men in active religious work last year.

The 1912 gateway is a beautiful memorial of the class. Yet to those of us who were their comrades, their chief gift to the College was not confined to stone and mortar. It was the spirit which unconsciously they spread among us, which through their leaders, characterized them and their Year-Book, that mirror of a class—a spirit that was “wholesome, manly, and unkind to none.”

We have spoken thus at length about our predecessors because we believe that they have set a standard, not by any means perfect, yet possessing many elements of good upon which we and succeeding classes may do well to build. Each generation receives the standards of the one preceding, to raise, to improve, but not to lower. If 1912 was energetic, progressive, fair, 1913 should be more energetic, more progressive, more fair. Even at Haverford there is room everywhere for improvement—that no one class can complete but which each can advance. We have the song: *Here's to 1913, she's the best we've ever*

seen. This year we're going to prove it. It's a lot to live up to; it's what every class should be, not only in its own judgment, but in that of the College. And because we love Haverford, we hope that as the years go on there will be more and more co-operation throughout the College, so that every Senior Class may enter upon its last year with a clear understanding of its duties and of the work of its predecessor. In that way and in that alone, can we hope for progress, for a greater Haverford.

THE DEATH THROES

We are somewhat handicapped in our choice of editorials by the fact that we must go to press some ten days before publication. Yet if our sister paper contains remarks upon this subject, we trust that no one will accuse us of plagiarism.

This year was characterized by a feeble attempt to renew the time-rotted institution of hazing. It was modified by the prompt action of the Committee on Freshmen, yet even this did not prevent a silly exhibition much enjoyed by the onlookers from Ardmore. The only excuse for the Freshman Entertainment is that it introduces the new men to the College under circumstances which tend to show them as they really are. The entertainment is *not* for the Alumni—except for a few who come back to see their friends, the Alumni consider this performance childish and uninteresting, and hence do not come out. And certainly no one blames them.

The Entertainment of this year was a marked improvement in that in spite of the vociferations of one or two of the younger Alumni there was a conspicuous absence of the "spicy" tales which usually characterize these meetings. It is also to be noted that because of the demands made by some members of the upper classes, only the best known Freshmen were called out; the Sophs could not carry out their program, and the less known men still remain unknown.

However this may be, there is no justification of the tomato bombardment of the Freshmen by the whole college. It was a mean thing to dump the "Rhinies" taking exams: we fail to see the gentlemanly conduct of disfiguring men's faces with vegetables. Two men have been killed in hazing this year—no, not at Haverford, but accidents may happen. One of the Seniors had his glasses broken—a little harder blow, such as hit many a Freshman might have put his eyes out of business for good. Then, aside from the discomfort, the whole performance is pointless and disgusting, it disfigures the walls and breaks

the windows. We have said that the onlookers from Ardmore enjoyed the show. We gave them a good example, only Ardmore will not buy tomatoes.

We wish to take this opportunity of welcoming 1916 to Haverford, and of urging them both by their sense of responsibility this year and by their self-restraint next year to bring about the final burial of the old regime. Even since we entered upon our duties, we have preached the final abolition of hazing and the beginning of a new era of co-operation. We trust that we shall not have worked in vain, and that next year the new era will begin in a larger and truer sense.

EXCHANGES



WITH our mind swept clean by lake breezes we came romping back to our labors. After the general rough-house of return had rumbled and rattled down to a subdued murmur of smoothly-turning wheels it was gently but firmly borne in upon us by our chief that a large pile of June and July magazines was awaiting our perusal.

Now when we had lumbered through some fifty pages of early summer inspiration we began to understand that the west wind had swept our mind so very clean that ideas missed their old rooting-place among the disorderly clutter and not one would seem to sprout.

Nevertheless, the duty was ours and we determined to grind out something to appease the powers that be.

There is an unusual epidemic in these Commencement issues. We do not know whether to define it as a style or the lack of one. Usually it appears in a story of college life, which makes it trebly ridiculous, although the attempts of collegians to depict morbid, harrowing and soul-terrifying experiences are almost always laughable enough, in whatever scenes they are laid. We shall not quote directly but those who have read the June *Lits* may see resemblances:

Dark in the porch—not so dark but that in the caverns and crevasses of her riotous hair—rich maroon hair—played ever the lights and shades of Orcus. “Estelle,” he muttered—low—distinct—toying, always toying with his class watch-fob.

“Yes—William!” crimsoned the lady.

About the watch-fob closed his fingers—white. His eye-balls seemed dry and seared. “God!” he gasped, “I have—there is—” Courage broke and fled. He turned and a dry sob wet the hammock.

On the steps she faced him once more, the barrier of reserve seemingly higher than ever. “Adieu, Mr. Simpson,” she iced. It was too

much. He caught her hand and held it. "Estelle," he moaned, "I will tell you all! It was in Freshman Latin—you know the story—I even bought it—a 'handy lit.' All one term we used it—but—" and his voice rose to a pitch of triumph, "it is over. I have conquered myself." His head sank. "You know, now," he sobbed, "Farewell." The glad light shone in those orbs of deepest lavender. He saw with wonder that she knew and yet forgave. In her face was the miracle. He fainted * * *

No doubt there are those whose souls are raised and benefitted by hearing of struggles such as this; but for the mass of us?

We do not know why heart-throbbing undergraduates continue to seek their themes in unknown and devious paths? To us in our staid senility a good essay or a truly humorous college story has a far greater appeal. But, to misquote an ancient saying: "It takes all kinds to make a Lit."

It was a pleasure to ramble with the son of Williams through his essay "On Walking."

"Once more the road unrolls before you,—dipping, twisting, turning—past raw brown fallow land where the toiling plough creeps up and down—through budding grove and thicket—along by rushing stream and flooded pool, but ever on and on to that misty, far Beyond."

In the *Nassau Lit* was an extremely clever bit of pen-impersonation called, "A Seltzer Anthology." The writer allowed each of three famous men-of-letters to tell the same story in his own way. The three were Mr. DeMorgan, Mr. W. J. Locke, and Mr. R. W. Chambers—a truly astounding combination. "On a Summer's Afternoon," also in the *Nassau* is an entertaining dialogue of the deep, subtle vacation variety, heard almost anywhere alongshore.

It is always amusing and often instructive to hear what the ladies think about us. To the ardent lower-classman, who thinks himself the idol of some dozen or more feminine hearts, we recommend a thorough reading of "Men" in the *Smith*.

We have been most interested in some exchanges from over seas which reached us in June. The Charterhouse *Carthusian*, has a page or two of assorted verse that puts our Yankee preparatory school efforts to shame. The prose in these magazines is chiefly devoted to school matters and essays but is written in a good clear style. The few attempts at short stories were very clever, we thought.

The month's verse was on the whole, rather scant, springtime's impetus having petered out. We liked "The Cloud Sheep," in the *Smith*, for its pretty child-like manner. In closing, we shall quote a poem from the *Harvard Monthly*.

CREPUSCULE

What joy, against the dim, grey window-pane,
Beyond which lies the dim, grey dying west,
To see again my mother sit at rest,
Pale with a pallor no warm sun could stain,
Fighting the anguish that for years had lain
Grim and unconquered in her woman-breast;
To hear her brave voice by no pain distressed;
To know her all material flesh again:

For thus she sat at eve when light was frail
Without, no light or sound within the room;
Slim, fragile, tender, by her pain made pale,
Ah could I reach her, groping through the gloom,
Kneel at her feet and lay my worn head there
And feel her comforting fingers on my hair.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT



WE would call the attention of the Alumni to the following schedule for the 1912 football season. There are four more games to be played at home and especially at the F. and M. game every Alumnus within twenty miles ought to be on the field and ready to cheer for the team. Last year we went up to Lancaster and won. This year we hope to have a higher score if the team has the whole college and the Alumni back of it. We would urge all the Alumni to procure seats in the cheering section—there will be copies of the cheers and songs on hand. There will be a special train to Lehigh on the nineteenth, and any Alumnus who goes with the team will be sure of seeing a good game and of being entertained all the way home by miniature football games and cane-rushes by the members of 1916, not to mention songs and speeches.

There will be a rousing football meeting on the night before every big game. Come out and get in touch with the college and help the team to win.

| DATE | OPPONENTS | PLACE | Score | | | |
|--------------|---------------------------|--------------|-------|----|------|----|
| | | | 1911 | | 1912 | |
| | | | H. | O. | H. | O. |
| October 5. | Delaware | Haverford | 17 | 0 | 14 | 0 |
| October 12. | Stevens | Haverford | 15 | 6 | .. | .. |
| October 19. | Lehigh | S. Bethlehem | 0 | 12 | .. | .. |
| October 26. | Franklin and Marshall ... | Haverford | 3 | 0 | .. | .. |
| November 2. | St. John's | Haverford | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| November 9. | Trinity | Hartford | 6 | 24 | .. | .. |
| November 16. | Rutgers | Haverford | 6 | 10 | .. | .. |
| November 23. | Carnegie Tech. | Pittsburg | .. | .. | .. | .. |

P. S. Williams, '94, has been elected president of the Alumni Association. J. H. Haines, '98, has been elected secretary. The vice-presidents are M. White, Jr., '75, and L. H. Wood, '96.

F. C. Sharpless, '00, S. W. Mifflin, '00, and C. C. Morris, '04, of the Merion Cricket Club and H. A. Furness, '10, of the Moorestown Field Club, played in the cricket match between the United States and Canada at Philadelphia, September 6th and 7th. They also played for Philadelphia against the Australians on September 27th, 28th and 30th.

The proposed dinner at Oxford for Haverfordians in England did not come off this year as there were not enough who could attend.

H. J. Cadbury, '03, C. J. Brown, '08, and A. Lowry, 2nd, '09, were members of a party visiting friends in England, this summer.

'67

The new Infirmary was formally presented to the College on class-day by the donor, J. T. Morris. After a few remarks in presenta-

tion, Mr. Morris delivered the key to President Sharpless. Other addresses were given by Dr. J. Tyson, '60, Dr. A. Stengle, and Dr. T. F. Branson, '89.

'85

W. F. Wickersham has given up his position as principal of Westtown for a year, because of his health. Thomas K. Brown will take his place.

'89

W. Fite had an article in *The Nation*, of July 18th, on *The Philosophy of Eucken*.

'92

C. Brinton has contributed an article to the *Century* for July, entitled *A Master of Make Believe*. It is an appreciation of the works of M. Parrish, ex-'92, and alludes to his stay at Haverford and the souvenirs of his stay he has left here.

Mr. Brinton has been spending the summer in Norway, arranging for a Scandinavian Art Exhibit to be held in New York during the fall and winter.

'93

Dr. J. G. Taylor has moved to Canby, Oregon, where he is practicing medicine in connection with a large fruit growing establishment.

'94

F. J. Stokes was married on June 28th, to Miss Lelia T. Woodruff, of Scranton.

'95

J. B. Leeds, Professor of Household Economics at Temple University, opened a Bureau of Household Research in the vicinity of Broad and Berks Streets, Philadelphia, on September 1st. Various courses in all lines of house work will be given. The object of the Bureau is to secure recognition for house work as a distinct and worthy profession. The Bureau will also carry on scientific research in the direction of standardization of household work.

W. C. Webster is with the Republican National Committee, Times Building, New York, acting in an advisory capacity.

'96

Dr. T. H. Haines was married on August 15th, to Miss Helen M. Hague, at Columbus, Ohio.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Francisco, of Richmond, Indiana, to H. J. Webster. Mr. Webster is Dean of Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio.

Dr. J. A. Babbitt has been appointed one of the two medical

members of the Board of the Assembly Hospital in New York.

L. H. Wood has been at Chautauqua this summer as a guest of the Hicksite Friends' Conference.

Ex-'96

W. C. Sharpless is in the drafting department of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'97

Dr. R. C. McCrea has been made the Dean of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. McCrea has been teaching at the University only five months. He was formerly at the New York School of Philanthropy. His appointment is the most important feature of the drastic changes that have lately been made in the faculty and organization of the University of Pennsylvania.

F. N. Maxfield took his Doctorate of Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania and will be professor in the department of psychology in the graduate department there.

E. Field holds a scholarship in the department of comparative religions at the University of Pennsylvania, and expects to complete his studies for the Doctorate of Philosophy there this winter.

'99

The Rev. J. P. Morris has captained the Merion Cricket Club team C this season.

'00

C. Febiger was married on July

24th to Miss Madeleine S. Houte, at Wheeling, West Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Febiger are now living at Merion, Pennsylvania.

Ex-'00

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. M-P. Murphy, on August 9th, at their home at Cedarhurst, Long Island. Mr. Murphy is now the head of the new firm of G. M-P. Murphy and Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York City, which does a general supply business in connection with a banking business.

Ex-'01

H. F. Babbitt had a camp, this summer, at Redbank, New Jersey.

'02

We regret to announce the death of David A. Roberts, of Moorestown, New Jersey. He died on August 16th, of typhoid fever. A more detailed appreciation of our loss will appear in the next publication.

C. L. Seiler has been reappointed secretary of the Central Board of Football Officials.

A son was born to Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Gummere on September 23d. On June 6th, Dr. Gummere delivered the commencement address at the Brown Preparatory School, of which A. Brown, '75, is principal. His subject was *Life as a Long-Distance Run*. Dr. Gummere also had charge of the Yale examinations at Saint Luke's School, last June.

W. W. Chambers was married to Miss Minnie M. Harrison of

Shickshinny, Pennsylvania, on July 19th. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers will live at 216 Cricket Avenue, Ardmore.

C. W. Stork has a sonnet in the *Century* for July, called *Joy of Effort*. One of his stories has been accepted by the *Lippincott's Magazine*.

E. H. Boles has bought a house in Brooklyn, New York.

A. C. Wood, Jr., was married in Moorestown, on September 25th, to Miss Gertrude S. Elliott, of New York. The wedding was a very quiet one, because of the death of the bride's mother. W. C. Longstreth was best man.

A daughter, Ann, was born to Dr. A. G. H. Spiers on July 21st.

On June 13th the Class of '02 had supper in Dr. Spiers' rooms at College. There were twenty-seven present. The decennial of the class was celebrated the next day. Dr. Spiers ran the examinations at Central High School, in June.

E. W. Evans delivered the commencement address at Friends' School, Germantown, on June 11th.

A son, Cecil, was born in September to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Trout. Mr. Trout has been captain of the Merion Cricket Club, team B, during the past season.

C. R. Cary was married to Miss Margaret M. Reeve, of Germantown, on September 7th.

'03

When last heard from in the

spring, R. L. Simkin had returned to his mission in Chengtu, after the looting of that city during the winter. With the few other missionaries, who had returned, he was planning to carry on as much as possible of the extensive missionary and educational work there. He had started a course of lectures on American Government at the Y. M. C. A., was teaching at the High School and the Bible Training School, and was taking charge of the church work in Chengtu. The country was still in a very unsettled condition and it was feared that the government would forbid any more foreigners to go there until things should be quieter.

A daughter was born in September, to Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Worthington.

'04

H. N. Thorne and F. M. Ramsay, '09, attended the conference on football rules and interpretation at the Hotel Manhattan, September 21st.

'05

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary V. Fox, of Torresdale, to T. S. Downing, Jr.

Ex-'05

J. L. Scull has been appointed graduate treasurer of the Haverford Athletic Association, in the place of Dr. R. M. Gummere.

E. F. Winslow has returned to college in the Senior Class. He is living at Bryn Mawr.

'06

T. K. Brown, Jr., has returned

from Harvard to resume his work as instructor in German at Haverford.

R. L. Cary has given up his position as instructor in mathematics at Princeton and is engaged in irrigation work in Wyoming. D. B. Cary, '10, is with him, having left his position in a bank in Baltimore.

G. H. Graves is assistant professor in mathematics at the Colorado Agricultural College.

F. B. Morris has recently returned from his trip around the world.

Dr. H. Pleasants, Jr., is practicing medicine in West Chester, Pa.

'08

A son, John Sharpless, was born on July 24th to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Edwards at their home in Bryn Mawr.

C. L. Miller was married, June 10th, to Miss Josephine Ross, of Haverford.

G. W. Emlen was married to Miss Eleanor Clark, of Conshohocken, on June 12th.

'09

T. K. Sharpless was married to Miss Grace Warner, of Germantown, on June 4th.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Grace Bacon, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, to A. Lowry, 2nd.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Margaret K. Culbertson, of Philadelphia, to F. Myers, Jr.

Ex-'09

A son, William A., has been born

to Mr. and Mrs. A. DeG. Warnock, of Haverford.

'10

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary M. P. Shipley, of West Chester, to E. P. Allinson.

E. S. Cadbury is selling in Philadelphia for the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., of Boston.

Ex-'10

The Newdigate Prize at Oxford University has been won by W. C. Green, Rhoads scholar from Massachusetts, for his poem *King Richard the First Before Jerusalem*. This is one of the most coveted of Oxford's prizes and has been won in past times by such men as Matthew Arnold, Robert Stephen Hawker and John Addington Symonds. Green was olist of the Class of '11 last June, and second marshal of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The Newdigate prize is of twenty-one guineas in value. It was founded in 1806 by Sir Roger Newdigate.

'11

The engagement is announced of Miss May Roberts, of Moorestown, to H. G. Taylor, Jr.

D. S. Hinshaw is second man in charge of the Progressive Party in Kansas.

'12

A. L. Baily, Jr., is working with J. L. Baily & Co., Philadelphia.

J. L. Baily, Jr., is a teaching fellow at Haverford.

M. Balderson has received the Cope Fellowship and is studying at Harvard.

S. K. Beebe is taking a six weeks' tour in the South. He is selling a high grade of wall paper.

A. L. Bowerman is working with F. G. Smiley at Lake Mohonk, N. Y.

P. C. Brewer, Jr., is working for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

J. McF. Carpenter, Jr., is assisting Dr. Spiers in the French Department at Haverford.

C. D. Champlin has reentered Haverford in the junior class. He is rooming in No. 3 Lloyd Hall, with J. L. Baily, Jr.

J. A. Cope is studying at the Yale Forestry School.

J. A. Brownlee is teaching French and Science and coaching the football team in a school in Kansas.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Crosman, of Saco, Me., to C. G. Durgin.

C. G. Durgin and D. P. Falconer are working for the Philadelphia S. P. C. C.

J. B. Elfreth, Jr., is working for the Standard Supply Company, of Philadelphia

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie Hoyt, of Mont Clair, New Jersey, to D. P. Falconer.

L. W. Ferris is assisting Dr. Hall in the chemistry laboratory at Haverford.

H. Froelicher, Jr., is teaching English at the Gilman School, Baltimore.

H. Howson is working with H. K. Mulford and Co., Philadel-

phia, and is living at the Central Y. M. C. A.

F. Farquhar is in the furnace business with his father in Wilmington, Ohio.

L. B. Lathem is a teaching fellow at Haverford. He is assistant to Dr. Babbitt.

W. E. Lewis is studying at Lehigh University

A. L. Marshburn is teaching in Central College, Nebraska.

W. W. Longstreth is agent for the Ford Automobile Company.

H. M. Lowry is with Alfred Lowry and Bro., wholesale grocers, Philadelphia.

E. I. Miller is selling automobile tires. He is living at the Y. M. C. A. in Philadelphia.

R. E. Miller has returned from a trip to Alaska and the West Coast, and is now working in the Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster.

C. T. Moon is studying at Harvard.

S. S. Morris is working in the Pencoyd Steel Works.

D. C. Murray was married on June 12th to Miss Eloise Beebe. Mr. and Mrs. Murray are living at 5727 Hazel Avenue, Philadelphia. Murray is employed by the Provident Life and Trust Company.

E. Nichols is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

J. H. Parker is working for the Baltimore Gas Company.

I. C. Poley is teaching French and English at the Cedarcroft School, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.



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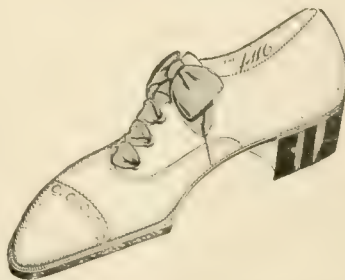
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J. D. Renninger is teaching German in the Ambler High School, Pennsylvania.

K. A. Rhoad has returned from an automobile trip in Europe. He intends to go into farming somewhere near the Main Line.

L. C. Ritts is working in the National bank in Lindora, Pennsylvania. He was in charge of the Chautauqua Boys' Club launch this summer.

W. H. Roberts, Jr., is with S. L. Allen and Company farm implement dealers, Philadelphia.

T. E. Shipley is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

F. G. Smiley is working at Lake Mohonk, New York.

L. M. Smith is a Y. M. C. A. Missionary in Japan. His address is—care of Mr. Galen M. Fisher, 3 Sanchrome, Mitochirocho, Kando, Tokyo, Japan.

W. H. Steere is with Samuel Rhoads and Company, dealers in leather belting, Philadelphia.

H. M. Thomas, Jr., is studying medicine at John Hopkins University.

E. Wallerstein, Jr., is with the Burbank Printing Company, Philadelphia.

J. L. Baily, Jr., A. L. Bowerman, J. A. Cope, H. Froelicher, and I. C. Poley were elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society. J. H. Parker and M. Balderston were elected in their junior year.

Ex-'14

F. C. Stokes is studying the seed business in Bozeman, Montana.

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A JOURNEY THROUGH SUNNY PROVENCE IN THE DAYS OF KING RENE

THE HAVERFORDIAN

A MASTER OF MAKE-BELIEVE

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Copyright, 1912, by *The Century Company*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We reprint the following article by the courtesy of The Century Company and the author, Christian Brinton, '92. Our purpose is not merely to print an article which undoubtedly many of our readers have seen, but to keep it permanently in the files of this magazine for future reference as the work of a Haverfordian about a Haverfordian.*

IF you think the builder of these dream castles clustering upon dizzy hilltop, or the creator of the knights in gleaming armor, these clowns and Pierrots, ogres, pirates, woodland sprites, and wistful, fancy-smitten children, is just an ordinary, average sort of person, you are vastly mistaken. He is unlike anyone you have ever met. His story is different from any you have ever known, and perhaps, when you hear it, you, too, may believe with him in Make-Believe.

Of course he always existed somewhere in that quaint, mystical kingdom, that world which is so real and vivid to more flexible folk, yet which in later years becomes dim and indeterminate. He had certainly been there for centuries, until one day he suddenly decided to take a more active interest in the general scheme of things. He had enjoyed sub-consciousness long enough, and so, with that sense of contrast which was later to reveal itself in myriad incongruities, he elected to make his terrestrial appearance by way of Philadelphia. Yet even before that particular event, which biologist and biographer agree in calling birth, he realized what manner of place he was coming to,—how full of dull fact-worshippers it was—and he thus determined to provide himself with a liberal allowance of Make-Believe. He had misgivings about finding sufficient in his new quarters, and took the precaution of arriving well supplied for any contingency.

In common with most recruits from that same delectable land, the arena of his earliest efforts and the scene of his initial triumphs was the

nursery floor. The customary toys, however, were not to his taste. They seemed stiff, soulless, and inarticulate; so, armed with scissors and paste-pot, he proceeded to cut out and piece together a world of his own making, a universe of ferocious giants and fabulous monsters of the forest, of fairy princesses more beautiful than any sung by troubadour, of turret-crowned city and restless sweep of ocean. In this realm he was supreme and absolute master. He ruled beneficently or crushed and ruined at will. He fought battles and stormed breaches from which the swarthy Moor himself would have recoiled in dismay, and sent so many piteous suppliants to the block that he was sometimes forced to jump upon a nearby stool in order to escape the gory flood that surged about on every side.

It is not that the world in which he lived in those early, embryonic days was particularly different from that wherein dwell most children of his age; the main point is that it was a cosmos entirely of his own concoction. Every figure was carefully designed. Plumed helmets and shining suits of mail could be donned and doffed with graceful dexterity. Fiery charges pranced across veritable drawbridges and under frowning portcullis, and curly, high-pooed ships rode proudly at anchor, full-rigged and ready to fare forth on any sea and in any sort of weather. It was, in short, a real world, a world of reality in the midst of much that seemed unreal, and not the reverse, as phlegmatic folk would doubtless have us believe.

It may be well to leave in undisturbed oblivion that purgatorial period during which all boys are much of a piece and pass through identical processes of development. Naturally enough, it was not long before he felt impelled further to materialize, as it were, his vision, and with this end in mind exchanged scissors and paste-pot for saw, hammer and nails. The success of the new venture was equally emphatic. He could do anything with a set of tools and a few strips of pine board. Conscious of his power and ready sense of accomplishment, it was inevitable that he should begin to interrogate the future, and it is significant to recall that at this particular juncture only one career appealed to him—that of carpenter. Artist and artisan were from the outset inseparable, and have remained so to this day.

The serious business of play had, alas, to be interrupted now and again by the inconsequential claims of school; but here, too, a certain whole-hearted facing of practical issues tided him along without undue stress of brain or soul. There was furthermore an atmosphere of mind as well as art about the genteelly sequestered Philadelphia home. The father was a constant and unfailing source of inspiration, both intel-

lectual and esthetic, and there used to drop in at intervals a certain famous Roman archæologist and antiquary, a poet and professor of English, and an architect friend, who would discreetly hint that one who was so good a carpenter might do equally well as draftsman and designer.

Yet there was no immediate necessity for confronting one's life career. That innocuous interlude known as college had first to be experienced, and Haverford, the stronghold of cricket and Quakerism, was chosen as the scene of a frankly unequal compromise between day-dreaming and study-hour concentration. To college he brought the ripening legacy of play-room and workshop, and at once proceeded to create about himself an atmosphere of decorative fantasy. The suite in Barclay Hall quickly became the wonder of upper as well as lower classmen. He was willing to take incredible pains in order to achieve a desired effect. If the wall surfaces, for instances, were found lacking in tone or design, he would borrow a step ladder from the mistrustful janitor and pass joyous afternoons dashing in with crayon or colored chalk the most diverting wreaths and garlands. Everything was in keeping. Antique stores were ransacked for appropriate bits of furniture, brass, or pewter, and a dire financial crisis was precipitated by the purchase of a certain memorable rug. So awe-struck were the Philistines by this array of taste that they would pause transfixed upon the threshold, not presuming to enter without a condescending nod from one or other of the occupants. And when it came to the wild nocturnal carnival of hazing and room-wrecking, it was a recognized tradition that this particular suite must remain inviolate, a consideration which, it should be confessed, in nowise precluded its proprietors from indulging in the fierce joys of indiscriminate ravage.

Nor did it take this ready fund of invention long to escape the confines of Barclay and seek wider scope. It soon became a definite factor in the college world. Programs of athletic meets and kindred academic functions were enlivened by comic figures revealing instinctive surety of line and imaginative force. The climax of all was, however, a certain chemistry note-book, with gnomes and pixies brandishing test-tubes and performing various grotesque experiments. It was done in color, and remains the cherished possession of one of those rare pedagogues whose sense of humor has not been dulled by a lifetime devotion to pure science. There were also other members of the faculty who were not oblivious of his gift for graphic expression, notably the eloquent and magnetic professor of German and English.

Yet on his side the curriculum presented few points of appeal. It

was not somnolent lecture-hall, but rather those exhilarating strolls about the grounds, the crimson flare of maple in the autumn, and the changing magic of sunset sky, that captured his maturing fancy. He played cricket, as does every stanch Haverfordian, yet the cloud shadows chasing one another across the green not infrequently seemed more important than the score, and he would blithely cut batting practice or recitation to be off for a ramble in the open country back of the campus, where one was free from restraint of any sort—free of spirit and of footfall.

Living in an atmosphere at once more remote and more explicit than his fellow-students, he seemed more purposeful than they, and toward the end of his course grew anxious to accomplish something on his own account, a feat seldom achieved within the confines of college. Yet the interval passed at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was wholly superfluous, for he was already a draftsman and colorist of individuality and power. He had the technic of his craft at his finger-tips and, given an appropriate theme, could do things which would have baffled the most versatile instructor. In point of fact, within a couple of years he was himself teaching at a nearby institution, and beginning to send forth into the world those advertisements and magazine covers which have refreshed the eyes and stimulated the imagination of—well, it is close upon a generation now. He did not have to go through the customary arduous and sterilizing apprenticeship. What he wished to do had been clear from the beginning, and the way to do it followed as a matter of course.

Having invented his own pictorial language and learned to employ it with precision, it remained for him merely to select a spot where he might go on fostering those creatures of whim and fancy which looked mischievously out from page and poster. While it is possible, both historically and geographically, that Cornish may have existed before his advent, there are grounds for doubting this, and every reason for affirming that, esthetically, it was still to be divined. In short, he remade Cornish, just as years before he remade his rooms at college. After his coming folks began remarking that the hills seemed to shape and group themselves more effectively, that certain trees stood forth more picturesquely against the horizon, and that those swift-scudding cloud-forms marshalled themselves almost as majestically across the sky as they did in the backgrounds of his canvases. Novel as were such results, they nevertheless involved no change of method. He was just as he had always been, only his field of activity became more diverse and his power of expression more fully developed. He appeared to have a secret understanding with, as well as of Nature. And every one about him, from racy, angular

native to easeful, plutocratic summer resident, responded to the spell of his personality.

Not only did he awaken imagination and sharpen vision, but, true to his knack for artisanship, he quite as handily transposed fancy into facts, as, indeed, had ever been his wont. On the side of one of those sparse, stony pastures stretching away toward the sky and looking down upon mortals of less venturesome temper, he designed himself a house the like of which you have surely never beheld. Watched over by sturdy, sentinel oaks, this rambling, hillside home, scornful of architectural rule, yet perfectly adapted to the particular purpose in mind, is by all odds his most typical creation. Every detail from roadway gate to polished brass door-latch, from carved hall settee to panelled mantel-shelf, is of his own devising. Building proved so engrossing that he moved in long before the roof was on, and for weeks deftly attacked the most cyclopean problems of construction, his only help being a local carpenter whose devotion to his career was complicated by incessant garrulity, and an imperative craving for ice cream.

Everything at "The Oaks" is in consonance. The size of the house exactly coördinates with the dimensions of the shaggy pony tethered in the foreground. The garden, which originally consisted of lank, yellow-topped mullein stationed at random about the place, is even now none too prim or pattern-like, for here no one presumes to chastise nature into smug subservience.

The interior is as characteristic as the outside. The living quarters are plain but comfortable. The dining-room is small, for one prefers, whenever possible, to eat on the porch which faces south, overlooking distant hill and intervening valley. There is also a spacious music-room, built where the friendly cricket used to chirp, and in summer there sometimes comes from the city a famous quartet; but neither is music or any of life's amenities in the least degree formalized. This particular room seems at its best when empty, or nearly so, and he strolls in, seats himself at the piano and improvises for hours at a time, the firelight meanwhile dying away, and the silhouette of the mountain seen from the big end window slowly dissolving into purple nothingness.

One of the features of "The Oaks" is the workshop, completely equipped, even to the lathe upon which he turns out any desired piece of household furniture, or, when needed, vases and columns for his more elaborately decorative compositions. He is an accomplished machinist and doubtless with the approbation of the valetudinarian pony, drives a motor with the same ready assurance that he runs the stationary engine or supervises the family furnace. A few paces beyond the bewildering

agglomeration of fly-wheels, belts, benches, and tool-racks, is the studio, a vast, bare room, neutral-toned and devoid of any of the conventional esthetic trappings or customary artistic appeal. It also is a workshop, the only embellishments consisting of a chair or two, a small table, a massive easel, and a plain, resolute-looking stove; for during many months the snow is packed tight and high outside, and the only sound is the wind cutting around corners or the call of a stray bluejay.

Such is "The Oaks" and such is the atmosphere in which he lives and labors. He has traveled much, both at home and abroad. He has seen the great saffron spaces of the West, has felt the garden magic of Italy, and knows the château towns of France; yet all this, and more, was familiar to him without so much as stepping from studio or piazza. He has never been compelled to cast about either for subject or setting. He has remained unchanged, save that his interests are wider and his sympathies more concrete and more domestic. And his world is still the same world, he having merely brought to it year by year a surer sense of balance, and a richer more resonant chromatic beauty. There is no place in the universe which suits him so well as Cornish. He resides there the entire twelvemonth, and knows and loves its every change of mood and season. He likes it at all times, but preferably in the autumn, when there is a deepening hint of mystery to wood and sky, or in the heart of winter, when the stalwart members of the "Chickadee Club" meet for dinner or gather about hickory logs.

There never was a time in which the serene and cloudless country in which he dwells did not exist. It is as old as humanity, yet reveals itself afresh in every youthful buoyant breast. It is, in brief, the land of Make-Believe, and in this land he early proved his mastery. The initial attempts to seize the particular accent and aspect of his chosen sphere were broadly humorous and grotesque. Though they displayed a robust jollity that suggested the jovial Teuton, they were neither Germanic, Latin, nor Anglo-Saxon. Try as you may you cannot locate any of these quaintly capricious beings, or the backgrounds, natural or architectural, against which they are massed. All you know is that they belong to a place where everyone is young, and they spontaneously awaken in you memories of having once been there yourself.

For close upon a decade he responded to that which was deliberately fantastic, nor did he encounter the slightest difficulty in making the public accept his point of view. Folk were indeed glad to exchange the sterile commonplaces of current illustration for these roguish wights and enigmatic youths and maidens. His first actual commission was executed

while he was still in college, and thence onward there has been an unappeased demand for that naïve opposition of modern and medieval motive which is the essence of all the earlier work. His artistic coinage circulated freely because it was stamped with an assured measure of clearness and force. Whatever the theme or medium, there was never any mistaking the individuality of style. There was nothing vague or indecisive here. The outlines were sure and deft, and the tones smooth and brilliant. Apart from spirit and subject, it never, even in the beginning, suggested the work of a 'prentice hand.

Mischief and merriment were the keynotes of this particular stage of his development, it not being until later that he found the pathway leading to that realm of romantic evocation which is to-day his acknowledged province. His inventive fertility was amazing. The portfolio of World's Fair sketches was prepared long before the gates of the White City swung open, and was not considered in the least lacking in comic verity. He never permitted himself to be restricted by mere fact, and in the illustrations for his first books, such as *Mother Goose in Prose* and *Knickerbocker's "History of New York,"* he used the text as the slenderest excuse for scampering off into topsyturvydom. The important point is that all this time he was enjoying himself after his own unhampered fashion. He was simply doing with a trifle more system what he had been accustomed to for years. And during intervals between drawings he would refresh himself by designing book-plates, painting furniture, making picture frames or devising elaborately finished letter-heads. The most typical production of this period may still be seen in the Mask and Wig Club, Philadelphia, where above the capacious fireplace in the grill-room hangs his original version of *Old King Cole*, and around the walls is an array of ornamental mug-racks, likewise done in color and carried out in the same vein of decorative grotesquery. There is a wholesome gusto, a lusty sense of good living, to such subjects which find an echo in everything dating from these days. Wine sacks are never empty, and huge, pyramidal puddings are escorted in steaming hot by obsequious servitors. One eats and drinks, as, mercifully, one does only in the magnifying mind of a child. The world is a joyous place; it is like a juvenile dream come true. Still, despite its gastronomic attractions, this phase was not to last beyond its allotted time. Simultaneously with the appearance on the scene of Kenneth Grahame's delectable band of Arcadians, the spirit of his work underwent a subtle yet decisive change. There was something in the sensitively wrought imagery of *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* which instantly arrested his fancy, and for once artist and author were in complete accord. The touch henceforth showed

increasing delicacy, the tones become more eloquent, and the treatment of character revealed a fuller measure of intuitive penetration.

Just as before, everything needful was somehow already stored within and needed only to be beckoned forth at will. It was unnecessary for him patiently to ponder the jewel-like surfaces of Carpaccio, or to saunter about rugged Tuscan town absorbing local color in order to picture for us *Its Walls Were as of Jasper*. And in *The Roman Road* he nonchalantly sketched the dome of St. Peter's, just as later in Mrs. Wharton's *The Duchess at Prayer* he disclosed an enchanting garden vista with fountains, cypresses, and close-clipped walks before ever setting foot in Italy.

It is superfluous to repeat the titles of the numerous books he has embellished with an increasingly ripening imagination, or to recall the countless magazine illustrations which have borne the impress of his unflagging creative faculty. It is sufficient to bear in mind that there is in all this work a flexibility of spirit which bespeaks the typically free, unfettered temperament. He possesses in an exceptional degree the power of esthetic transmutation. He leads you adroitly from the heroic half-light of Attic myth and legend into the shimmering noonday or scented silence of Oriental fantasy. Yet one is treated on these journeys with the frankest lack of ceremony, and before starting out it is prudent to cast aside academic prejudice. This art is a law unto itself and caters to no accepted conventions. You must be prepared for anything and everything. Classic scene may appear more Gothic than Greek, and there is not infrequently to these caliphs and their mosques and palaces less of the East than of European romanticism. He finds himself, and he has the gift of making you feel, equally at home anywhere—that is, anywhere in the land of Make-Believe; for the restless, stressful existence about him offers little interest or stimulus. Above all, he preserves in each transition the precious spontaneity of youth. This art is a manifestly adolescent expression. The element of amusing or alluring distortion is seldom absent. The dragons are more avowedly voracious, the genii more malevolent, and the questing little adventurers more valiant than any met elsewhere. In color as well as in character the same strain obtains. The dawn is more radiant than Aurora dare tint her, and the sunsets have a prismatic splendor visibly only to painter and to poet.

This art at no point touches life as we, alas, are forced to accept it. It seeks no compromise with fact, for it exists quite independently of what we are pleased to call truth to nature. Technically as well as in subject-matter it stands apart from current production. In so far as it is not strictly individual, its method is based upon the practice of certain

masters who lived long since and who have perpetuated the tradition of fresh, bright color and clean, well-defined contour. You seldom see in these canvases broken surfaces or any attempt to create the so-called illusion of reality. There is little movement, even. The figures are static, and each separate scheme is planned with a regard for proportion and balance which admits of nothing impromptu. You do not meet here those vibrant atmospheric effects so dear to the latter-day palette, nor that suggestion of motion which is the cherished achievement of most contemporary painters. The calm of the dream world has spread itself over those carefully wrought compositions. And in studying them you are unwilling to decide whether he cannot, or merely does not care to confront broader issues and face more complicated problems.

It is in no small degree its persistent juvenility that is responsible for the continued popularity of this work. It represents a protest,—an unconscious one, if you will—against the precocity of the coming generation. With clarity of vision and vigor of presentation it keeps alive sentiments which are in danger of suffering extinction. In fine, the chief charm of this many-hued and constantly shifting panorama lies in the fact that it is a prolongation, as it were, of the imaginative period. Everything you have known and loved in childhood passes at one turn or another before the eye, disclosing a wealth of reawakened sympathies. Latterly he has appeared with less frequency in the magazines, for he is at present devoting himself to the more permanent field of mural painting. Yet here, too, the themes are much the same as usual. "Old King Cole" has simply been glorified and aggrandized for a New York hotel, and it is *Sing a Song of Sixpence* and *The Pied Piper*, which in Chicago and San Francisco serve similar purpose and are conceived in a corresponding spirit.

The latest completed work is an important series of decorative panels for the dining-hall of a certain opulently progressive Philadelphia publishing house. The scheme represents with characteristic flexibility as to details and treatment a Venetian fête, and in this serenely gay processional, which runs around three sides of the room, are grouped most of his favorite scenes and personages. It is in a sense an epitome in line and tone of his entire artistic career. There are cavaliers and grand ladies galore; there are serenades and surprises; there are lovelorn misses, pages and laughing coquettes; there are broad terraces and slender, soaring columns, great flowered vases, and dark cedar boughs sweeping full across skies suffused with the amber and gold of sunset. The effect is cumulative. He has here had the space to unite all those frankly happy creatures with whom he has lived so long, and never have they

seemed so radiant and care-free. Never have they appeared so imbued with beauty or touched with poetic sentiments.

Our narrative would not display the requisite completeness or finish were it not possible to add that he has obligingly gone a step further and chosen a spot where every offshoot of his fancy, new or old, trivial or formal, might find congenial setting. As a scant concession of curiosity, let us call it the House of Purves, and concede that it may be situated somewhere near Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. In a great room, with generous fireplaces at each end and windows fronting the garden and wood beyond, there has been gathered together more of this work than can be found anywhere else. Errant Pan, patient Griselda, and Jason look out upon lilac-bush and swaying tree-top, while scattered about are innumerable drawings and sketches. It is a veritable pictorial Walhalla, filled with the heroes and heroines, the gods and goddesses, of his dream-kingdom. There are so many that they overflow into the passage and straggle up the stairway, where they are sure of a welcome in nursery and play-room. The House of Purves is in fact the only place where you can get on intimate terms with him. It is here that his art is able to tell its story unmindful of the world without. And it is here that you best appreciate its blithesome denial of what is, its endearing belief in what is not.

THE CHILD'S GARDEN

He has grown old, and passed to other things,
 Crumbled the wall to which the ivy clings,
 Dank is the grass, and soft the stones with mould;
 He has grown old.

He has grown old; who cares now for the rose
 That once he cherished? Is it one of those
 That blooms half stifled in the jasmin's fold?
 He has grown old.

He has grown old, but still the dainty fret
 Of daisy and of pinks and mignonette
 Shall hide the spade his hands no longer hold.
 He has grown old.

L. B. L., '14.

A MENSUR

THROUGH the efforts of our teacher, who, like most of the Germans, took a keen and touchingly hospitable delight in revealing German customs to foreigners, my two friends and I were fortunate enough to secure a card of introduction to the president of one of the Göttingen "fighting" Vereins, with the idea of using it as a sort of admission ticket to a *mensur*.

For the elucidation of the uninitiated it might be well to explain that a *mensur* is a series of *duels* held weekly between members of allied Vereins, much as a tennis tournament or a series of baseball games might be held between American university fraternities. It is not to be confused with an affair of honor, though with the German student this last is only too common. The *mensur* constitutes the only form of exercise for a large body of the German students. Though at first sight it seems scarcely compatible with the sacred limits within which we confine our conception of true sport, it certainly is to a great extent true that the giving and taking of slashes is accompanied by a feeling of perfect friendliness. And though one can often discern a certain false pride in many of the students, which, whether it be to disguise either disbelief in the *mensur* or absolute fear of it, approves it outwardly with a matter-of-fact confidence, one feels that there are a great many students who inwardly shrink from the *mensur*. However, one should be slow in raising the eternal cry of "German coarseness; a century behind the times." Granted that it is unfortunate to disfigure the features with livid scars, yet it is clear that this drawback has its compensations. Condensed in the comparatively short time that a duel requires, there is a training for nerves and "nerve," which, if achieved at all in the many hours we spend on the athletic field, is certainly rarely surpassed. The spirit of the *mensur*, of standing bravely up to the mark, seems to pervade the entire student body of a German university, holding each man to a high standard of quiet reserve and military manliness.

But to come to our story: Black, Morey and I arose betimes, and walked leisurely down the Rhainhauser Chaussée in the cool fresh air of a sparkling summer morning. Every now and then we were passed by students, some on bicycles, some in dilapidated "droschkes," all of them dignified and very much in earnest. Think what an experience it must be, think of the impression made upon the mind of the student who rides down the Rhainhauser Chaussée in the early morning, with the clear light and grateful warmth of the newly-risen sun in his face, and

the cool morning wind fanning his throbbing temples, knowing that in an hour, in half an hour, perhaps, he will be, as it were, leagues from all this glory of nature, standing with his heels held firmly together, and his schläger thrust bravely on high, with his head on fire and bursting, and the hot blood trickling over his be-ribboned cheeks, facing with never-faltering gaze an apparition as awful as he.

At last we came to the end of the tree-arched *chaussée*, and to the tiny inn and outbuilding where the mensurs are held. Students were hurrying back and forth from one to the other with pads, gauntlets, swords, trays of raw ham, and kettles of steaming coffee—the last apparently intended to bring cheer to the stomachs, if not to the hearts, of the prospective combatants. Through a window of the outbuilding we could see a student peeling off his shirt and donning with nervous fingers the various pieces of protective padding. Others stood around and watched proceedings with uninterested expressions, intensifying the atmosphere of cold, impartial criticism that pervaded the place. Few words were spoken. The Germans take keen pleasure in fostering the idea that duelling is forbidden and carried on strictly in secret. Presently two mounted officers, trotting along the *chaussée*, drew up at the window, and viewed proceedings for a time with unfeigned interest, and trotted off again. A mensur is very seldom interfered with.

Meanwhile, by dint of a deal of breakfast ordered, we induced a “Mädchen” to take our card over to the president. She returned with the gratifying information that the president would be delighted to see us, and indeed, such was the grace with which we were received at the door by a sort of visitors’ committee, that we, expectant and uncertain as we were, felt at once at perfect ease.

The room was quite full of students, most of them lounging on chair tops and drinking beer. Elevated platforms for spectators ran along two sides. At one end was the eternal beer tap, and at the other, two small rooms where surgical exigencies were coped with. Three or four of the students who had evidently been especially entrusted with our entertainment, directed us to points of vantage and explained the rules of duelling.

Two students were already at it. At first our senses were in a way stunned with the reality of the thing, and we could scarcely summon up the courage to look. Gradually, however, we realized that the combatants were not altogether butchered, and our natural curiosity began to reassert itself. The men had fought about twenty of the sixty rounds, and, with the exception of three or four cuts apiece, were in fair shape. There they

stood, one perhaps a half head taller than the other, both protected with a heavily padded vest effect with one sleeve meeting a heavy leather gauntlet, a neck bandage, and a pair of iron-rimmed goggles that fitted close around the eyes to exclude blood. One arm was held behind the back, the hand often inserted under the suspender to forestall any instinct it might have to mix in. The other held the flat, razor-edged "schläger" straight above the head. At a word from the referee they each proceeded to lay on four blows, always holding the hand well up, and using chiefly the wrist, beating down from above upon the head of the opponent.

They fought in a sort of clashing rhythm, the one striking down while the other, parrying and drawing back his "schläger" in one motion, struck back in turn. When each had delivered four blows the referee's sword flashed up from beneath and struck apart the schlägers. A round was up. Without as much as moving the feet, bending the knees, or twisting the head, each man lowered his sword to a position straight out from the side, when a second would support his wrist, and a very dignified "fuchs" (practically our freshman) would solicitously wipe real or imaginary blood from the blade with a bit of cloth. After perhaps a half minute intermission they raised their schlägers and were at it again. Picture all this, the quiet, critical groups of onlookers, the two figures glaring with never a second's interruption into each other's eyes, the monotonous, clashing rise and fall of the schlägers, and the trickling blood. Sometimes between rounds someone would laugh softly or whistle very slowly,—soothing to the nerves of a Verein brother.

To us the most nerve-racking part of it all was the suspense. We would sit with eyes not for the duel in its entirety, but glued, fascinated, upon one close-shaven, tight-skinned, pink-flushed head waiting, waiting. Exactly on what spot was the next long red gash to appear? Would it be from the forehead to the back of the head, or would it be on the cheek, or would it nip a little off the other ear? They seemed never traceable to a particular blow, but almost to appear by magic. The severer cuts on the head were covered with a sort of rubber patch, which, if it were not slashed off the next round, puffed out into a little red balloon and clotted in a lump. One man's chin had sunk down on his chest, and the blood dripped incessantly from the tip of his nose and over his lips. The other stood up better, but streamed from his chin. The floor suggested a shambles. Presently they both began to waver between rounds. Chair backs, on which they might lean ever so little, were pushed up behind them. They fought on and on.

Suddenly, at a word, the sixty rounds were up. The two men

turned their heads for the first time in the best part of an hour, dazed, as if waking from a swoon. They stepped out feebly, and were assisted each into his separate room.

At this point Black ventured the remark that fresh air was exceedingly desirable, so we went out, not, however, without confessing to a few pleased students that we were "etwas schwindlig." Never, I dare say, had any of us so blessed the sunshine and calm peace of a summer morning. While Black reclined at full length and Morey nursed him, I, thirsting for gore, went around the building to the window of one of the small rooms, and watched a highly amused doctor nonchalantly stitching up one of the victims. Through the pink sheet of blood and water that streamed from his head I could see his eyes rolling dismally, but at the same time there was a look in his face of unmistakable happiness and complete satisfaction. No doubt he dreamed already of "bum-meling" on the Wenderstrasse that very afternoon, steeped in the odor of antiseptic bandages, with a ringing head, an uncertain step, and a positively pathetic cheerfulness, but with his head held high, and honest pride shining in his eyes. And who can think that he is not the better for it all, and that the mensur is not at least partially justified?

K. P. A. T., '15.

THE SCULPTOR

With a smile on her lips and a rose in her hair
 And the curves of her body to view,
 She stood, while the lover with chisel and block
 From the marble her portrait drew.
 And in it he carved all her graces he loved,
 And he fancied his image true.

When the statue stood ready at eventide,
 The maid turned, and beholding it there
 She scorned him his love for naught deeper than grace,
 And a smile, and a rose in the hair.
 Then the night crowned the maiden with wisdom, while he
 Found his fiction less debonair.

D. W., '14.

A FABLE

IT was night in the class-room. Two pieces of chalk lay comfortably on the chalk ledge of the blackboard. One piece of chalk was big; the other was little.

"Good friend, what makes you look so pale this evening?" asked Big Chalk. "You look tired and weary."

"Yes," said Little Chalk slowly, "I am tired, very tired, this evening."

"And why is it that you are tired? Have you allowed some idle boys to throw you about the room and knock your head against the walls?"

"No, friend, you are mistaken. My work has been of a very serious nature this day," replied Little Chalk.

"And what might you have been doing, then?"

"I have been engaged in proving a very difficult theorem; the most difficult theorem ever known—The Great Theorem of Life." Little Chalk seemed inclined to close the conversation for he was fatigued, but Big Chalk wished to hear further about the great theorem, so he asked, "What is this theorem and how was it that you were engaged in solving it?"

Thus began Little Chalk: "It was in the form of a geometrical theorem. It all came about after this fashion: a youth was sent to the blackboard by his teacher to prove a theorem. The theorem read: 'Given Life; to find God.' By chance the youth picked me up and I was happy because it was a great theorem and I thought I could help the youth, as he chalked it out. From the beginning the youth failed to grasp the inner import of this theorem. The form in which it was stated perplexed him and after writing the theorem clearly on the blackboard he began his proof. His reasoning was complex and lengthy for he had a great knowledge of books. He went at his task with a light heart, confident that he could prove the theorem and win the favor of his teacher. But after he had completely covered the blackboard with his knowledge, after he had drawn conclusion after conclusion, he found he could not put Q. E. D. at the end of his work. He seemed bewildered. He looked wearily at the great theorem and then with manly determination began to go carefully through the—"

"But my good friend," interrupted Big Chalk, "did you not try to show the youth that his reasoning was wrong?"

"Yes, I tried," said Little Chalk. "When he began his reasoning I cried out and told him that he had missed the deeper purpose of the theorem. But he was self-assured and would not listen to me. As

he continued I still cried out and warned him now at the top of my voice, but he became provoked and once threw me roughly down. Ah, me, how each false conclusion he drew pained me to the heart." Little Chalk stopped speaking and stretched himself for he was very sleepy.

"Tell me how it ended," asked Big Chalk anxious to hear all the story.

Little Chalk continued good-naturedly, "There is little more to tell. The youth after going over his work again and again, became very angry. He was deeply dubious about everything; even about the blackboard upon which he worked; about his work, and about me to be sure. And finally, when the teacher reluctantly called him away from the blackboard, he cried in a loud voice, 'There is no possible proof for this theorem.' The teacher then dismissed the class through the pearly portal—the brightest of all the doors—for they had proved the great theorem. The youth, he drew to his side and softly talked with him. But I heard nothing of what he said for they stood too far away. And when the teacher made an end of talking he pointed silently to a dull door at the far end of the room. The youth went thoughtfully out."

"'Tis a sad, sad story," said Big Chalk slowly.

There was a pause. The clock on the stairs struck eleven.

"My, I did not think it could be so late," said Big Chalk yawning. "Good night."

"Good night," said Little Chalk, as he rolled over.

D. B. V. H., '15.

NOTICE

The Editor would call the attention of all interested in the work of THE HAVERFORDIAN that there will be at least three vacancies on the Board, February first. These will be filled as soon as possible after that time. All candidates should submit their manuscript to the Editor at their earliest convenience, since the election will depend solely upon meritorious work approved by the Board. All contributions for the December issue should reach the Editor before November twentieth.

EPHEMERA

Hither,
 thither,
 darting whither
Hot cicada's strident zither
Mingles with the vocal breezes,
Where the gold-rod tempts and teases,
Where his fickle fancy pleases,
Wings Ephemeron, a-quiver.


Over,
 under,
 here and yonder,
Where the purple asters squander
Beauty's tints with rash profusion,
'Mid the gold and green confusion,
With a deep and sad allusion,
Dips and dives the stencil'd wonder.

Living,
 dying,
 loving, trying,
Ever for new baubles sighing,
Such and so is man, the creature,
Lesson'd by the stern-eyed teacher,
Never learning—thus the Preacher:
For the wind the dwarf is crying!

B. G. F., '16.

EDITORIAL

THE GOVERNMENT CLASSIFICATION OF COLLEGES

N a recent number of *The Boston Evening Transcript* appeared an article by Henry T. Claus entitled "Judgment Day for Our Colleges: A Startling Government Classification." The duty of classifying the colleges of this country was given to Dr. Kendric C. Babcock, the government specialist in higher education. He began his work by studying the catalogues, admission requirements and various reports of colleges. His more important investigations were, however, in personal inspection of the large graduate schools of the country. He sought to find out exactly what the men who come from Haverford, from Lehigh, from every

college, can do when they are transplanted from the home ground to soil that requires greater individuality, and ability for original research. In other words, how does our Bachelor's Degree rank with that of other colleges?

Dr. Babcock defines the first class of colleges as "Institutions whose graduates would ordinarily be able to take masters' degrees at any of the larger graduate schools in one year after receiving their bachelors' degrees, without doing more than the amount of work regularly prescribed for such higher degree." He has admitted fifty-nine of our universities and colleges to this class.

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|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Amherst. | University of Michigan. |
| Barnard. | University of Minnesota. |
| Beloit. | University of Missouri. |
| Bowdoin. | Mt. Holyoke. |
| Brown. | University of Nebraska. |
| Bryn Mawr. | Northwestern. |
| University of California. | Oberlin. |
| Catholic University of America. | Ohio State. |
| University of Chicago. | University of Pennsylvania. |
| Colgate. | Princeton. |
| University of Colorado. | Purdue. |
| Columbia. | Radcliffe. |
| Cornell. | Rensselaer. |
| Dartmouth. | Smith. |
| Goucher. | Stevens Institute. |
| Grinnell. | University of Texas. |
| Hamilton. | Tufts. |
| Harvard. | University of Vermont. |
| Haverford. | Vanderbilt. |
| University of Illinois. | Vassar. |
| Indiana University. | University of Virginia. |
| State University of Iowa. | University of Washington. |
| Johns Hopkins. | Washington University. |
| University of Kansas. | Wellesley. |
| Knox. | Wesleyan. |
| Lafayette. | Western Reserve. |
| Leland Stanford. | Williams. |
| Lake Forest. | University of Wisconsin. |
| Lehigh. | Yale, except Sheffield School. |
| M. I. T. | |

Dr. Babcock has defined the second class as "Institutions whose graduates would probably require for master's degrees in one of the strong graduate schools somewhat more than one year's regular graduate work. Perhaps one or two courses would supply the deficiency. From the colleges which have a star before them, brilliant students with brilliant undergraduate records could probably be admitted probationally and might do the work required for the master's degree within the prescribed time." Dr. Babcock placed in this class one hundred sixty-one universi-

ties and colleges. We append a list of the Eastern colleges of the second class, many of which do excellent work but which do not satisfy the requirements. Between some of these and those of the first class there is so little difference that undoubtedly they can raise their standards sufficiently to rise to a leading position. The members of the second class in the East are as follows:

Adelphi.
University of Alabama.
Allegheny.
•Armour Institute of Technology.
•Bates.
•Boston College.
•Boston University.
•Buchtel.
•University of Cincinnati.
Clark College.
Colby.
•De Pauw University.
Franklin and Marshall.
Georgetown.
•Hobart.
Holy Cross.
Kenyon College.
•University of Maine.

•M. A. C., Science.
•Middlebury.
New Hampshire State.
•College of the City of New York.
•New York University.
Pennsylvania State (science and engineering).
University of Pittsburgh, recent degrees.
•University of Rochester.
•Rutgers.
Sheffield Scientific.
•Swarthmore.
•Syracuse.
Trinity College.
•Union.
Wells College.
•Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

•Brilliant students with brilliant records may be admitted to graduate schools probationally.

Of the two remaining classes, the eighty-four in the third, and the forty in the fourth, it is sufficient to say that their standards are so uncertain that they can improve their status only by great effort. So much for the classification of American universities and colleges.

Haverford, since its inception, has been peculiarly fortunate in both its professors and students. Its faculty has been composed and is composed of men imbued with the true ideals of scholarship, aflame with an enthusiasm that Phoenix-like kindles anew their spirit in those who come after them. No college can produce scholars unless its professors can arouse this enthusiasm for learning, not for itself, but for learning in its relation to life as it is and ought to be. This enthusiasm Haverford has inspired in its undergraduates: this is one reason why we stand as a first class college.


Yet after all, the real responsibility lies with the students. This report is interesting—we have the government rating of colleges, not on the number of football victories, not on social successes, but simply upon the work of those few men who year after year have decided that while they would engage in every possible college activity, scholarship must come first. We believe that the government report is somewhat inade-

quate—we should like to know more about these fellows who are holding up the reputations of the college—and at least if we take those from Haverford we find they have made the great decision, they have enjoyed some form of sport, have loved the great outdoors, yet have kept a time for work and a time for play, and have not let one encroach on the other. Work, play, friendship, and work for others—for all this, in our opinion, a man must find time.

The question in the graduate school or in business is, "Can you do this?" If you are going to coach track it is, "Can you turn out a winning team?" If you are going into business, the question may not come at first, yet if you must answer "I cannot" the firm does not want you. If you go to one of these graduate schools from which the government has secured its statistics, the question will be again, "What do you know?"

Because Haverford men have kept the balance of work and play, because they have not made play the chief end in life, but have kept it in its proper sphere, is the reason that Haverford has maintained its reputation for scholarship and for clean sports for sport's sake. It is because of this that our men can play hard and in victory or defeat be gentlemen. Yet in our pride of learning and of sport, let us remember not to live on our reputation but to strive ever for an ideal of well proportioned living in which the mind is not trained to the exclusion of health or the body made a mere machine with no mind to run it. If at any time we lose this balance we cannot hope to remain among those colleges which are in the van of the intellectual life of the nation.

EXCHANGES

 E rose, dressed, and went up to breakfast in an utterly harmonious frame of mind. The sky was blue, the leaves were yellow, the air was just sharp enough to make the lungs tingle at every deep breath. Under foot was a rustling carpet of brown, and in our ears sounded the far-away scoldings of blue-jays.

As we finished our coffee we reflected on the insipid nature of Philosophy V, and let our benign pity rest on those improvident ones who had suffered a string of cuts to accumulate after their names in the Sibylline book. Strolling across the campus a few minutes later we were wondering how best to spend the morning. Past the end of Founders' Hall we caught a glimpse of the hazy autumn hills to the southwest, and our question was answered. "Ah"! we sighed, happily, and thought

of the ancient half-log farm-house over there on the Darby. Do you remember how you walked into that yard last fall and set down your empty jug with a grunt of relief; how you followed the old man with the candle down into the magic depths of the cellar and watched him as he drew the wooden plug from the bung-hole; how the golden liquid gurgled into the gallon dipper; and, last of all, how that same liquid went trickling down—cold, sweet, delicious—to the very floor of your dusty stomach? Oh, yes, you remember all this. Well, then imagine our sensation when, just as we were mentally draining our fifth glass, a Puritanical Editor-in-Chief approached us, with the information that "this magazine goes to the printers at 4 P. M. to-day."

We attempted an evasion. "Aha," we cried jovially, "most interesting! Have you ever seen nature so glorious"? It was of no avail. A steely glare drove us, quelled, toward the abode of the muse.

* * * * *

Of all the October magazines we read, one stands out as being *good* from cover to cover. It is the *Smith College Monthly*. Stories like "The Last Day of Winter" are rare indeed. It is not often that an undergraduate attempts a character study, and when such an attempt is made, it seldom succeeds. We consider this particular sketch a success. It takes a firm grip on the reader's sympathy and holds it to the end of the incident. The pathos is very real; the handling, deft and sure—instinctively so, it would seem. The conclusion, for instance, would, in nine cases out of ten, have been overdone. As it is, we feel that it is perfect. It is impossible to give a resumé of such a story, for its real beauty lies in the detail. We should like to reprint it as a whole. Instead, we heartily recommend it to our readers. Farther on, in "Sketches," is something called "From a Diary" that rivals the story just mentioned in its pathetic intensity. "Miss Moon" is an extremely clever bit of verse in the negro dialect, and other poems and tales furnish a pleasant variety of the comic element.

We wish that all the magazines we read were as satisfactory as this. The *Trinity Archive*, usually a paper of some discrimination, let two stories get by that effectually damped the burning genius displayed in its essays. One is a tearful tale of true love on the stage in which Romeo actually dies and Juliet stabs herself, as the bard has sung, "right through the corset." The other is a coy conceit of a lover's quarrel (cause unknown), which terminates in the strange meeting of the parties interested at a popular resort, famous for its echo. Swain emits deep bass "Hello," answered by frail feminine voice. (Strange but true.)

Mad rush through underbrush follows. Comes on Fair, seated beneath parasol in meadow. Usual finale, except that friend of Swain gets off something about "echo reincarnated," thus giving the story a title and rounding it off well. We think the description of the young lady is worth a reprint:

"It called to his mind the memory of a sweet, little, innocent face, of pink cheeks, of a smooth, white forehead, of delicately arched brows, of red lips and pearly teeth, of dark, glossy hair, and of deep, sweet, brown eyes. He shook himself."

The *Mills College Magazine* reached us on time, and was gladly seized. Its opening play is well done, but not startling. The child-story called "Whose Funeral"? is, we should say, its best effort.

Of those papers which arrived on time, we have left the *Nassau Lit.* Its pages are now nearly half filled with "Drama," the latter including an interview with George Arliss worthy of the *Cosmopolitan*, and reviews of a couple of new plays. The story, "The Gray Moth," we do not think needs mentioning. It is not up to Nassau standard. "The Cub" is a good tale, and the writer was aided by having plenty of local color at his command.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The following are the graduate degrees given to the Haverford alumni last spring, as far as we could learn:

- '97, F. N. Maxfield, Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania.
- '03, C. W. Davis, LL.B., University of Virginia.
- '08, J. B. Clement, LL.B., University of Pennsylvania.
- C. L. Miller, LL.B., University of Pennsylvania.
- G. K. Strobe, M.D., University of Pennsylvania.
- '09, P. B. Fay, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins.
- P. V. R. Miller, LL.B., University of Pennsylvania.
- E. Shoemaker, D.D.S., University of Pennsylvania.
- '11, L. R. Shero, A.M., University of Wisconsin.
- L. A. Post, A.M., Harvard.
- C. Winslow, A.M., Haverford.
- J. S. Downing, A.M., Haverford.
- W. D. Hartshorne, Jr., A.M., Haverford.

A committee of the Alumni Association has been meeting to consider the advisability of establishing an organ which shall represent the alumni more directly than they are now represented. This committee consists of P. S. Williams, '94, President of the Alumni Association; J. H. Haines, '98, Secretary of the Alumni Association; and J. H. Scattergood, '96. They have met in conjunction with President Sharpless and Dean R. M. Gummere, '02.

The judges at the Freshman Cake Walk, on October 25th, were J. H. Haines, '98, J. S. Stokes, '89, and R. H. Morris, '10. The football meeting that preceded it was led by R. E. Miller, '12. Many of the alumni were present.

An interesting game of cricket was played last month between the veterans of the Germantown Cricket Club and the Huntington Valley Country Club. The following Haverfordians took part:

For Huntington Valley—J. C. Comfort, '73; E. T. Comfort, '78; W. P. Shipley, Ex-'81; H. W. Stokes, '87; T. Evans, '89. For Germantown—H. H. Firth, '89.

'82

A new edition of Dr. G. A. Barton's well-known book, *The Heart of the Christian Message*, has been published by the Macmillan Co. There are many changes and improvements throughout the volume. A chapter on "The Christian Mes-

sage According to the Reformers" is added.

'85

Dr. R. M. Jones was chairman of the Executive Committee of the recent Five Years' Meeting of the Society of Friends in Indianapolis. A. C. Thomas, '65, was a delegate from Baltimore. President Sharpless, J. H. Scattergood, '96, and J. P. Elkinton, '08, attended the meeting.

Dr. A. T. Murray, of Leland Stanford University, wrote a paper on *Aratus and Theocritus* in the *J. E. Matzke Memorial Volume*.

'87

Dr. H. H. Goddard has recently published a book, *The Kallikak Family*. It is a study in heredity, being the history of an actual family of degenerates. It is the result of his scientific studies into the cause of feeble-mindedness at Vineland, N. J.

'88

Dean W. D. Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, spoke at college, on October 22d, in favor of the Progressive Party. Dean Lewis was a member of the convention that nominated Mr. Roosevelt last June, and was able to give his audience much interesting information about the rise and growth of the progressive movement before it became a party issue. He made a very able plea for the progressive cause.

'93

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillie Frishmuth, of Villa Nova, to C. J. Rhoads.

'94

P. S. Williams, '94, has been appointed to serve on the Board of Transit Commissioners of Philadelphia with J. G. Johnson and others.

'98

S. H. Hodgins has been appointed President of the Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio.

'00

H. S. Drinker, Jr., is Secretary of the *People's Choral Union* for the coming year.

A son, Robert D., 2d, was born to Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Jenks last May at their home at St. Davids.

A son, Paul, was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White on August 30, 1912, at their home in Missoula, Montana. Mr. White is in the Government Forestry Service.

A son, Charles Henry, was born on August 25th to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Carter at their home at Wawa, Penna.

A daughter, Ruth Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Carter on August 20th at their home in Syracuse, N. Y.

Ex-'00

J. A. Logan, Jr., is now a Major in the United States Army. He is a staff officer in the Commissary General's Department.

M. Hoopes is with the Ameri-

can Perfectile Company, at 1526 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

'02

W. P. Philips has been made partner of the firm J. & W. Seligman & Co., of No. 1 William Street, New York.

C. L. Seiler spoke at the Mayor's office in Philadelphia on October 12th on *Municipal Assessment and Fiscal Efficiency*.

Caspar Wistar is continuing his work this year as a medical missionary in Mixco, Guatemala.

Tetsutaro Inumaru is managing director of the Tokio Rice and Produce Exchange, Limited.

'03

C. W. Davis is instructor in Law at the University of Virginia.

G. Pierce has been appointed to teach physiological chemistry at the University of Wisconsin.

'06

J. T. Fales is no longer connected with the Law Department of the Illinois Steel Co., but has opened an office for the general practice of law at 1234 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

J. W. Mott has been made manager of the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City. He will take charge on November 15th.

'07

J. W. Nicholson, Jr., was married on October 15th to Miss Isabelle P. Haines. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson will live in Germantown.

Ex-'07

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Claassen at their home in Omaha, Neb., on August 22d. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Peter's Trust Company, on September 30th, Mr. Claassen was elected Secretary of the company and also a Director.

'09

H. A. Doak is again Instructor in English Literature at Dartmouth College.

P. B. Fay has published his dissertation on the "Elliptical Partitiv in Affirmativ Clauses," for which he secured, last June, a Ph.D. in the Romance Language Department of the Johns Hopkins University. He is this year Associate Professor of the Romance Languages at the University of Michigan.

P. V. R. Miller has opened an office for the general practice of law at 1022-26 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

A daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Phillips, of Kennett Square, on the 29th of September.

R. A. Spaeth has received the Austin Fellowship in the Zoölogy Department at Harvard.

E. Shoemaker is now practicing dentistry at 2011 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

R. L. M. Underhill is studying this year in the Philosophical De-

partment of the Graduate School of Harvard University.

J. W. Crowell is teaching French at the Protestant Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia. He has spent the summer studying abroad.

J. W. Pennypacker is studying at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

P. C. Kitchen was awarded a Harrison Fellowship in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ex-'10

P. J. Baker is the author of an article entitled *Olympiads and Liars* in the "Outlook" of October 19th. Baker contested for England last summer in the Olympic games at Stockholm, and was the only other Englishman to run in the final with Jackson, of Oxford, the winner of the fifteen-hundred-meter race. The article in the "Outlook" is a very able attempt at a more thorough understanding and a better feeling, as regards the Olympic games, between England and the United States.

R. Eshleman is now with the Riverton branch of the Dreer Seed Company. He is living at Riverton.

'11

E. H. Spencer has left Peek Bros. & Winch and has gone into the bond business with N. W. Halsey & Company, 49 Wall Street, with which V. F. Schoepperle is also connected.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Dayne, of Jersey City, to V. F. Schoepperle.

Ex-'11

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth R. Stokes, of Moorestown, N. J., to E. A. Russell.

'12

The class of '12 held a reunion dinner at College on October 25th, the evening of the Freshman Cake Walk. About thirty-five of the class were present.

W. W. Longstreth has now charge of the Main Line Agency for the Ford automobile.

Ex-'13

E. T. Kirk is now head photographer for the Pennsylvania Chestnut Blight Commission.

L. F. Fallon was working last summer with Dr. Grenfell in Labrador.

Ex-'14

R. Schoepperle is studying in Illinois University.

1912

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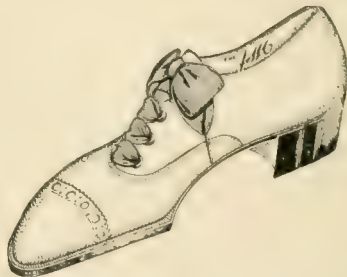
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

THE COLLEGE MAN'S RELIGION

HERE is a pretty general agreement among those who know the situation, that there has been a marked increase both in religious interest and in religious activities among college students throughout the country during the last twenty-five years. It is not merely that the Y. M. C. A. has everywhere enlarged its scope and influence, or that there has been a growing sense of responsibility in college circles for the relief of those both at home and abroad who are living submerged lives. Beyond these facts there is the farther fact that college men have been showing decided increase of interest in all problems of religion and a real advance in personal religious life itself during the period indicated. The reason for this increase of interest is to be found, I think, in the fact that religion has become steadily more and more *an affair of life* and that a man can identify himself with it and throw himself into it and still be absolutely sincere, genuine, normal and manly.

It may always be taken for granted that college students will fight shy of anything which seems to them hollow or insincere, anything which appears to them artificial or shoddy. They have a kind of a "sixth sense" for detecting the ring of anything that is not genuine. But they are always "at home" to anything which convinces them of its genuine reality and which makes its appeal to them in terms of life. Religion must meet those conditions or it cannot have a large place in college circles, and where it has met those conditions it has generally become a powerful factor.

The college man of to-day has, however, some very real difficulties to meet and I must say a few honest words about these difficulties. The four years in college are for most persons years of *readjustment*. Nearly every course of study compels a man to face facts that he had not taken into account before; it opens up a new set of problems; it reveals a vaster complexity than he had thought of previously, and even where few new facts come to light, he nevertheless finds everything restated and reinterpreted on a new basis. The simple religious ideas which he had held implicitly and without reflection, and which are admirably suited to an early stage of experience, now come into collision at many points

with his new conceptions of the universe and of life. His growing scientific mind asks a thousand questions which never bothered him in the unreflective period when he absorbed the religious ideas of his family-group as naturally as he wore the clothes with which that same group provided him. In this mature stage, if he is to be religious at all, he must get a religion of *his own*. He must think things through for himself. He must succeed in finding some type of religion that squares well with the kind of world which he has found and that rings true with what he knows about life.

This situation sometimes, perhaps often, occasions in a college man's career a period of floundering. He feels that he has lost the old and has not found the new. It is always a time of crisis. We have no infirmary to which a fellow can go and stay in peace until he is healed of his perplexity. We have no doctor who can prescribe a pill that will exactly reach the case. The real danger, however, and the only real danger, in this situation is the danger that the man in his haste shall fly to a crude kind of dogmatism and conclude that there is nothing in religion, that it has no standing in the world of intellect and in the field of science and that the way out of the difficulty is to throw religion to one side.

The true way out is to read the deeper meaning of these very facts which have caused his perplexity, to think them seriously and honestly through and to discover what sort of deeper realities these facts presuppose and involve. And still more important is it for the college man who is growing and expanding in mind and heart to realize that religion is not a *static* thing, indissolubly bound and tied up to a certain fixed stock of ideas, or to one single interpretation of the universe. Religion does not stand or fall with the Ptolemaic system or with the Darwinian theory. It flourishes as well under the modern biology as under the Aristotelian, and equally well under present-day psychology as under that of St. Augustine. It may rise to as great a height and power under the modern attitude toward miracles as under the medieval attitude. The certainty of a Divine Reality and the appreciation of the personal character of that Reality are not in the least invalidated by any scientific or historical discoveries that have been made, and it is the duty of a college man to see this.


Religion, however, much more now than formerly, requires and demands moral earnestness and personal creative faith. We have outgrown the stage of tradition. We cannot take over our religion as an easy inheritance. We cannot blindly and imitatively go through with forms and practices merely on the ground that they have once been sacred.

If we are to have a religion it must positively grip our lives with reality and it must be vital and dynamic through the power of personal insight. That means, of course, that we must cultivate our power to see and appreciate spiritual realities, as surely as we must cultivate a taste for art or literature before we can appreciate the best things. No one can enjoy any beautiful creation until he brings a seeing mind to it and more or less rises in insight to the point of view of the creator of it. Somewhat so, any true and virile religion presupposes earnestness of purpose, readiness to take pains, eagerness to find the clue that leads through the maze of things and a willingness to follow all the gleams of light that come. Many more of our students at Haverford than at present would be solidly religious if they cultivated this department of their nature with anything like the same seriousness and perseverance which they show in developing their physical capacities. But in this quest nobody sees who is not bent upon seeing, and no one arrives at the goal who does not train for the race.

Fortunately there are many things in college life which bring a man more or less unconsciously toward religion and which offer him the chance to become more deeply initiated into its life and power. All serious students are engaged in a quest for truth and this is one of the highways of religion. Almost all college men are naturally and inherently idealists. Vision and faith come easy to them. They never confine the boundaries of their world to the little region of space which they have seen and explored. On the contrary, that which is unfound and unwon is always pulling them on. Then finally the problems of human betterment make a powerful appeal upon a large proportion of college men. They are loyal to a better country than the one that exists. They are progressives in spirit and are always feeling for purer politics, better men in office and higher ideals of citizenship. They are keen everywhere to help the man who is down and they are quickly responsive to any call to service which will make men freer and enlarge their scope of life, whether in the foreign field or in social service activities at home. This spirit lies very close to the spirit of religion and the way of fellowship and brotherhood and kindly service is a way which leads easily to that Divine Person whose Life was a double revelation—a revelation of our infinite Father and a revelation of the full meaning of human life. I wish more of our Haverford men might find this “way.”

R. M. J., '85.

"OVER THE FENCE IS OUT"

HE steward of the Croyden Country Club approached young Mr. William Barchester Haines and respectfully tendered him a note. Mr. William Barchester Haines nodded an affable dismissal, and smiled a smile of satisfied expectation as he opened it. He read, and a look of pained surprise crossed his singularly attractive features as he became aware of the fact (tactfully expressed by the House Secretary) that in default of payment of his already twelve months overdue account (an account that, including dues, clubs and cocktails, totaled the sum of \$209.37) his resignation would be in order.

Mr. Haines sighed and, with its envelope, placed the communication in an inside pocket that already contained solicitations from his laundress (her little bill was a mere \$25.00), a threat from his landlord, and a mandate from his tailor. These latter were of but little consequence, for to one whose expenditures, based on a maternal legacy of \$3,000.00 per annum, are upwards of \$5,500.00 such little contretemps, while unpleasant, are still in the realm of the expected. But to be dunned by one's club! even to stand in danger of being posted is, however, quite a different thing, and it was realization of this self-evident truism that caused a frown to ruffle the usually placid expanse of Mr. William Barchester Haines' brow.

Some sage has very wisely observed that no benefit can accrue from crying over spilled milk, and with this idea in mind, Mr. Haines rose from his comfortable seat on the porch and made his way into the club lounge in the hope (that did more honor to his trustfulness than to his good sense) of raising a more or less temporary pony or so.

Over by the fireplace old Major Colchicum dawdled over a high-ball, and a "Tribune." Major Colchicum had been a friend of his father's and had, on more than one occasion, come nobly to the mark. William Barchester decided to give the dear old gentleman the first chance to unburden himself of his superfluous lucre. He half crossed the room towards the Major, but stopped as he saw that worthy extract a well-filled wallet from an inside coat pocket and significantly button it in his hip.

William Barchester saw young Howard Montgomery Hazelton. Howard Montgomery had, however, seen him first and forestalled him. He crossed the room cordially.

"My dear man," cried the wily Howard, "you're just the chap I

wanted to see. Lost all my spare change to Burlaw at bridge and haven't my check book. *Could* you let me have a ten?"

Mr. Haines couldn't, and said as much. They parted with a regret which, truth compels me to admit, was not mutual. William Barchester sighed gloomily and crossed the room to the shelter of a cleverly contrived ingle-nook. He sank despondently upon the leather cushions of a bench. He heard a snore and cussed; he looked more closely into the shadows and rejoiced. Before him lay, in elegant tweeds, the lanky form of his former classmate and friend, Harley Quinn.

From happy childhood up to the present day a warm comradeship and affection had endured between these two—a state of affairs fully appreciated and nurtured by William Barchester, as he began to realize in all acuteness the dignity that was lent one by association with the sole heir to five millions of really truly dollars.

Their lives had been lives of mutual favors. When Harley Quinn was arrested in the costume of a tramp, and the condition of a sponge, after the Beverly Billerton's fancy dress ball that was given during their freshman year at Cambridge, it was William Barchester who identified and freed him. When William was arrested for furious driving (in Harley's car), it was Harley who paid the fine. Finally, they passed the night together in the same cell on the evening prior to the morning when the Dean intimated that perhaps it would be just as well were they to return to their respective homes. This, in itself, forms a bond of sympathy.

And so it was that William Barchester leaned across the heap of pillows and shook his friend and, when he was fully awake, poured into his solicitous ear the tale of his need.

Harley's first thought was to draw a check at once; his second was recollection of a paternal mandate to cut his own bank balance to nil and carefully edit his expenses. This he explained.

If you can imagine the chagrin of Napoleon when the expected reinforcements failed to be amongst those present; if you can picture the despair of Edmonde Dantes as he heard the gloomy gates of the Chateau D'If close behind him; if you can conceive the horror that would pervade Mr. John Drew were his tailors to go on strike, you may, perhaps, glean some faint realization of the frame of mind of William Barchester Haines.

There was silence for some minutes, during which William cursed his fate (inwardly) and Harley exerted his mental powers. There are evilly disposed persons who claim that these do not exist, but I hope that I shall prove this to be a base calumny; anyway, he has a good heart.

"Come, come, Chesty," said he, "buck up."

"Ruined," groaned Chesty, who was now beginning almost to enjoy the depths of his grief.

"Nonsense," reproved Mr. Quinn; and then, in a burst of enthusiastic confidence, "My dear fellah, you must marry!"

"Marry!" came a despondent voice from the depths of the pillows, and then, with infinite pathos, "Do you suppose that I've not tried it? Is there a woman under fifty in our set, or out of it, whose income is over ten thousand a year, to whom I have not offered my hand and heart? And, yet, I am still single!"

"Yes, yes, I know," sympathized the idol of scheming mammas; "but there is one left whom you haven't tried—and why? Because she has not been here!"

"Name her," cried William Barchester, a faint ray of hope invading those features, which have already been characterized as being extremely attractive.

"Well, you know," came the answer, "the old Ogilvie place over by the eighth hole? Well, it's been taken by a girl, old Silas Vooter's daughter, and she lives there alone with the servants and a sort of cousin, or companion. Old Silas left her his whole pile, so that end is all right; but let me warn you, she is no beauty. She's yours for asking!"

"You silly ass," observed William, "haven't you just said that she lives alone and knows no one? How the deuce am I to meet her?"

"Easiest thing, you know. You see my cousin was at school with her and told me all about her. Although she is as plain as mud, she lives in constant fear that some Johnny will breeze up and marry her for her money, so she and her companion play some bally game about letting on to be one another. She's as soft as putty though, and full of all sorts of romantic moonshines, so all you need do is to get into the grounds, meet Helen Vooter, pretend to take her for the companion, woo her and let me be best man."

The two men rose and shook hands. A look of manly determination shone forth from William's eyes.

Three o'clock the next day found William Barchester Haines some thirty yards from the eighth hole and forty from the high red brick wall that surrounded the Ogilvie estate. He was dressed in spotless flannels and a silk shirt, which harmonized beautifully with the brown and black blazer that he wore so gracefully.

Arriving at the designated spot, he placed a perfectly new ball upon the fair green and then selected a loftier from a bewildering array of clubs, although there was no sign either of bunker or of sand pit.

Raising his stick with a calmly deliberate movement, he was in the act of swinging, when a warning howl from Andrew McTavish, the green keeper, caused him to take his eye from the ball and to rip up a large section of turf from the course. With a smothered curse William Barchester Haines once more addressed his ball. With eyes starting from their sockets, Andrew McTavish sprinted towards the clubhouse.

William swung and struck fair. The ball rose beautifully, flew straight as a dart and disappeared beyond the wall. The look of satisfaction that overspread William's features so much belied his stentorian "damn" that one might almost have been led to believe the latter to have been uttered solely with an eye to an unseen gallery.

To reach the wall was the work of a minute; to scale it, with the aid of the ivy, took but little more. Arriving at the top, William was disappointed to find no one in sight. He prepared to jump, and it was here that William made the tragic mistake of not disentangling the tail of his blazer from one of the prongs on one of the ornamental didoes that decorated the wall top.

William jumped, felt a jerk at his coat, and found himself pendant twixt heaven and earth.

This was not, however, for long. No cloth is equal to such a strain, let alone the flannel, which is the basic material of a pretty brown and black blazer, so that William had but just time to notice the bed of cactus that was below him before he became a component part of it.

William was not stunned; he was frantic. In a low, but intensely expressive voice, he gave vent to his feelings in a torrent of justifiable profanity—full-blooded, picturesque curses such as can be acquired only by a long and assiduous practice at a fashionable prep school and college.

Suddenly he heard a low cry and the swish of skirts. William closed his eyes and, with all the fortitude of a Spartan youth, resigned himself to the cactus. Strong hands seized him, lifted him and placed him upon his back upon the mossy turf. He felt, rather than saw, the struggle with the glass stopper, and then a quiver ran through him as the nerves of his nose were assaulted by a particularly virulent smelling salt.

Now, a long course of light literature and lighter drama had not been wasted upon William Barchester Haines. Feeling that the psychological moment had arrived, he let his eyelids flicker and then inquired with all the feeling at his command:

"Where am I? Is this heaven?"

"Hush," said a voice; "you had a fall. You came over after a golf ball and fell. Oh, tell me, are you hurt?"

"No, no," he answered bravely, opening his eyes and gazing at her. Then he shut them again.

It was too true. Harley Quinn had not deceived him. She was not so much the picture of a woman as a hasty post-impressionistic sketch of one. Her eyes were nondescript; her hair indefinite; her form negative, and, indeed, the only positive feature about her was her jaw. It was massive, colossal, Gothic. Her age might have been anything from thirty up.

For awhile he lay still. Then raising himself upon one arm, he broke the silence.

"I must beg your pardon for this uncereemonious entrance and blame myself for the trespass; but, most of all, I blame myself that I have caused *you* anxiety." The stress that he put upon the pronoun got in its deadly work.

Her breast heaved. "I was worried," she murmured, "for I thought that you were injured." Her eyelashes dropped. He shivered and stood upon his feet, offering her a hand.

"I must go," he said, with as much dignity as he could summon, considering the condition of his clothing and features. "But, ere I leave, may I not know your name?"

She hesitated for a moment, then said, "I am Miss Vooter's companion, Clara Hunter—and you?"

"I am William Barchester Haines, but you"—and he insinuated a tone of delightful daring in his voice—"you must call me Barty."

She giggled. Yes, he noted with delight that she actually simpered.

"Good-bye," he said; and then, "I may come again?"

Again she seemed to hesitate; then nodded assent.

A short struggle to the top of the wall, a wave of the hand and he was over. She watched him happily.

He came again the next day, and the next, and the next. She kept her character, and he feigned to be deceived. His suit prospered rapidly. By the end of the week she was promised to him.

"And would you marry a poor companion?" she asked. "You—clever, young and sought after"; and he had answered, "Darling."

He paid short, hurried calls on his tailor, his landlord, etc., and told them "strictly on the quiet, you know," that he was engaged to the rich Miss Vooter. They gave him time. He stood off the House Secretary with the assurance of a speedy remittance. He purchased a diamond ring on credit, and settled some small debts in the face of his prospects.

She kept up her masquerade until the last minute, and, had he not known better, the license would have been made out permitting the

nuptials of William Barchester Haines and Clara Hunter, not Helen Vooter.

Quinn waited on the other side of the wall as "Barty" scaled it to claim his blushing bride. She was waiting and seized eagerly upon the parchment that was to seal her happiness. She read, and a look of amazement spread over her face.

"Why this is not my name!" she cried.

"Not your name," screamed William; "take care, woman, if you have been deceiving me! Who are you?"

"Who am I? Why I am Clara Hunter!"

Mr. William Barchester Haines is no longer a member of the Croyden Country Club, nor has he left an address to which mail can be forwarded to him. His former friend and classmate, Mr. Harley Quinn, always refers to him as "poor Chesty," but Mr. Henry R. Foster, of the firm of Foster & Sheatz, Tailors, Fifth Avenue, describes him quite differently.

L. B. L., '14.

ANDROMACHE

Hers was the blush of sunrise as she wandered through the dawn
And sung her secrets on the early breeze;
The swallows wheeled above and bade all shades of gloom begone,
For her smiling was the solace of the seas.

Her soul was not more deep than is the chalice of the moon,
The linnet learned to laugh as light as she;
The silent things of daylight sang their silence into tune,
For her fancies taught the sunshine phantasies.

Years led her to a knowledge of the cares but few can know,
The flowers stole the freshness from her cheeks;
She sought the ocean starlight, while the music of her woe,
Made eloquent her hatred of the Greeks.

The sea no more gave promise of his twilight benison,
The mother-love had waned into despair;
Yet even now the blue Aegean hears the cadence of her passion,
And the cypresses weave dirges in the air.

D. W., '14.

ON A SOUTHERN SEA

I AM not a born gambler. I only gamble when it serves as a means of admittance to a much more interesting game—the game of life. The loss of a thousand dollars or the winning of a fortune on a turn of cards pales to insignificance before the chances of fate which drive men to life or death. And once, three years ago, I witnessed the showdown of high hands, whereupon hangs this tale. But as to the explanation of it, or what followed, I cannot tell you—no more than I could of a royal straight flush in a game of cards.

We were four nights out from Honolulu, 2052 sea miles from Yokohama. Around and about us the Pacific rose and fell in warm, sensuous billows—the swell of a tropical sea. And as if far, far away from her haven, the Steamship *Siberia* doggedly churned the hushed silence of the waters, her quavering wake reaching to the gold-rimmed horizon.

It was dinner hour in the dining saloon. My alligator pear salad was finished to its very rind. On my left I smelt the whisky breath of an English journalist from Kent, to my right the Oriental sachet and Paris cologne of a fair young Americaness, whose lovely pink shoulders rose from a filmy extravagance of chiffon. About me was the silvery tinkling of artificial ice in glass, the chatter of table talk and, at times, the senseless laugh of some “common-sense” son of America. My fair neighbor was carrying on a French jargon with an Italian Marquis who spoke no English, while her overdressed mother—a *nouveau riche*—was endeavoring to look intelligent. In the balcony above us a string quartet was scraping and pulling through the melodious intermezzo from *Rusticana*.

The Marquis stopped for a moment to adjust his *pinz-nez* and sign a wine card; the young girl turned to me.

“I’ve been dreadfully curious all evening to know what you have been eating. Now isn’t that an awfully improper question for me to ask a young man? You must pardon me, but you see I am so interested and it is such a crazy looking thing!”

“Why the pleasure is all mine,” I blurted out, fairly intoxicated to think she was interested in *my* salad. “This is an alligator pear. You split it sideways, take out the seed and eat it just like a salad with oil and vinegar; some people prefer Worcestershire sauce—no, I mean catsup. They shipped them, I suppose, at Honolulu, where they grow on a plant.”

"Oh, really—on a plant? I thought they dug them out of the ground like potatoes!" She laughed—just one little silvery laugh which was all mine. Then, leaning slightly over the table to the Italian, she said:

"Avez-vous essayé un—un," she then actually seized my plate and, holding it aloft, cried: "Un pomme-de terre d' Honolulu?"

"Pas encore, Mademoiselle mais à votre santé!" and he raised a glass of sparkling champagne. The old dowager, who had not yet mastered French nor the whims of continental aristocracy, raised a fleshly diamond-laden finger and intercepted him:

"Non, non—naughty Marquis—thank you, but she has had enough."

The young girl gave her mother just one glance, flashed her petulant gaze the length of the table to see whether anyone had noticed, and then started to laugh and jabber French at the Marquis. How I hated that Marquis.

My left hand neighbor who had been steadily scrutinizing my much-discussed choice of salad, wiped the marmalade off his whiskers and suddenly ejaculated:

"How frightfully ridiculous to call that creature a salad! Why it's not even a pear; it's a beastly tropical vegetation."

"But it's very good, I assure you. Wouldn't you like to try one?"

"What a ghastly idea; why I have never heard of the bally thing before."

The girl at my right let out a shriek of laughter, which her mother immediately repressed. The journalist from Kent, wholly unconcerned, calmly smeared some jam on a biscuit and ate it most deliberately, staring the while at a post which rose to the ceiling from the table.

"The trip becomes rather tiresome after the first few days, don't you think so?" I volunteered to the Englishman, thinking that this might be a mutual ground of sympathy.

The journalist from Kent deliberately drank a gulp of straight whisky, adjusted his glasses, wheeled his chair around towards me, and spoke:

"My dear young fellow—rather wearisome? Not in the slightest; in fact, what a ridiculous statement. Life is very amusing, indeed."

"And what, may I ask, amuses you so?" I asked, rather peeved at his contrariness.

"H'm—well, when folk are on the ocean they imagine they are on another planet. They do whatever they dare please; they don't seem

to think that they are between the devil and the deep blue sea. Now, as for that gentleman from the southern clime over there, he amuses me greatly—and a Marquis, too.”

The journalist from Kent twiddled his fingers against the finger bowl and seemed to gaze abstractedly at the ceiling; but his eyes, I noticed, were glued on the Italian, who was just in the act of raising a glass to his lips. The Marquis noticed it also, for he quickly lowered his wine, untouched; a pallor spread over his dark features.

“Oh, Marquis; what has happened? Are you ill?”

It was the young girl at my right who spoke, and her voice had a touching ring of sincerity. I then realized that she was in love with him.

The Italian merely smiled, perhaps wistfully, and rose to leave. The journalist did not seem to be cognizant of what had happened.

“Have a Three-Castle cigarette?”

And the Englishman held out a silver case to me. I took one, and we walked out together towards the promenade deck. The sun had long since gone down, the stars covered the canopy of night, the water foaming along the great iron plates of the hull fairly danced with phosphorescent lights. It was a glorious evening. My cigarette was burning low, for the ocean breezes had fanned it fiercely. I threw it overboard to the waves beneath me and watched it alight away back towards the stern.

Just then there was a harsh whiz and a sudden metallic crash. My companion reeled backwards with a cry of horror. I leaped towards him.

“What’s up? Were you hit?”

“No—nothing, old fellow, but look,” and he pointed towards a steel column which supported the deck above. My companion had been leaning against it, and about six feet from the deck the white paint was cracked off in an ugly scar, showing the brownish red paint beneath. On the deck were scabs of white paint, and at some distance down a similar scar on the side of the cabins.

“What was it?”

“A bullet—and see where it glanced.”

“A bullet? But I didn’t hear a report. What shall we do?”

“Nothing—have a cigarette, old fellow? Maxim silencers also amuse me greatly.” And the journalist took my arm and calmly sauntered down the deck. The deck was deserted, for this was the windy side. All was quiet, except for the throb of the engines and the hum of the steerage far away as we turned the corner. We passed the Chinese deck steward putting away the shuffleboards. I looked at him suspiciously.

"Great boys—these Chinese," said the Englishman. "Work all day—work for a year—lose it all in a minute! That, too, amuses me greatly."

"What are you talking about?" I remarked rather impatiently, for his calmness was getting on my nerves.

"Oh, haven't you seen the fan-tan table?"

"You mean the poker in the smoking-room?"

"No—not play. I mean gambling."

"No, I've never seen it."

"Then come."

The journalist from Kent lead me down two flights of iron stairs. We came out on the steerage deck.

Several Hindoos, swaddled in dingy, unwashed cloth sat on their heels like scavengers and kneaded meal in a tin bucket. This, on the morrow, they would pour on the dirty deck to bake in the tropical sun. They were coolies turned back by United States immigration authorities because they lived like dogs, because the color of their skin was dark. And all around these outcasts who rolled their yellow eyes in silent submission were Chinese steerage and Chinese seamen—most of them originally from Amoy and Canton. Pig tails, either coiled into a little knot or tucked in their belts, slant-eyed, lightfooted, they chattered loud in sing-song, as they deftly manipulated their long black chopsticks—eating their supper of rice and stew on deck. Others, already finished, played games with dominoes or gathered about chucalow tables to gamble away a few pieces of cash. And it was through this confusion of swarming humanity that the Englishman and I picked our way.

Right by the galley house were several openings. Into the darkest of these we plunged—down a flight of iron stairs into the steerage hold. The hand-rail was sticky from the contact of unwashed hands, but I had to seize it, for the stairs were slippery with filth. Before me in dim outline rose tiers of bunks, three high as far as the eye could reach through the gloom. And on these shelves dozed or tossed the feeble, the sick and the lazy, who preferred the dinginess of the hold to the brilliance of the evening sky or the foul air to the ocean breezes. To the right was a shack-like compartment lined with more bunks; on these lay opium smokers, their little pills of dope glowing with an uncanny brightness in the murk of the peanut-like pungence of poppy juice.

On the left was a group of figures hovering around a high table. Above them was a lone lantern which, swaying to and fro, lit up their mask-like features hideously yellow. And the shadow of many heads dancing with the motion of the lantern loomed large on the iron plates

of the creaking ship. On high stools behind the table sat two Chinamen, professional gamblers. And like graven images of unchanging countenance, the one manipulated the chances while the other with mechanical deftness raked in the money lost and paid out the money won.

We drew nigh and stood tiptoe at the edge of the crowd. And the Englishman spoke to me in way of explanation:

"This is fan tan. The odds are even, so even that on winnings more than five dollars the bank claim a ten per cent. royalty. Otherwise they gain nothing in the long run."

The gamblers about us suddenly talked loud and excitedly, for one deal had ended and the table was open again. The only calm men were the two bankers and the Englishman. Suddenly I started and nudged him violently.

"Who's that?"

Leaning slightly forward, his claw-like fingers suspended over the table—arrested in the act of placing a pile of gold, was the Italian,—his features were strangely contorted, but perhaps that was due to the swinging lantern. Yet his eyes were fastened on the journalist and his lips were curled with a snarl. The Englishman did not seem to have noticed him at all, though when he spoke I thought I detected an under cry of gloating pleasure. Perhaps it was my imagination.

"Now I really couldn't tell you, my dear sir, as I am familiar with no one in this beastly gathering. Watch; the deal is on."

I watched, but I watched the Italian, for I could not tear my eyes away from him. He no longer seemed to notice my companion; in fact, he seemed to notice nothing. He was staking a hundred dollars at a time and so recklessly that even the manipulator of chances narrowed his almond eyes just one fraction of a measure more. And with me soon watched the whole steerage and many others, for the news had quickly spread that big money was up.

"He playee like he no playee agin—likee ye last time. Sabez?" It was the deck steward who was chattering to me.

"Come, my dear fellow, you are getting too much interested in gambling and the air is rotten. Come!"

And I followed the Englishman, for my head was already aching. We made our way to the stern and sat down on an immense coil of rope in the shadow of boxes covered with tarpaulin and tied to the deck.

"Do you know what these cases we are leaning against are?"

"No. Tell me."

Far, far to the east reached the wake in a ribbon of ghostly white against the gloom of the ocean and the sky.

"These cases are coffins—coffins of dead celestials being borne home for burial."

"Ugh," I said, half shudderingly, "we are then in the shadow of death?"

The journalist laughed a little uncannily and answered:

"Perhaps."

From the whirl and the eddyings of the ocean beneath us, suddenly from the gloom of it there formed the pallid oval of a face—perhaps it was a keg thrown out from the pantry. And then I thought I saw a hand clawing and clutching the air before vanishing from sight. Above the roar of the screws and the moaning of the sea it seemed to me that I heard a cry as of gulls, but no gulls were in sight. A flash of a fin, then all was gone except for the sound of the water and the shadow of the coffins.

"My God—did you see it!" I cried, nearly beside myself with fright.

The journalist from Kent rose totteringly, stretched his worn hands above him and in a hoarse voice whispered into my ear:

"Yes—thank God. It's over."

Again there quavered a call of anguish, but no longer was it the crying of gulls. It was the distant voice of the young American girl—the primeval cry of a woman for her mate.

Y. N., '15.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

A beautiful house, all radiant white,
I received from my mother fair.
This house was set 'mid flowers bright,
And watched with cautious care.

Within and without, with wondrous will,
I worked from day to day.
My house was pure and free from ill,
And work became as play.

My house is old and stands alone,
Delightful Death knocks at my door;
And I lower my shades and inward gaze
And there a Light burns evermore.

D. B. V. H., '15.

LOOSE LEAVES

PUT AND I VIEW THE SUNSET

FOR over an hour I had been sitting on the back porch, drinking in the spirit of rest, calm faith, and gentle peacefulness that brooded over the woods, the fields beyond, and the softened sky. Put-Mut was nestled on my shoulder, snuggling closer and closer, and every now and then satisfying himself of my presence by licking my ear with a small, pink tongue. Sunset and dropping dusk have few charms for him.

Never was a scene more complete in scope or richer in color. The stately green lawn that swept away to the mounds on mounds of billowing foliage, which, a glory of brown, and bronze, and sulphur yellow, rolled away, and down, and up again far on the other side of the Wissahickon; the river mist that hung motionless in a long, wispy, rifted cloud (the guardian spirit of the creeping stream below) deepening and softening the forest tints in its hazy, pearlish blue—these Put and I saw. We saw the brown loam fields sweeping clear, we saw a giant chimney, reared defiant and belching, we saw the twinkling street lights and the steady home lights of Roxborough, and finally we raised our eyes to the blazing sky. It was pink, and red, and streaked with golden shafts. The sun, a ball of richest crimson, battled gallantly with a cold, purplish mist that rose imperceptibly from the shadow of the sky line and drew a dusky veil over the dying glory.

Suddenly, darkness was upon us. Where we had just seen tree or field perhaps, the next moment there was nothing, only a mystic, swimming film with something indefinable behind. The evening star, bright gem-set in infinite softness, shone resplendent.

The river chills crept slowly up the hill and gripped us. Put stared straight down into the dusk, his ears strained forward, his eyes opened wide, dreaming, no doubt, of stealthy ancestors that crouched expectant in lair, sniffing with tentative, questioning nostril the alluring, elusive breath of the approaching night.

K. P. A. T., '15.

WINTER MORNING—BEFORE SUNRISE

OVER night a soft clinging snow had fallen and in the early morning everything was touched with a quiet repose. Only the gauntness and half-grotesqueness of the bare trees seemed sharpened by the little ridge of snow that clung to the trunk, traced out each little twig, and crouched in every crotch or hollow. The edge of the woods on the hilltop had lost its emptiness in the uncertain light of dawn; it seemed as if white foliage had grown there. Everything was as white as it had been green in summer. The clumps of hemlock and other evergreens, with their straight, steeple-like shapes and fluffy snow clinging to every tuft of needles looked like a unique kind of temple structure, like a delicate piece of architecture in white marble. The brook alone was uncovered, but even there little puffs of whiteness topped each stone and miniature island or peninsula.

1915.

EDITORIAL

MERION VS. BARCLAY

IT is perhaps early to discuss the allotment of rooms, yet we believe the present division of the college by halls is not satisfactory, and that an early consideration of the subject will conduce to better results.

This year the rooms in Merion usually reserved for Freshmen were thrown open and, because of their lower cost, were immediately chosen by Upperclassmen. The Senior class seems, as a whole, to have preferred Merion. Of that class, as existing last year, all but eight occupy Merion and the Annex. These eight are evenly divided between Lloyd and Centre Barclay. In North Barclay there are not only no Seniors, but there is only one Junior. In South Barclay there are four Juniors. Furthermore, the four Senior members of the Student Council live in Merion and the Annex. The troubles with which the Council has to deal are usually those arising in or between the two lower classes and, most frequently, in Barclay. In the present situation, if anything goes wrong in Barclay, it is studiously kept quiet and rumors reach the Council a couple of weeks after its occurrence. We admit the presence of upperclassmen in North Barclay has frequently been anything but salutary, yet we believe that student government cannot be efficient with so marked a segregation of the Sophomores and Freshmen from the Seniors and Juniors.

This segregation has a detrimental effect upon college elections. Conditions have somewhat improved in the last few years, due to better inter-class feeling; yet it is still possible for a man to be elected by a small majority who have no definite knowledge about his capability for the office. Though a great part of the responsibility falls on the nominating committee, the college vote in the end decides whether a capable man or a "bonehead" is to get the office. Every man at Haverford ought to know and to size up the candidates, and not to vote simply the way he is advised, or according to the toss of a coin. The result of making North and South Barclay practically lower class halls is that at least 20 per cent. of the college vote on a toss-up. This applies to members of every class and to every office.

A great advance has been made this year in calling for candidates for assistants to Assistant Football Managers. This is much better than for the nominating committee to choose the eight most popular men in the Freshman Class at the end of the first quarter. It makes at least

the beginning of the cycle of managerial offices depend on effort rather than on athletic ability and popularity; if we are to keep up this idea, we must have every office depend on "push" instead of "pull," and this we can do only if every man keeps his eyes open to the merits of the competitors.

We have frequently spoken against artificial divisions in the college. These are fostered by the isolation of any class or classes in one hall. Hence, for the good of the college and of student government we would urge next year's upper classmen not to monopolize Merion and the Annex, but rather to have at least some of their Council members in North and South Barclay.

COLLEGE PUBLICITY

OUR attention has been called recently to the College Section in the *New York Times*. This newspaper has taken up the work of bringing the colleges before the public and before one another by means of letters written by students. Two pages in every Sunday issue are devoted exclusively to College Notes. In the issue of November 24th there appeared a long "write-up" of Haverford. It touched upon various aspects of our life here, with special reference to the emphasis laid on good citizenship. The most significant aspect of this article is that it was written by a present student and gives the student point of view. Generally, the news about colleges is furnished by the press bureau of the institution, and consists of what the faculty or managers wish said in order to induce parents to send their sons to this or that college. According to the arrangement in the *Times*, students of one college can get information about their fellow-collegians all over the country, and an Alumnus can keep in touch with the student life of his Alma Mater.

Students are becoming an increasingly vital factor in American life, both intellectually and in athletics, and the different colleges are beginning to realize that it is only by co-operation that they can gain the best results. Week after week letters will be sent from undergraduates in many colleges to the college department of the *Times*, and we believe that through its work a better understanding of the purpose of the colleges will result.

EXCHANGES



WE tramped in out of the early dark and, laying aside cap and overcoat—our “things,” as the dear women would say—we fell to work and built an open fire. Broad chips there were, and a dry old fore-log, and at the back a great stout oak stick, round which the flames curled lovingly. It was no flaring, roaring fire, but a steady blaze, a gentle blaze, a truly scholarly blaze that was reflected in a warm glow on the walls of our mind and sent grotesque flickerings into the tapestried corridors of our imagination. Faint glimpses of Yuletides long gone past, the bright apparel and ruddy faces of young retainers bringing in the great log through white road and green fir forest, the shadowy interior of the hall, with its flaring rush-lights and its merry household supping at the deal table, and outside, the huddled dark huts of the village, sleeping under the December sky—all these we saw and more, stretched before our open fire.

In the gentle rambles of our reverie we came down to our own childhood and thought of Christmases at home. Children are peculiar little duffers (as has often been remarked in more classic phrase). The grown-ups who write so knowingly about them, how often they go astray! Scientific observations as to habits, pursued untiringly for centuries, would never give us the *child*. It is reserved for the few who see with the eye of love and feel with the companion heart to paint for us true childhood. Our friends of the *Smith* apparently include many such, for nearly every issue has something of the kind. The November number is blest with at least two child studies—one a story bold in the magazine proper, the other making its appearance in “Sketches.

“Marjorie and Growing Up” is about a girl who remembered, when *she* grew up, and knew enough not to address little girls with such inanities as “Where did you get such pretty curls?”

“The Passing of the Candy Shop” tells very simply about the little old dusty stores three steps down from the street where we all went with our pennies a dozen years ago. They are almost gone, with their grimy showcases full of bright-hued candies, their jangling doorbells and their gray-haired old ladies standing patiently behind the counter. We are glad that one grown-up little girl missed them and paid to them this sincere tribute.

There is a rather clever imitation of the immortal Alice in the same magazine, but it would scarcely do to catalogue it as a child-story. It is

an impressive collection of puns rather than a real piece of juvenile description.

Before we pass from the *Smith* we should like to mention a poem called "Temperamental Reactions." There is a wonderful tender humor about it that would make us want to print it if its length did not deny us the pleasure.

The *Vassar* has a rather wild-eyed tale called "Sand Country." The writer deserves credit, for there is more force to the idea and more taste in the handling than usually appear in a college story of this type. The only other thing that impressed us in the *Vassar* prose was a pretty essay on "Doors." It is of the same general type as "The Candy Shop" of the *Smith*—a ramble in memory.

No other November magazine came in time for this early edition, and we shall have to make an end here, much as we should enjoy continuing. We reprint the following verse from the *Vassar*:

THE POET DECLARES HIS FAITH IN LAGIA.

(Sonnet in imitation of the Italian Sonneteers.)

My eyes are open to the joys in you,
 Your tallness and your slimness and your fair
 Pearl-pallid skin, and the glories of your hair,
 Deep auburn glories; they are open too
 To that unfathomable ocean-blue
 Of your own eyes that cannot but declare
 A burning soul you'd strive to hide somewhere,
 Which, flamewise, flickers up in spite of you.
 Such graces and such glories of your soul!
 My eyes are closed to any other things.
 The dulled shafts of these jealous slanderings
 Are glanced aside; and I—well I could bend
 And kneel in the shadow of your aureole,
 And call you perfect, perfect to the end.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT



ISITORS to New York City will be interested to hear that the Haverford luncheons are still held by the New York Alumni Association, on the first Tuesday of every month. They take place at the Machinery Club, 50 Church Street. A table is reserved in the main dining-room, at which all Haverfordians, whether members of the club or not, are welcome. The men order their own luncheons from the club menu and pay for them at the desk on going out, so that there is no embarrassment about being the guest of anyone. The enterprise works out very well—providing an opportunity for the New York alumni to meet and discuss the latest college matters of interest. All Haverfordians are welcome.

The Executive Committee is making preparations for the annual dinner to be held at the Bellevue-Stratford on January 25th.

Ex-'56

We regret to announce the death of T. S. Hunn on November 7th.

'65

A. C. Thomas was clerk of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

'73

A. Sampson has four water-colors on exhibition at the Century Club in New York. They were painted at Lake Louise, British Columbia, last summer, and represent mountain scenery.

'78

C. S. Crosman has taken charge of the department of travel lectures with the Raymond Whitcomb Company for their tours de luxe. On the first of the year he will direct a tour through the Mediterranean, Egypt and the Holy Land. The following year he will be in charge of a tour around the world. Mr. Crosman has only recently returned from a trip in the Far East.

'84

A son, Henry James Vaux, was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Vaux, Jr., at their home in Bryn Mawr on November 6th. He was named for his great-grandfather, Henry James.

'85

Dr. R. M. Jones attended a conference of the New England Yearly Meeting, at Lynn, Massachusetts, on November 15th.

'87

On November 11th Dr. H. H. Goddard lectured at Witherspoon Hall, for the University Extension Society, on *The Danger to Society of the Feeble-minded*.

F. H. Strawbridge was the principal speaker at a dinner of the employees of the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier on October 31st.

'89

In the recent election D. J. Reinhardt was elected State Senator in Delaware on the Republican ticket.

T. F. Branson has been elected a member of the Union League.

'92

A son was born, in November, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nicholson, of Millville, New Jersey.

'93

C. J. Rhoads was married on November 9th to Miss Lillie Frishmouth at St. Martin's Church, Radnor, Pa. The wedding was a quiet one.

'94

Mr. F. A. Dakin spoke at the twenty-sixth annual convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. The convention was held at the University of Pennsylvania on November 30th. President Sharpless spoke in the division of Ancient Languages. Dr. R. M. Gummere, '02, attended. S. R. Yarnall, '92, is treasurer of the organization.

The firm of Ristine & Conklin, bankers and brokers (F. P. Ristine, '94, and F. H. Conklin, '95), has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the firm will be carried on under the name of F. P. Ristine & Co. at the Franklin Bank Building, Philadelphia.

'95

F. H. Conklin has entered the poultry farm business at Lakeville, Massachusetts, with W. W. Hall, ex-'02.

Ex-'96

M. J. Babb is on the board of the Ardmore High School.

'97

The class of '97 held its annual reunion and dinner at the University Club on November 22d. Those present were: E. Field, C. H. Howson, A. M. Collins, G. M. Palmer, W. J. Burns, J. E. Hume, W. P. Hutton, W. Fisher, F. B. Jacobs, W. G. Rhoads, F. N. Maxfield and B. R. Hoffman. A short business meeting followed the dinner and the officers were re-elected. The class was interested to hear of recent conditions at college, especially as to athletics and buildings. F. B. Jacobs and C. H. Howson were appointed a committee to look into the possibility of renewing athletic relations with Swarthmore by recommending the annual football games.

Afterward, A. M. Collins gave a graphic account of the African hunting trip from which he has recently returned, and showed lantern slides of the country traversed, the natives, and some of the game he secured.

The class has held annual dinners in unbroken succession since its graduation, and a large proportion of the members have always attended to keep in touch with college matters and to renew college memories.

The Rev. Elliott Field has published an article in the June *Homiletic Review* on *The Basic Value of the Study of Comparative Religion*. He is closing up his

work for a Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania, majoring in the History of Religions. His thesis is in the field of Primitive Culture.

'98

E. R. Ross is now living at 33 Ely Place, East Orange, New Jersey.

Ex-'00

The Rev. L. H. White has resigned as rector of his church in Fall River, Massachusetts, and has accepted a call from St. Mary's Episcopal Church, St. Louis, Missouri.

'01

W. Sensenig is teaching mathematics in the Frankford branch of the Central High School. He expects to become a candidate, soon, for a Ph.D.

A. L. Dewees is taking an active part in the social service campaign in the anti-tuberculosis movement in Ardmore, Haverford and Merion.

'02

Dr. A. G. H. Spiers has been elected a member of the Franklin Inn Club, of Philadelphia. Dr. Spiers will lecture on February 26th before the New Century Club of Wilmington, Delaware, on *The Troubadours and Dante*.

C. L. Seiler is forming a part of the new Bureau of Municipal Research that is studying the municipal problems in Philadelphia.

H. L. Balderston was married on

December 6th to Miss Cara Gibbons, of Ardmore. Among the ushers were: J. B. Haviland, '02; T. S. Downing, '05; T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, and M. Balderston, '12. Mr. and Mrs. Balderston will live in Llanerch. Mrs. Balderston is the daughter of W. H. Gibbons, '72. Mr. Balderston has joined the *Precision Thermometer and Instrument Company*, of 1434 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia.

'03

G. Peirce has been appointed to a teaching position at the University of Wisconsin, where J. S. Evans, Jr., '95, holds the chair of medicine. Mr. Peirce has been working in Fischer's Clinic at the University of Berlin.

The following is from a recent letter from R. L. Simpkin, which we publish through the kindness of Dr. F. B. Gummere: "When I wrote you in the spring we were then expecting re-enforcements to reach us from Shanghai before the end of the spring term. On account of the unsettled condition of the country and the opposition of the consuls, however, none of the school staff ventured to return. Later the very hot weather and now the high water of the Yangtse River have prevented our down river people from returning, so Mr. Stewart of the Canadian Mission and myself are the only foreign men teaching in the school. We are, there-

fore, especially glad of help from Mrs. Simpkin, who arrived from Shanghai on the last day of May and who is now helping in the teaching of English. We learn that three other members of our staff have passed Ichang and are proceeding up river by native houseboat, but it is doubtful if they can reach Chengtu before November 10th. My colleague, Mr. Davison, does not leave England until October 19th, so that I shall have to continue to carry both school and church work until about Christmas.

"While the province has not yet half of its customary staff, the opportunities are greater than they were when the missionaries were all here. The revolution has thus far worked only for our interests so far as the disposition of the people to listen is concerned. An important change educationally has recently taken place in the order of the provincial Board of Education that the study of the classics shall no more have a place in the school curriculum in the higher grades. I believe this will give the Chinese student time for the study of other subjects which we consider essential to a good education, and will greatly hasten the spread of Christianity. In the past the teachings of Confucius have been greatly overrated in the mind of the average Chinese scholar, and the result has been a self-satisfied pride which has closed the heart to the reception

of any other truth. The change can only work good for Christianity."

Ex-'03

H. H. Garrigues has been transferred, in his position as a supervisor of the Pennsylvania Railroad, from Kittaning to Millville, New Jersey.

'04

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Haines, of Germantown, to W. M. C. Kimber.

'05

F. W. Ohl has left Greenville, Pennsylvania, and is now living at 826 South St. Bernard Street, Philadelphia.

'06

R. J. Shortlidge is teaching English at the Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut.

Twin sons were born to Dr. and Mrs. H. Pleasants, Jr., on November 21st.

Ex-'06

A daughter, Elizabeth Macon, was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. S. Ewing.

'07

G. H. Wood is now in the sales department of the Waverly Company, of Indianapolis, a company concerned chiefly in the manufacture and marketing of auto trucks.

A son, James E. Tatnall, was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Gummere during November.

W. R. Rossmassler has repre-

sented the Soccer Association League in inducing Haverford College to join it.

J. P. Magill has entered the bond department of the firm of Elkins, Krumbhaar & Morris, Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

'08

C. L. Miller has taken a house on Walnut Lane, Haverford.

'10

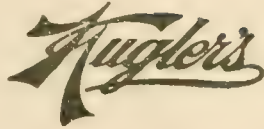
R. R. Else has staked out a ranch in Colorado and is operating it.

'12

Mr. A. L. Smith, '81, has kindly allowed us to publish the following extract from a letter from L. M. Smith, of September 29th, written from Japan:

"On Friday I went to Iwakumi, where Beam, who was at Tokuyama before me, had planned a continuous performance for me. I had three chances to talk English, so that Japanese might hear different accents. A teacher asked me about Friends, so I talked half an hour on them. They absorbed the English, if not the doctrine of Friends. Saturday afternoon we went to Hiroshima. I planned to get home for church and got up at 5 A. M. Sunday to do so, but the trolley car (densha) started on its trip fifteen minutes ahead of time, so I had to wait a couple of hours."

F. G. Smiley is now in California. He expects to return some time during December.



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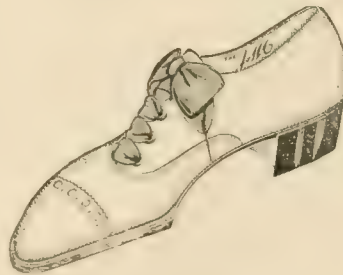
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NIGHT MOODS

No flaming bank of scarlet,
No golden tower high,
No purple-hued suffusion,
Adorns the vacant sky.

The gloomy shadows darken
On water, field and knoll,
And heavily is falling
The shadow on my soul.

With heaven's light has vanished
Ambition's lofty dream,
Which made the golden future
With brilliant visions teem.

But as I sit desponding
There comes a light caress,
The night wind whispers softly
In gentle playfulness.

Around me swells its fragrance
Like spirit-healing balm,
And o'er me flows engulfing
A flood of dreamy calm.

A hermit thrush awaking,
Sings soft a song so sweet,
That melancholy vanquished,
Lies broken at my feet.

Now on the far horizon
The moon bursts into sight,
And flings across the water
A dazzling path of light.

My soul leaps up exulting,
And onward, up, away,
To break the walls of darkness
And storm the heights of day.

G. H. H., JR., '15.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

A LESSON IN COLLEGE STATISTICS

The figures presented in the first table are taken from the annual report of the national commissioner on education.

| YEAR | Universities and Colleges for men and for both sexes | | Colleges for women | Schools for Technology | | Total | |
|-----------------|--|--------|--------------------|------------------------|-------|---------|--------|
| | Men | Women | | Men | Women | Men | Women |
| 1899-90 | 38,056 | 8,075 | 1,979 | 6,870 | 707 | 44,926 | 10,761 |
| 1890-91 | 40,089 | 9,439 | 2,265 | 6,131 | 481 | 46,220 | 12,185 |
| 1891-92 | 45,032 | 10,390 | 2,636 | 6,131 | 481 | 51,163 | 13,507 |
| 1892-93 | 46,689 | 11,489 | 3,198 | 8,616 | 843 | 55,305 | 15,530 |
| 1893-94 | 50,297 | 13,144 | 3,578 | 9,517 | 1,376 | 59,814 | 18,098 |
| 1894-95 | 52,586 | 14,298 | 3,667 | 9,467 | 1,106 | 62,053 | 19,071 |
| 1895-96 | 56,556 | 16,746 | 3,910 | 8,587 | 1,065 | 65,143 | 21,721 |
| 1896-97 | 55,755 | 16,536 | 3,913 | 8,907 | 1,094 | 64,662 | 21,543 |
| 1897-98 | 58,407 | 17,765 | 4,416 | 8,611 | 1,289 | 67,018 | 23,470 |
| 1898-99 | 58,467 | 18,948 | 4,593 | 9,038 | 1,339 | 67,505 | 24,880 |
| 1899-1900 | 61,812 | 20,452 | 4,872 | 10,347 | 1,440 | 72,159 | 26,764 |
| 1900-1901 | 65,069 | 21,468 | 5,260 | 10,403 | 1,151 | 75,472 | 27,879 |
| 1901-2 | 66,325 | 22,507 | 5,549 | 11,808 | 1,202 | 78,133 | 29,258 |
| 1902-3 | 69,178 | 24,863 | 5,749 | 13,216 | 1,124 | 82,394 | 31,736 |
| 1903-4 | 71,817 | 24,413 | 6,341 | 14,189 | 1,269 | 86,006 | 32,023 |
| 1904-5 | 77,250 | 26,739 | 6,305 | 14,911 | 1,199 | 92,161 | 34,243 |
| 1905-6 | 97,738 | 31,443 | 6,653 | (a) | (a) | 97,738 | 38,096 |
| 1906-7 | 96,575 | 32,850 | 7,612 | (a) | (a) | 96,575 | 40,462 |
| 1907-8 | 106,945 | 35,265 | 7,977 | (a) | (a) | 106,945 | 43,242 |
| 1908-9 | 119,480 | 42,328 | 8,458 | (a) | (a) | 119,480 | 50,786 |
| 1909-10 | 119,578 | 43,441 | 8,874 | (a) | (a) | 119,578 | 52,315 |

(a) Included in universities and colleges for men and for both sexes.

If percentages are often delusive information, some percentages may be deduced from the above figures at least new to the reader. The first deduction is the rate of increase in the three kinds of colleges above noted during the last twenty-one years, divided into three five-year periods, and a fourth period of six years.

| | Men | Women in Co-ed Colleges | Women in Colleges for Women |
|---------------|--------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1889-90 | | | |
| 1893-94 | 32 per cent. | 63 per cent. | 81 per cent. |
| 1894-95 | | | |
| 1898-99 | 16 | 44 | 28 |

| | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|
| 1899-1900 | | | |
| 1904-04 | 23 | 29 | 38 |
| 1905-05 | | | |
| 1909-10 | 66 | 78 | 40 |

Why was the increased attendance of women during the first period so much larger than that of men? Perhaps the opening of institutions to them during those five years is a partial explanation. The greater regularity of attendance afterward by women may be explained on money grounds. Perhaps the same explanation may be given for the greater regularity of attendance in women's colleges compared with their attendance in co-educational institutions. Throughout the twenty-one years an increase of men was annually recorded except the year 1896-97. The largest increases may be tabulated.

Increase of men in different years:

| | | | |
|---------------|-------|--------------|--------|
| 1891-92 | 4,943 | 1907-08..... | 10,370 |
| 1893-94 | 3,508 | 1908-09..... | 12,735 |
| 1895-96 | 3,870 | | |

The two largest increases reflect more clearly the flush years of business prosperity, though other causes doubtless contributed to the result.

The next table shows the annual increase in the three kinds of colleges.

| | Men | Women. Co-ed | Women in women's Colleges |
|------------|-------------|--------------|------------------------------|
| 1891 | 2,033 | 1,364 | 286 |
| 1892 | 4,943 | 951 | 371 |
| 1893 | 1,657 | 1,099 | 562 |
| 1894 | 3,608 | 1,655 | 380 |
| 1895 | 2,289 | 1,154 | 89 |
| 1896 | 3,970 | 2,448 | 253 |
| 1897 | 801 dec. | 210 dec. | 3 |
| 1898 | 2,652 inc. | 1,229 inc. | 503 |
| 1899 | 60 | 1,183 | 177 |
| 1900 | 3,345 | 1,504 | 279 |
| 1901 | 3,257 | 1,016 | 388 |
| 1902 | 1,256 | 1,039 | 389 |
| 1903 | 2,853 | 2,356 | 200 |
| 1904 | 2,639 | 450 dec. | 592 |
| 1905 | 5,433 | 2,326 inc. | 36 dec. |
| 1906 | 10,488 | 4,704 | 348 inc. |
| 1907 | 1,163 dec. | 1,407 | 959 |
| 1908 | 10,370 inc. | 2,415 | 365 |
| 1909 | 12,535 | 7,063 | 481 |
| 1910 | 98 | 1,112 | 416 |

One more table may be presented showing the annual attendance of men and women expressed in percentages.

| | Men | Women | | Men | Women |
|---------------|-----|-------|--------------|-----|-------|
| 1889-90 | 79 | 21 | 1900-01..... | 71 | 29 |
| 1890-91 | 77 | 23 | 1901-02..... | 70 | 30 |
| 1891-92 | 78 | 22 | 1902-03..... | 70 | 30 |
| 1892-93 | 76 | 24 | 1903-04..... | 70 | 30 |
| 1893-94 | 75 | 25 | 1904-05..... | 70 | 30 |
| 1894-95 | 75 | 25 | 1905-06..... | 72 | 28 |
| 1895-96 | 73 | 27 | 1906-07..... | 71 | 29 |
| 1896-97 | 73 | 27 | 1907-08..... | 71 | 29 |
| 1897-98 | 73 | 27 | 1908-09..... | 71 | 29 |
| 1898-99 | 71 | 29 | 1909-10..... | 70 | 30 |
| 1899-00 | 71 | 29 | | | |

During the first ten years the attendance of women increased about eight per cent.; since that time no noteworthy change is disclosed by the figures.

One of the most curious results revealed by these figures is the shunting apparently of women from women's colleges to co-educational institutions and back during the years 1904-1905. In the former year there was a decline of 450 in co-educational colleges, and a gain from 200 to 592 in women's colleges. The next year there was a decrease of 36 in women's colleges and a large increase in the other institutions. What were the causes of this flight from the one kind of institution to the other?

Looking at the figures of the technological institutions, what do they show? The increase may be presented in five-year periods.

| | Men | Women |
|---------------|--------------|-------------------|
| 1889-90 | | |
| 1893-94 | 38 per cent. | 94 per cent. |
| 1894-95 | | |
| 1898-99 | 5 per cent. | 3 per cent. dec. |
| 1900-01 | | |
| 1904-05 | 57 per cent. | 5½ per cent. dec. |

The most noteworthy change shown by these figures is the decline in attendance by women. A partial explanation of the change doubtless is the realization of the unfitness of these institutions to give them the kind of education they desire.

Other figures might be given showing the comparative increase of attendance in eastern and western colleges. In a general way it may be said that the western colleges have gained in numbers more rapidly than

the eastern. Two causes may be assigned—greater economy and improved educational facilities. Some of the older eastern colleges keenly feel the loss of western students, not the money support they bring, but the loss as representative institutions of the whole country. For a relatively small class their age and reputation are a secure possession, which cannot be easily taken away from them; and they will continue to draw from every quarter those who are seeking for the highest culture and its real though not easily definable accompaniments. For other classes with whom economy, local pride, and the utilitarian use of education are the controlling reasons in selecting institutions, those nearer home are likely to be regarded with increasing favor.

The causes of this increase is an old story—ampler means of students or of their parents or friends, or of colleges to aid those who need assistance; greater attractiveness in the way of broader and richer fields of instruction; wider latitude in the selection of studies; lastly, and perhaps the most potent cause of all, the sporting features which have developed from the introduction of the gymnasium within the last fifty years.

Whatever may be the causes of increase, consequences of the gravest character are appearing, some of which were clearly foreseen, others only dimly or not at all. First is the financial consequence to the college. As is well known, the tuition, etc., received from a student bears only a small proportion in most colleges to the expense of educating him, hence, unless they can add to their endowment in the same or larger proportion, they are worse off than they were with a shorter roll. While many have had generous gifts within the last twenty-five years, a few, very few, have been fortunate enough to obtain the additional funds needful to pay for the new buildings, the additional instructors, the larger salaries imperatively needed by the changed times. Consequently with larger classes instruction has become more general and less fitted to individual needs. While the facilities for instruction have been improved in the way of better laboratories, apparatus, larger libraries, etc., the quality of instruction has in several ways been impaired.

We have space merely to mention another consequence of the rushing of this great wave of student life into the colleges. An increasing displeasure has taken possession of the teacher of large classes unsatisfactorily taught and, whenever opportunity permits, he reluctantly abandons his work, or, if continuing, is no longer inspired with the zeal of former days. Only in a few colleges has there been any monetary endowment corresponding with the expenditure for recent college buildings which so

deeply impresses the superficial beholder as proof of intellectual advance and prosperity. Yet such an endowment is indispensable to sustain effectively the work implied by the recent material expansion. Of course, technical schools are outside of this survey; of institutions included it may be truly said that some students profit from the many improved appliances put within their use. But the truth must also be said that the increased numbers and the costly structures are too often only the delusive evidence of an interest and advance in higher education that does not exist. Not until the colleges have much larger sums given to them to pay for more instruction, and also to remunerate more adequately those now in service, will the evil disappear. Happily if the smaller institutions are not soaring so grandly in the educational heavens, above the gaze of somewhat, if not greatly, deluded admirers, some of them at least are living nearer to the ideals which every educational institution is supposed to keep always in sight.

A. S. B.

PICTURE CARVINGS

PALISADES, COLORADO

Is love portrayed upon that high smooth wall,
Smoothed by some washing flood of pristine years?
Is hate carved deep within that heart of stone,
Or did it know the sweet caress of tears?
Perchance some ancient priest while all alone
Learned how to cut a picture on that face,
Crude tracings of an ancient race.

Yes all of these! Those rough drawn figures tell
Of battles in an age of stone and knife,
Where man could only live where he could kill
And every hand sought for his neighbor's life.
This figure is a man, a stronger will,
Who bowed his fellowmen and made them pay
A hard-won tribute, and obey.

He bowed them with the strength within his spear,
Oh wretched man who first felt barbéd stone!
But lo! He saved his mate from want and cold;
He warmed her with a fire and food for one
Then fed two hungry souls. This story old,
Once cut into a wall by some crude knife,
Is naught to us but love in strife.

H. W. E., '14.

THE HARVEST MOON

IT was a quiet night and, except for the distant murmur of the rapids, the river might have been a great deep lake. Just above the big eddy there was a bend full of swift rushing water. Thereafter the banks drew apart and the speed of the water quickly diminished until, at length, the whole became a slow moving mass, upon whose clear depths our canoe rested without motion. The sun had set over the western mountain, and the gathering twilight accentuated the outlines of the mass forming the east bank of the river. For in the east the cliffs rose sheer from the water, and the fastnesses of these cliffs, in the quiet of the evening, afforded us dreams of their hidden possibilities. As the twilight softened and grew into darkness, a soft glow slowly filled the eastern sky, and in the end a circlet of orange rose between two rugged points—contrasting with their harshness. And in the silence of the woods and river there grew before us a harvest moon with all its rich color and beauty.

In the side streets the people hurried to join their kind. So long as they rested in the side streets, they were mere meaningless entities. And so, they hurried to join the great tide of people who drifted through the main street. Here lay an unseen sense of "togetherness," and here lay the spirit of fight—for those who took life as a fight. There were men who wished to be among men and to be greater fighters than other men. This broad stream of people formed a living desire for wealth and fame. They were modern, and they had no theories except in relation to all other modern people. Nothing mystified them, and they fought away silence as a dreaded enemy. They analyzed new things as if they were old, and, therefore nothing was new to them. Beyond themselves they could not see. One thing—because it was old—they did not analyze: the question of why they did as they did. And some two hundred and fifty thousand miles away the great dead moon whirled unseen through space.

The farmers in this part of the country rose betimes and worked late. Very rarely did they assemble. Therefore, their lives were not full, for they did not work together and never proceeded very far. Their lives and works were dedicated by a tiny thread to the people of the city for whom they labored, and yet of whom they knew but little. Of some things they knew the value, and their spice of life was a sort of superstition and a ready belief in new things and new possibilities. Their

life, for the greater part, was the most tranquil of all lives. Occasionally the men of the city gathered and sent them a man of the city—a well-dressed man—who could talk well on a new device, and they met him with a perfect calm. Yet they were rarely fooled; and, strangely enough, it was always during the time of the glorious late harvest moon that the young men “kept company” with their chosen mates, and the distant mellow color seemed an essential part of their wooing.

The long mountain ridge seemed a never-ending sequence of high level. Along this ridge, stretching from east to west, the great rich—who lived on the mountainside in castles beyond the dreams of avarice—had built a road of perfect structure. So smooth it was that a great stone plane might have cut it out with a single magnificent stroke. And flying along this road was a long, low, dark object—noiseless except for the quick whirr of its concealed power. Faster and faster it went westward into the night, proud of its speed. But the moon came up from behind and slowly but surely gained its position overhead; and the rich people, strong in their background of generations of toil, and in a culminating sense of having reached the top, looked up and saw. And they were awed by a feeling of being conquered by this distant thing. In their concept it was a cold, dead object—so far away, and so large. Yet, on it came, seeming never to move at all, gaining on and passing them. And, being people of the wisdom of all walks of life, they thought how small the world was and what large possibilities there were in the infinity of space.

A young but promising poet sailed out into a lake with a swift and steady breeze behind him, and he thought what a wonderful thing it would be to go on so forever. Being a poet of the imaginative type, he placed a girl on the seat before him, and had the clouds open to show the moon—all this by closing his eyes. The beauty in possibility inspired him, and he backed to the shore to write a poem, for which he received a little money from a magazine. The following summer he fell in love, and was appalled at the emptiness of the poetry he had written. One night he sailed out upon the same lake, and the girl was with him. They sailed easily and dreamed with each other. Of a sudden a great rift in the clouds opened and, without speaking, they felt the friendly presence of the moon. They did not hurry to the shore; and when the poet tried to write about it he thought of the sudden beauty of the moon and decided that all prose was futile and poetry a thing of the beyond.

F. M. F., '13.

OLGA



FIRST met Harrison Clay on a camping trip in Maine several summers ago, and in the course of a few days' acquaintance, we found much common ground for conversation. It seemed we had both studied in France during the same year, though at different universities. It was not till a few months ago, however, when I met him again in Pittsburgh that he told me the story of that year and of his wanderings in the vain hope of forgetting it.

It happened during the "long" of 1907, when he was Rhodes' scholar from Maine at Oxford, and spent his vacation studying French at the University of Grenoble. A pleasant, lazy summer enough it had been for him, for his attention had been equally divided among the lectures at the university, the mountains which surrounded the town on every side, and his fellow-guests at the boarding-house. He was especially interested in a certain dark-eyed girl who sat opposite to him at table, and whose rapid guttural French, with its harsh r's and l's, told even the inexperienced Clay that she was a Russian. The very first evening, after their fat and genial hostess had presented "Meestaire 'Arrisunne Clay" to Mademoiselle Olga Vasiliévna, he had obtained a waltz with her at the little dance which took place every evening at Madame Duval's, and had been charmed by her vivacity and beauty. He discovered that she, like himself, was working for the "Certificate of Proficiency in French," a minor diploma offered by the university to foreign students. He learned this from the proprietress, who was acting as her chaperon. The favorable first impression which the young Russian had made on Clay was more than confirmed as their acquaintance grew in the easy, informal atmosphere of the *pension*.

When two dozen young men and women, from half as many different countries, gathered in one place for a common purpose, they are full of interest for each other. Everyone had something to tell, some fresh viewpoint to bring to the general conversation of the dining-room, and their comical broken French was the source of endless hilarity. Sometimes in the evening they would sally forth in a big, good-natured throng and visit the moving picture theatres and the cafés, and there would sit for hours, watching the crowd, listening to the excellent orchestra, and exchanging opinions on every conceivable subject. Clay was not long in noticing certain distinguishing traits in the demeanor of Olga Vasiliévna. She smoked but seldom, and never in public places, and she was far less noisy than most of the other girls.

He changed some of his lectures so as to study the same things she did, and often walked with her to and from the classroom. They found a vast deal to talk about in their walks, and often, when they reached the university, he would say, "Suppose we don't go in this time," and she would smilingly consent. Then they would stroll through the public garden and watch the seal being fed his dinner of fish, a spectacle which is one of the main attractions of Grenoble.

On Sundays almost all the foreign students used to rise at four and go for a tramp in the mountains, guided by someone from the university. They carried their lunch and wine with them, and at noon had a delightful picnic by the side of some clear brook or waterfall. When night came they marched home again, tired out, but delighted with their day in the open.

On these excursions, especially, the acquaintance between Clay and the Russian made rapid strides. He was astonished at the breadth and depth of her knowledge; art, music, history, even his own beloved philosophy, seemed to form part of her amazing stock-in-trade. He was not surprised to hear that French was only one of four foreign languages that she could speak easily and well. But, most of all, he was struck by her passionate devotion to Russia. When she spoke of her native country her voice was vibrant with enthusiasm and love, and it was with a sort of fierce, despairing sadness that she spoke of its abuses—the ignorance of the people, the corruption of the aristocracy, the brutal severity of the government. Everything of the nature of a reform—labor legislation, international arbitration, pensions—all seemed to interest her and to be the subject of well-formed opinions.

The more Clay thought of her, the more sharply he contrasted her with the women he had met before: the giggling, commonplace Germans at the *pension*, the uncivilized Servians and Greeks, his narrow, Puritanical friends at Oxford, and even the girls at home. What were these compared to her? He remembered the two he had liked best, and they seemed to him now insufferably commonplace and silly. He remembered their vapid, slangy conversation, their absorption in childish pleasures, their selfishness, their shallow, superficial veneer of culture.

Whenever such thoughts as these came to him, he tried to dismiss them in alarm. What had he to do with girls? His *Bummeljahren* not yet over, his job at home still to be found, what business had he to be thinking of girls? Then again, his provincial race pride revolted. What could this Slavick girl, this unwashed foreigner be to him? Was he not an American?

Yet the thoughts would come unbidden, and day by day he grew to value more deeply the sweetness of his new friendship. As his command of French improved, it became possible to deal with more delicate subjects, and their intimacy was enriched with a new knowledge of each other's hopes and aims.

Fall came, and with it the opening of his college; but he could not force himself to return, and arranged to spend the winter also at Grenoble. Then there were sleighing, skating and trips to the mountains to practice ski-running, and in all of these the two friends were inseparable. So the winter passed, and spring returned, but Clay had not yet spoken. Yet his struggle with himself was over, and his decision made. They had arranged a walk for a certain Sunday afternoon in May, and he knew that then he should ask her to be his wife.

The girl had seemed troubled for some time, since the last mail from St. Petersburg had come in, and Clay fancied that she was more distant than usual. On Wednesday, before the walk he had planned was to take place, Olga left Grenoble for Lyons to spend a couple of days with a girl friend, a Russian. The first day of her absence seemed an eternity to Clay, who wandered aimlessly about the town without knowing what to do with himself. The next morning, at breakfast, as he was reading his paper, he noticed that a serious accident had occurred at Lyons. During a public function at which the grand-duke, Varskovitch, of St. Petersburg, was the guest of honor, there had been a terrific explosion, which had destroyed the building and killed many of the guests. No trace either of the grand-duke or of the criminal had been found, and it was supposed that they were crushed under the heap of rubbish. The police suspected a certain notorious nihilist of Moscow.

Clay was glad that Olga's friends were not prominent people, so that she would have no reason to attend the reception. He shuddered at the thought of how horrible it would be if she had been hurt, but at that very moment the postman entered with a letter in her familiar hand. He seized it joyously and tore it open, eager to hear how she had enjoyed her trip. He showed me the letter. It was written in excellent French, but in the peculiar cramped hand that few Slavs ever completely outgrow. It ran as follows:

Mon ami:

In all our happy friendship I never told you of the brotherhood, but now it is right for you to know. There are a thousand of us, scattered all over the world, obedient to the central committee at Petersburg. Varskovitch was marked for death more than a month ago, and the black lot fell

to me. Dear friend, do not judge me too harshly. In your eyes I saw your love, and knew that once you spoke I should be powerless against my own. I fled to Lyons, where I knew I could kill Varskovitch most surely. I could not even trust myself to say "good-bye." You will go home to your America, and you will forget; but some day, when the world proclaims that Russia has thrown off her fetters and stands free and proud among the nations, you will recall a summer spent in France, and one who gave her life, having nothing else to give, that Russia might be free.

N. F. H., '13.

LA SYMPATHIE

*Who in this world of selfish ends
Could bear new lands to see,
To face new problems, trust new friends,
If it were not for thee?*

I watched the scornful crowd with scorn
That crushed all hopes of love with these:
Thy greeting brought me to my knees,
To thank the world that thou wast born.

*Happiness to a man alone
Is a chest without a key.
The jewels within he could never own
If it were not for thee.*


I struggled and I won. The prize
Repulsed me. Then I saw thy face
Flushing with joy. Love's aching trace
Alone disturbed my Paradise.

*Sorrow shared makes the spirit grow
Beautiful, great and free.
T'would not survive pain's slightest blow
If it were not for thee.*

I wept; the hot tears did destroy
My soul—rent by despairing cries,
I saw my mother in thine eyes,
And sorrow brought me more than joy.

N. H. T., '13.

EL DOCTOR

 HE doctor and I sat together on the veranda. In silence we watched the sinking sun cast its brilliant colors on the gathered clouds. Softly the sun dropped behind Punta Poloma, and the mountains bulked big and seemed farther away. As the last bit of the sun's rim settled behind the peak, the doctor broke the silence. "There was a day," he said, "when I saw such sunsets with a sense of sadness; I cursed the night and longed for the day; and when morning came, I cursed the day and longed for night. God be thanked such feelings are no more, and that now, with joyous heart, I see the sun slip to rest behind the hills; and now I greet him with joyous heart when he rises over the Sierra Madera at dawn."

He was silent. We watched the raw colors of the clouds deepen—the reds darken to purple; the yellows to orange. We saw the reflections in the river below us. A lone coyote slunk swiftly by.

"Have you ever heard of Gilbert, my boy; Gilbert Barcelo?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," I answered. "I know that he was the son of Don Carlos and used to work at the mill down the river. Loiza has told me about him."

"Two years ago this evening," the doctor went on, seeming not to have heard my answer, "I first saw Gilbert, and I have since sworn a vow that on this day of every year I will tell someone the story of Gilbert Barcelo."

The doctor paused for a moment. I had spent the afternoon with him visiting the sick in Cumpas, and I had remarked his thoughtfulness—almost sadness at times—but had attributed it to one of his many moods. I had vaguely heard of some close connection between the boy Gilbert and the doctor, so I was attentive to hear his story. Thus he began:

"In the summer of 1905 I left home and, crossing the States, came to Cumpas. I was young, had seen little of the world, and was sadly spoiled. The result is not difficult to foresee. I soon met 'Don Tomas,' 'Bill Cummins' and the rest. You know the crowd. In a few months I was gambling freely. Then I learned to love 'pulque' and I was wild. No vice was unknown to me. And so I lived. My health was ruined. I neglected my duties as 'company physician,' and the Transvaal threatened to fire me. After some twelve months a slight trace of my old self returned and I began to fight; but I was weak and put up a weak fight.

I felt my weakness keenly, and life became a daily tragedy; and then I determined to make an end of it and set my soul free—if soul I had. I was returning from a case in Galera. Such a sunset as we have been watching glorified the heavens; the twilight was fast gathering. I cursed Nature for mocking me, and determined to fight no longer. What a deliciously sweet thing Death seemed that night. It skimmed lightly before me as I rode, and beckoned to me.

"At the hospital a Mexican was waiting for me, and asked if I would come to see his son, who was sick with the fever. For a moment I hesitated, and then rode off with him scarce knowing why.

"The son was a beautiful lad—dark haired, bright featured and brown eyes, deep and dark. As I sat down beside his cot a force—God alone knows what—drew me to him. Some golden thread of life, common to both of us, united our souls. The light of his expression, the touch of his hand and the sound of his voice struck deep into my soul. I spent an hour by the lad's side—I the patient; he the healer of a weak will. Death no longer beckoned when I rode home. Life seemed to ride by my side.

"Daily I visited the lad, and daily grew stronger in my fight against the 'hotel' and 'pulque.' In a few weeks, however, the boy's condition became so serious that I had him taken to the hills, thinking the mountain air would benefit him. The Transvaal allowed me to use a vacant hut at the Buckeye Mine, and there I had him moved. His mother and sister went with him, also a man-servant, named Trinidad, whom I hired. Night and day I traveled the Buckeye trail to the lad's bedside. At first he gained in strength, but soon a relapse followed. He continued to sink slowly for a month, so that by the middle of December I had begun to look for the inevitable.

"Upon Gilbert's removal to the hills my fight to regain myself became more difficult, and several times I lost my hold; but a visit with the lad, the sight of his face, the sound of his voice never failed to give strength and courage and recall me from my morbid moods.

"And now I near the end of my story. It was a chilly December morning, the day before Christmas, I sat alone in my study. I had returned but a few hours before from the Buckeye. The lad was brighter than he had been for days, and I left him with a feeling of hope. I was dozing softly when I heard someone gallop up to the front door. I hurried out and found Trinidad. Before he spoke I knew the situation. I quickly drew on a coat, lit a lantern and ran to the corral. I saddled 'Blanco,' and we rode out into the night. The whitewashed buildings around the plaza loomed up ghost-like out of the darkness. Yellow light

streamed from the two windows and the door of the American Hotel. Familiar sounds came from within. How like a fiend of darkness it looked that night! I flung a curse at it as we turned down a side street to the river. After crossing the ford, we struck the trail to the hills.

"I impatiently took the lead and held Blanco to a brisk pace until we gained the foothills. The night was calm and cold. I was wild and feverish. Never had those twelve miles seemed so long. At length Hoyos Ranch was passed, and we climbed the rough arroyo to the summit of the last ridge. We stopped to breathe the horses. Across the valley I saw the lights of Buckeye and the lone light in the hut; and I pictured la madre by the bedside quietly bathing the boy's brow with cool water from the olla. And as we descended the trail I seemed to hear her, in her sleepy speech, talking of the 'Cinco de Mayo' and the horse races on the old ore road to Nacozari; and then the boy asking slow questions about playmates and the mill down by the river, where he used to turn wheat and dream in the shade of the orange trees.

"Barbarita, huddled in her serape, sat before the hut at the top of the trail listening for our approach. As we drew near I heard her run to the door and whisper loudly in her sweet voice, 'El doctor! El doctor!' A few words with the girl and I knew the end must be near. The boy was in a burning fever and had been delirious several times since I left.

"Quietly I entered the low doorway. La madre sat bathing the lad's feverish brow. With a bow she offered me the rough chair beside the cot. When I took Gilbert's hand the far-away stare left his face. Slowly a light of recognition passed over his pale features; 'El doctor,' he whispered. At that moment a flood of new life poured into my very heart and rushed through all my veins. I kissed the lad's colorless lips and buried my face by his side. The mother and daughter wept softly in the corner. Trinidad, coming in from the corral, stood by the door with bowed head.

"It was Christmas morning. I stood before the hut and reverently watched the rising sun. I watched Earth throw aside her mantle, the mist lift from the valleys and roll away over the hills. As the vision of the country opened before me—first the brown hills and then the green river valley beyond—my horizon cleared and my new life dawned. Gilbert had gone to the land of his dreams, and I was born again imbued with his pure spirit."

Thus ended the story of Gilbert Barcelo. Silently the doctor rose from his chair and walked towards the corral. In a few minutes I saw him, mounted on Blanco, strike the Buckeye trail and disappear in the mesquite brush.

D. B. V. H., '15.

THE RETRIBUTION

A LOST CHAPTER FROM THE TALE OF TWO CITIES

NOTE

There has been some little wonder among lovers of Dickens what became of the manuscripts of his "Tale of Two Cities." His other manuscripts can be now seen in the S. Kensington Museum in London—the gift of Mr. John Forster to whom Dickens gave all his manuscripts. It seems that Forster upbraided Dickens in his foolish quarrel with Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Evans over "Household Words." This was early in 1859. Dickens then with characteristic sensitiveness, not to say childishness neglected to give his "Tale of Two Cities" manuscript to Forster, though the latter had more than once exercised his kindly supervision. Though he soon got over his peevishness toward Forster, he never could give him the manuscript, having so conspicuously withheld it.

John Forster, Jr., related to me once how his father came back one evening from a visit to Gads Hill in a terrible fit of humor, took out a manuscript, read it aloud amidst clouds of snuff, then put it into his desk and shut it up.

John Forster then sent a letter to Gads Hill telling Dickens that his last chapter "Retribution" was n. g. and not even worth returning. Dickens, who evidently was trying to make up, answered, "I have come to that conclusion myself—I will omit the last chapter from the "All the Year Round." The first copy will be out about the middle of April. (In fact the first chapter of "Tale of Two Cities" came out April 30th, 1859.)


John Forster, Jr., deceased, left his father's furniture intact and I being solicitor discovered this manuscript in John Forster's desk.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS

When the Manettes escape from Paris, Miss Pross remains behind to conceal their flight, and, in trying to do so, gets involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with Madame Defarge, a ruthless and desperate woman, who is on their track. In the struggle, Mad. D. draws a pistol, but Miss P. strikes at it at moment of firing, and the bullet kills the French woman. Miss Pross hurries from the now deserted home of the Manettes.

John Barsad, of course you remember as the worthless rogue who tried spying on the revolutionists until he fell under suspicion.

Jacques Three and La Vengeance were Mad. D.'s lieutenants.

HE same moon that was plunging after the coach, as it rattled along the highway to safety, broke in upon a certain window high up in a deserted house in the Saint Germaine Quarter of Paris. Deserted? Yea, deserted, but for the corpse of a woman lying in a pool of blood, with the cold beams of light dancing and settling over her terrific visage. Soon other things besides moonbeams would be settling over her, and dancing a dance more craven than the Carmagnole itself. About her there

would soon be a gnashing of teeth as that very dance could hardly boast of.

The bells of Notre Dame sounded their way through the still night air—eleven o'clock. Their reverberations echoed back and forth through the deserted courtyard and dimly died away. But hark! there are other echoes that, not dying out, become louder and louder. It is the hushed tread of two approaching—approaching the solitary tomb of Madame Defarge. Hark again, for one speaks.

"It is a great pity, Citizen, and my soul cries out with vexation and dread. It cries, where is the celestial one? Where is the heavenly Citizeness? Did she not say to us, Jacques Three, that she was going to comfort the little wife of Evrémonde? Hi, hi, hi! She is so droll. I laugh to think of it! A sharp kiss from La Guillotine is her comfort. And it is well. Down with the Aristocrats!"

"Yes, down with the Aristocrats! It is truly so, Vengeance," croaked Jacques Three. We approach to the house. Ah, this is the one. I read the names—Alexander Manette, Lucie Darnay, Pross, Cruncher and Charles Evrémonde so called Darnay: I forgot the little child—Lucie, is it not? I knock—What! no answer? I knock again!"

Aye, louder, Jacques Three, knock much louder and still thou wilt scarce receive an answer. Madame Defarge cannot hear thee. Evrémonde's wife has safely flown, and naught but the echoes will answer.

Again and again he knocks, but still no answer. At first, bathed in the silvery light they stare at each other in astonishment. Can it be that Evrémonde's wife and gold-haired girl have left Paris, have escaped their grasp? If so, where can Madame Defarge be? What has happened to her? The Vengeance has a sudden misgiving.

"Let us search! They have fled; let us seek for Thèrese Defarge!" she cries and springs at the shadowy door.

They push and shove: Jacques Three clutches and claws at the door, Vengeance hurls herself upon it like a great sack of meal. The old door cannot stand the force of their violence: it at last flies open. They enter and are soon swallowed up in the gloom beyond.

In the meanwhile, a shadow glides across the courtyard and stands motionless by the door—half hidden in the gloom.

It is not long before the sound of steps descending the stairway is heard. The Vengeance speaks:

"It is terrible! My dear Thèrese murdered—butchered. It is unbearable. I cannot believe. Let us summon Citizen Defarge. Poor soul! He knows naught of it yet. Quick, hasten Jacques Three! This

is the bottom step, do not stumble. I see the moonlight in the doorway beyond. Ho! what was that! I could swear that I saw a figure. Hush!"

They pause for a moment.

"It was nothing. Only your imagination, my dear Vengeance. Ah! It is a pity to lose the Citizeness and worst still to lose the two fair ones for La Guillotine! As for the Citizeness, she has evidently sacrificed her life for the Republic. She is a heroine. We must tell Defarge."

They draw nearer and nearer the doorway. They are about to pass. There is a glistening flash in the moonlight. A low moan—a thud, and Jacques Three lies still upon the doorstep. The Vengeance springs at the shadow like a furious she-tiger. They roll and wallow in the soft mud of the courtyard. A cry—a gurgle, and the dark blood itself stained by the blood of others flows out upon the ground.

The shadow picks itself up, and stares at the two.

"Great God—I've murdered 'em! Damn me if I could help it. So you would denounce me, eh? I was one too much for you, I guess!"

Barsad for he it is, kicks the prostrate bodies and clutching the dead Vengeance by the hair and Jacques Three by an arm, he drags them across the moonlit deserted courtyard. He pauses and lifts a trap-door to a sewer. He shoves them in—a splash and they are washed down through the sewer to the Seine, and thence, on to the eternal ocean.

The bells of Notre Dame again sound their way through the still night air—twelve o'clock. They echo back and forth and faintly die out. But hark! What is that which one hears high up in the room of the deserted dwelling. It is not the dead Citizeness for she lies there still and fearful. It is the sound of a myriad hungry feet pattering up the stairs, dropping from the ceiling, coming from numberless little holes. The St. Antoine of the rat district! Hungry, eager and greedy they come.

They come in couples, they come in scores, they come in hundreds! One can count them no longer for they swarm from every nook and cranny—silent except for the dry patter of their padded feet. The moonlit floor is no longer light: it is black with a seething mass of vermin,—black, except for the deadly glow of their wicked red eyes and the gleam of their cruel teeth.

Madame Defarge's pale face is turned hideously towards the moonlight with a stare that only the dead can have. Look! It is suddenly darkened! A great gaunt rat has perched himself upon her face and is gnawing, gnawing, gnawing. Soon other hungry ones settle themselves beside him climbing up her dark hair, scurrying over her bosom, falling

over each other in their eagerness for a share of the feast. They tear her eyes out, they gash open her cheeks, grunting sometimes as they wallow into her flesh. Other rats already gorged and drunk with blood are trampled under foot and killed by the late-comers; and soon are eaten themselves, for large and grand as Madame Defarge is, still she cannot satisfy the hunger of the Rat District.

And thus it continued, until the bells of Notre Dame had again and again sent their message through the still night air, and until the first rays of the rising sun had begun to lighten the East.

Y. N., '15.

EYES

The charms of Nature in her many moods,
 Fair, smiling, careless, motherly, and old.
 Yet ever young—such blue eyes seem to me.
 Black eyes might lure a man to lose himself,
 And drown in those deep starlit pools and die,
 And dying be content. Yet always me
 Gray eyes enthrall and shall until I die.
 Gray eyes that see the soul behind the face,
 And watch the naked thing that shrinks ashamed.
 They may be laughing and the world's forgot,
 They may be dumb with pain and joy is dead.
 Should I be free to choose eternal bliss,
 And standing where far-flung beneath my feet
 The World's Begrudger holdeth endless realms
 Swept with the light bright sheets of blasting flame,
 I would leap down could I but see them smile
 'Twixt half closed lids, hell's whole hot length away.
 Though Heaven waited with its gates wide spread
 And all Hell's legions surged to bar my path.

E. R. D., '15.

EDITORIAL

"ADVERTISING HAVERFORD"



IN the first Alumni number of the College Bulletin, issued last month, appeared an article, *Advertising Haverford*, by Royal Davis, a Haverford man, formerly of St. John's College, now an associate editor of the New York Evening Post. It is largely through his interest that Haverford undergraduates have been led to contribute regularly to the college section of that paper. Copies of the article have been so widely distributed among the Alumni that we shall quote but one sentence: "The problem of advertising Haverford is the problem of getting the right information about the college into the hands of the right boy, the boy who will want the things that give Haverford its distinction among American institutions of learning."

The articles in the newspapers are a potent means of getting the right information to the right boy. The advertising which we mean to emphasize, however, is that done personally by the students. Every alumnus and undergraduate should make it his aim to urge men to come to Haverford who will keep up Haverford standards. Numbers are no object; it's the quality that counts.

When the Faculty changed the entrance requirements two years ago it also decided to make a stricter inquiry into the morality of applicants for admission. It is no longer possible for a number of men who are a discredit to themselves and to the college to enter a freshman class. The influence of the type who go the pace and leave at the end of the first half is detrimental to their class all through college. Moreover, these men are *ex-members* of Haverford and either boast of their connection or run down the college because it would not retain them. In both cases they give a false impression. They are the kind of advertising Haverford cannot afford to carry, and it happily throws them over whenever it can discover them.

If perchance some of these *thoughtless* fellows manage to crawl in and then appear under their true colors it is up to the rest of the college to protect her good name. It makes very little difference to the parent of a prospective Haverfordian whether a Haverford man on Chestnut street is maudlin through drink, or a wagger. It makes little difference to householders in the neighborhood whether the ribald songs that occasionally arouse them come from 1 per cent. of the college or 99 per cent. The

college gets the blame from the outsider and the undergraduate should see that there is no occasion for it.

We want to paint Haverford in her true colors—the wonderful beauty of her campus equally beautiful in the white robe of winter and the green fragrance of spring. We want others to come to Haverford who will love her as we have loved, bringing with them new viewpoints, new ideals, and learning that they can develop all these if only they do not conflict with clean manhood and true sportsmanship in work and play. They must learn that Haverford stands for these ideals and that they as individuals and classes are responsible for their maintenance.

Haverford graduates have often become famous in their different lines of work. Others, not famous, have been merely good citizens, working for their communities, doing good in a quiet way. Last month Arnold Post was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, the third won by Haverford men in the last three years. Such men are Haverford's best means of advertising—the product of Haverford life. And back of them must be the undergraduates, never standing still, never satisfied with the *good*, but striving ever for the *best*.

EXCHANGES



E opened the *Goucher Kalends* to the first page and read the title: "The Call of the Woods." Being utterly unbusiness-like in our methods, anyway, we allowed the crying need of an Exchange Column to slip from our mind, and spent the next few minutes in far-away New Hampshire.

There is a lane with rough old stone walls on either side, and it runs out past the barn and the sheep-pen—out through the orchard, and along the edge of the "second field," and opens into the pasture. If, leaving it there, you strike up across the rock-ribbed, juniper-clad hillside, drop over the summit and climb a rail-fence that is even older and more weather-beaten than the lane wall—you find yourself in that region, so dreadful and mysterious when you were a little boy, so gloriously full of adventure as you grew older—that fair land of romance that Grandfather still calls the Back Pasture. There are clumps of sturdy jack-pines, and little groups of slender birches that shiver in the sharp December air. Under foot are patches of ice, and juniper, and rocks—gray, old granite

rocks. As you scramble down the hill the underbrush clears away, the shadows thicken about you, and you look upward and draw a quick breath, for without knowing it you have entered the woods.

And so we turned to read once again in the *Goucher Kalends*. We were a little disappointed at first. In the woods, as there depicted, there were no porcupines, no partridges, no spruce gum. The wording seemed very pretty, but our heart remained unthrilled. Then we reached the autumn and winter forest and began to feel our blood awakening. We knew, at last, that although the things were absent that had lured us of old, a very real "call of the woods" had inspired the description. The snow and the trees and the winter wind were all abroad in it. It had caught the sublimity of its subject, and was expressing it with vigor and imagination. In retrospect we like "The Call of the Woods." The *Goucher* exchange editor has worked out a clever idea in her "Pessimist." Otherwise we can call the magazine notable only in its lack of verse.

The *Nassau Lit's* "Drama" craze has not abated. The criticisms are really good, however, and we like the idea. "Gossip" is refreshing, as usual, and does much to atone for a rather mediocre collection of stories.

We usually refrain from cruel ridicule, but the *Southern Collegian* for December appeals to our sense of humor. An essay on "The Melungeous" was interesting and reasonably well written. "Taddles, Jr.," was amusing, not only in its really funny plot, but in some of its grammatical constructions. There were two stories named "John Doe's Christmas; or, the Loved One's Return," and copious verse "also ran."

In the *Virginia* was a pretty story of the Caribbean, fresh in local color, if not surprising in plot. A long and intricately worked out "Ballad Discovery" followed, and the magazine reached its climax in a blood-curdling bit of melodrama entitled "The Masque of Mephistopheles." Winter night, lonely forest and haunted house were the background, and to add an extra tinge of excitement there were cruel bandits of foreign extraction, numerous edge-tools and firearms, yes, and even a pack of cards. Bring into this setting a dashing young horseman clad as Mephisto himself, allow him to rescue a maiden lovely as the day, and you have the story.

There was some good poetry this month. "Roma Rediviva" and "Christ and the Many-Gods" in the *Virginia* both had the elements of strength. We quote a short poem from the *Nassau*.

BURNT FOREST.

Stretching their fire-distorted limbs
Gaunt to the leaden sky,
Whose looming black to shadow dims,
As wraiths of mist drive by,
A thousand burnt and tortured shapes
In dripping fog enshrouded lie.

Vague as a dream, the heron's cry
Steals up the wind's thick breath,
And empty sounds to silence die,
As in a tomb of death.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

UNDER the able editorship of Dr. R. M. Gummere, the first Alumni number of the Haverford College *Bulletin* has appeared. It looks as if the plan to devote the December and March numbers of the *Bulletin* to the needs of the alumni was the successful solution of a real problem. As furnishing an organ for the discussion of Haverford questions without airing any debatable opinions before non-Haverfordians, the *Bulletin* offers a means of which it is hoped the alumni will take advantage. It is useless to describe the *Bulletin* here, as the alumni have all received copies; but we would like to encourage co-operation in the future in order that propitious elements may be enabled to develop.

Two of the alumni visiting committees—one of the new features in the alumni policy of this year—have already visited college. On November 25, J. S. Stokes, '89; A. G. Scattergood, '98, and J. L. Scull, '05, took dinner at Haverford and spent the evening visiting in the various halls. The chief feature of this visiting committee is their informality. Through them the alumni can get directly in touch with undergraduate opinion and can directly exert their own influence with perfect freedom for discussion and adaptation. The opportunity for personal acquaintance with the alumni is one which the undergraduates show no inclination to neglect.

P. S. Williams, '94, and J. S. Haines, '98, the second visiting committee, came to college on December 17, attended the soccer game in the afternoon, took dinner at college, and judged the interclass gymnasium meet in the evening. Many of the undergraduates had the pleasure of making their acquaintance.

'49

We regret to announce the death of Dr. A. K. Smiley, at his home in Redlands, California, on December 2. As one of Haverford's most prominent alumni his death is probably known already to most Haverfordians. We desire, however, among the many testimonials of his worth, to express our appreciation of his long and valuable career. Since 1879 he was on the board of United States Indian Commissioners, and had great influence in solving the Indian problem. He was for a long time one of the leaders in the movement for International Arbitration in this country. At his invitation conferences have been held on these questions each year at his well-known hotel at Lake Mohonk; and the influence of these conferences is very great.

Dr. Smiley was closely connected with Haverford College, having received three degrees here, and having been an instructor for several years. He was prominent in education for many years. His death is a loss not only to his many friends, but to all interested in humanitarianism and reform.

Ex-'50

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Nicholson announce the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth Robeson Wood, to Asa S. Wing, on November 26. Mr. Wing is treasurer of the corporation of Haverford College.

'81

I. T. Johnson, of the Johnson Manufacturing Co., Urbana, Ohio, is on the Friends' Publication Board. This Board takes over the *American Friend* and other periodicals now published in various parts of the United States, and combines them into one, called *The American Friend*.

Ex-'89

W. L. Smith was married on November 7 to Miss May Kimball, of Little Silver, New Jersey.

'90

On the evening of December 28, 1912, ten members of the class of 1890, gathered for their annual dinner at the Haverford Union and spent a most enjoyable evening together.

Because of his prolonged absence in Europe, William G. Audenreid, Jr., forwarded his resignation as President of the Class. His resignation was accepted with regret and Henry P. Baily, was elected as President in his place.

This Class has held a reunion every year since leaving college, meeting latterly in the Haverford Union, a practice which it most strongly recommends to the members of the other classes.

'95

C. C. Taylor has become an associate partner in the firm of Platt, Yungman & Co., general insurance, 400 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

'97

W. G. Rhodes has been made manager of the Policy Loan Office of the Provident Life and Trust Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Thacher are receiving congratulations on the birth of a second daughter, Frances, at their home in Edgewater Park, New Jersey, November 12th last.

'00

A daughter, Louise, was born to Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Sharpless.

'01

The engagement has been announced of R. Patton to Miss Lillian Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thompson, of Barre, Massachusetts.

A son, Ellis Y. Brown, 3d, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Brown, Jr.

'02

The class of '02 held its annual reunion and dinner in the Union on December 21, with great success. There were present W. W. Pusey, 2d, S. P. Jones, A. C. Wood, Jr., H. L. Balderston, Dr. P. Nicholson, E. W. Evans, Dr. A. G. H. Spiers, E. E. Trout, G. H. Thomas, W. C. Longstreth, C. W. Stork, C. R. Carey and Dr. R. M. Gummere.

In the business meeting resolutions were offered and a minute was made of the sense of loss felt by the class because of the death of D. A. Roberts, on August 16. An

appreciation of his life and work was read by Dr. Gummere. Plans for the next reunion were made and an attractive class bulletin distributed. A vote of thanks was passed to the editors—President Spiers, Secretary Trout and A. C. Wood, Jr. Longstreth gave an account of the doings of the class in athletics since '02. A poem was read by C. W. Stork. The meeting was adjourned for an old-time rally, with a banjo quartet, singing, etc.

H. Newman is going early in the year, to the University of Chicago, to study Social Service.

W. C. Longstreth, head of the Longstreth Motor Car Co., has moved into his new building near Twentieth and Market streets, Philadelphia.

'03

George Peirce got a Ph.D. in Chemistry at the University of Berlin on November 19. The subject of his thesis was "Über den Abban des Brucius Zu einer neuen Base Curbin und einige andere Versuche in der Brucimeihe."

'04

The class of 1904 held its annual winter reunion in the college dining hall on the second floor on Saturday evening, December 28, 1912. After dinner the regular business meeting was held and the following officers were elected to serve for two years: J. M. Stokes, Jr., president; Geo.

K. Helbert, vice-president, and C. C. Morris, secretary and treasurer. The following members were present: W. S. Bradley, D. L. Burgess, J. W. Clark, A. Crowell, P. B. Folwell, Dr. C. R. Haig, G. K. Helbert, R. P. Lowry, T. J. Megear, C. C. Morris, J. M. Stokes, Jr., J. R. Thomas, H. N. Thorn, W. M. Wills and S. C. Withers. After the dinner and business meeting, the members adjourned to Lloyd Hall where a very pleasant evening was spent. A few of the class remained in Lloyd Hall and enjoyed the hospitality of the College for the night.

M. C. Kimber was married on December 28 to Miss Elizabeth H. Haines, of Germantown. The wedding was a small one, attended only by the immediate families. (We beg to call to notice the correction of Mrs. Kimber's Christian name, misstated in the December Haverfordian.)

'05

S. G. Spaeth is with G. Schirmer, the music publisher, of New York City, as assistant in the literary department. Recently some of his translations, Debussy's "Ariettes Oubliées," from the French of Paul Verlaine, appeared on the programme of Maggie Teyte, of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company. Mr. Spaeth is also writing all comments on music for "Life" and is getting up special articles on music for other magazines. His

stories and articles have appeared in "Collier's," "Harper's Weekly," "Leslie's Weekly," "Lippincott's," "Smart Set," "Life," "Judge," "Ladies' Home Journal," etc.

The Class of '05 held a meeting in Lloyd Hall on December 14.

'06

W. K. Miller is elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature from Lehigh County.

'07

John W. Nicholson has moved from Germantown to Moorestown, New Jersey.

'10

C. D. Morley published in November a volume of poems entitled "The Eighth Sin."

J. Whitall is spending the winter in Paris on account of his health. He is studying music.

The annual meeting of the class of 1910 was held in Lloyd Hall Friday evening, June 14, 1912. Those present were Cadbury, Carey, Clark, Edwards, Eshleman, Froelicher, Furness, Haines, Hires, Kenderdine, Kerbaugh, Lewis, Morris, Roberts, Spaulding, Tomlinson and Zeiber.

The following officers were elected to serve for the years 1912-1913: President, Kerbaugh; secretary-treasurer, Furness.

The meeting decided to edit a class letter and to hold reunions

once every month. These have to date been very well attended. The next annual meeting of the class will be held the Saturday following commencement day, 1913.

'11

The Class of '11 held a banquet at Green's Hotel, Philadelphia on December 21. Hobbs was toast-master. Post, Price and Schoepperle responded to toasts. The affair was a very successful one. Those present were Mixter, Broadway, Winslow, Palmer, Post, Reynolds, Taylor, Hobbs, Tunis, Deane, Young, Wadsworth, Price, Schoepperle, Spencer, J. A. Clarke, Jr., Downing, McKay, Ashbrook and Ferris.

V. Schoepperle was married on December 26 to Miss Edith Payne, at the home of the bride, 116 Sixth Avenue, Jersey City. Many of the class attended. Mr. and Mrs. Schoepperle will live in Orange, New Jersey, 140 N. Centre Street.

The Rhodes Scholarship from Pennsylvania for next year was awarded to L. A. Post.

'12

R. L. Fansler, formerly with the Central National Bank of Philadelphia, is now with E. T. Rosenberg & Co., 234 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

'14

H. W. Seckle is working with the Standard Supply and Equipment Company of Philadelphia.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN

THE NEED OF EDUCATED MEN IN INDUSTRIAL AFFAIRS

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The following article forms the basis of a lecture delivered by Mr. Taylor at Christ College, Cambridge University, May 15, 1911. In a letter to The Haverfordian, Mr. Taylor says: "In contemplating a business career, one aspect has appealed to me especially; namely, the pleasure of teaching sound methods of thought and action to those who lack in experience or judgment. It is effort in this direction that I have in mind when I refer to the joy of teaching."*

HE object of this paper is to encourage educated men to enter upon industrial affairs to the end that such enterprises may be advanced to a higher plane than they have occupied in the past and be fostered by the attention of the best brains in the community.

Mr. Murray Butler, the President of Columbia University, once stated it in this way: "What we need is not sharp men, but broad men sharpened to a point."

I venture to suggest that if a small proportion of a student's time were devoted to simple mathematics, physics and chemistry, and wherever possible also to applied science, mechanics, electricity and steam engineering, the life which he is to lead in this and in the next generation will prove more interesting than would otherwise be the case. We are living in an age where we need some familiarity with these things, and emphasis laid on them will easily give the desired result.

From my standpoint, it seems a pity for anyone to spend his life without the ability to correctly read a mechanical drawing, and without intimate familiarity with double-entry bookkeeping. Mechanical drawing has been spoken of as a universal language common to all nations. Many educated men spend their time in the technical and commercial side of business without realizing in a complete sense the undertaking upon which they are engaged because of an utter blindness to the mysteries of book-keeping.

The selection of a career ought not to be made too early in life. A man ought to discover before he leaves the University what general line he is best fitted for. When the time comes to select his life-work he ought

to quietly and coolly analyse his own temperament and find from this process his leading qualifications. His deliberate estimate of himself should prove his best guide. It would seem, therefore, that there need be little variation in the training except possibly some pronounced emphasis upon this or that element.

Not only is it unwise to settle the question of one's life-work at too early an age, but I do not believe that parents ought to pick out a career for their sons. After listening to the advice that is generously offered, a man ought to do it himself. Broadly speaking, intimate contact with older people is a hindrance to the young. The respect for parents moves through what might be termed a partial cycle. A father is the absolute authority in early youth. A child will look with open eyes upon anyone who questions the wisdom of its father. From this peak the curve declines rather rapidly and then rises again later in life. After we have left the University ten or fifteen years behind us we recover something of the childish regard for parents, but it is only when we are well advanced in life that we look upon the memory of a dead father and talk of him as a wonderful being. While a man is at the University and thinking over his career, his regard for his parents' opinion is probably at the lowest point in the curve. Therefore, no sort of control is admissible, and a wise parent will give out only guarded hints. Even hints have their dangers because the son who yields to them usually does so in weakness. To pre-arrange a young man's career is not fair to him.

Nature is weaning us and warning us to prepare for the work not of our fathers' generation, but of our own.

It is not sufficient to turn out a man who will carry on his father's career and do him justice. In addition to what this implies, each one should feel his individual position as a member of a generation that is new and that is living under altered conditions. Whatever responsibilities are involved in this fact he should be willing to accept, and nothing less than a rugged manhood will cause him to realize that, in addition to his good character, he should be a productive member of society, not slack in his performances.

To men so prepared I point out one of the many doors of active and successful life, and invite those whose temperament leads them in this direction to give it careful consideration.

The door does not lead to a field of assured success, but as a rule it has rich rewards both for men with and without capital, varying according to the power and fitness of the individual. It does not present a satisfactory opening for those who have no capacity to work with other men,

nor for those who do not enjoy dealing with life in all its forms. It carries with it an infinite variety of occupation, a chance to pursue and develop scientific thoughts.

Life in the industrial field requires careful preparation, and a training which demands no less labor than that devoted to the study of the professions of law, medicine, and teaching.

The educated man who goes in for affairs must be determined to become in time a master of the field. Premature ambition is, of course, dangerous. Graduates from the School of Mines may become dreadfully discouraged, because when they get into the field they are not in a few months appointed to the position of superintendent or chief executive. There seems to be a settled conviction, especially on the part of mothers, that their sons ought to be managers within a year, whereas in reality they need for their own success a practical and rather cruel share of hard work. While it may seem a waste of time to spend two to four years in drudgery and labor without reward, I can testify that those who have gone through a distinct apprenticeship have never regretted it.

Doctor Eliot, the late President of Harvard University, once said in effect that the enduring satisfaction of life was serviceableness. This is a good measure by which to gauge any occupation.

In choosing business, do we intend to be serviceable or simply to make money? The late Governor Russell of Massachusetts, a classmate of mine, once used this expression: "We are not here to make a living but to make a life." This has passed through my mind many times when I have listened to young men laying emphasis upon their desire to "live their own lives." It is possible they do not see any selfish or uncomfortable implication in this standard. Speaking from my business experience, I am almost inclined to the opinion that anything that is done in a selfish way eventually leads to an entire lack of independence and force. If, on the contrary, leading one's own life implies living independently, firmly, and in a self-respecting manner, I believe nothing inconsistent with this standard will follow the selection of a business career.

I have not as a rule found that the men who interest me are absorbed in the idea of making money for themselves. The remuneration is simply a useful detail. Their minds run in rather an undefined way toward playing the game successfully. As they get older most of them take their chief pleasure in reciting, I sometimes fear, in an exaggerated way, the details of the contest. Through it all one realizes that President Eliot's standard is the real one, and that the useful things they have done constitute their measure of success.

Of course, in this field as in others we constantly meet with weak men, often bullies, shirking serious responsibilities, studying the thought of somebody else, and performing their work in the way they think some other man would have done it. The position of a leaner is deplorable. No one will thoroughly enjoy himself who does not plunge into his work and deal with its problems with his own, and not another's tools.

Men cannot develop without opportunity. Neither can they make use of an opportunity unless it is within their capacities. It is sheer foolishness for small men to try to fill shoes that are designed for larger feet. I say this after having cause to repent the undue advancement of men to positions that they could not master.

I can only indicate briefly some of the opportunities for a wholesome life in the field under review:

An intimate touch with the life of plain people.

Contact with the grind and sweat of labor.

A study of the skilful and of the dull worker.

A frank understanding of the problems faced by a workman's family on an inadequate income.

Lending a hand in creating work for labor that otherwise will slip away and become unfit for any employment.

An opportunity by a cheerful life to lessen that monotony which is the bane of work.

A life of effort and of some strife, developing an ability to take many blows and at times to give a few in return that are hard and effective.

Playing continuously a vigorous game.

The contact with good minds engaged in similar work and with men of thorough technical ability.

The joy of teaching and of fostering ambitions.

Above all, teaching is ever a present duty bringing its own rewards.

We shall need to break loose from our bearings and prepare to move out in the main stream of life. We shall there find a current that will probably carry us far from our beginnings, and possibly from our early ideals. There is an inspiration in leading a life in daily contact with the needs of our own generation which is not inconsistent with buoyant spirits, and the early ideal may well give way to a sense that we are needed and useful. Our end may be in surroundings very different from what we planned, but the life will be far better than that other which, being unwilling to take a strong and vigorous hold on the affairs of the day, seeks out the eddies of life where, in the midst of small troubles, and possibly with ease and a sense of peace, the end may be very near the starting point.

If serviceableness is to be a standard, we shall find it with the other workers in the middle of the stream rather than alone among the eddies.

I want young men of assured wealth to interest themselves in business because their wealth gives them a larger stake in the life of the nation, and their presence in affairs is often the best way to repay their obligations to their country. In saying this I have no controversy with other work done from a like desire to serve. Neither have I any controversy with leisure which is devoted to the finer and more delicate things of life. There is no more dismal thing than a man of leisure *per se*. Nature manifestly designed us to be workmen, and there is no healthy life without labor.

Men of wealth have not always marked abilities. I know there is a place in business for the ordinary average man.

Modern business is so organized that there is an actual opportunity within a sound system for minor men to secure reasonable pay and become good members of society. There is a demand for a great variety of men because there is a great variety of work. It often happens that a man who amounted to but little at college turns out later to be extremely useful.

A man, who afterwards worked effectively with me, and obtained a high position, was complained about at college, and his parents were advised that he was not getting the benefit of the institution. In reply to his mother's letter on the subject he explained in a way familiar to all of you that college life had other interests and other advantages that were not recognized by the faculty under the term of work. He concluded this letter with the expression "And, after all, why should I work so long as father keeps his health?"

With a view to indicate the variety of men needed in a modern company, I offer the following sketch of the organization of a manufacturing corporation:

The board of directors with its chairman and other officers constitute the responsible control. A manager is selected to take general and personal command. He is expected to administer the business, report periodically to the board, and expect from them advice and assistance in keeping touch with the market and in determining the selling prices of the product.

The undertaking is then divided under the following heads:

Finance.

Technical work, engineering, designing and drawing.

Production.

Commercial.

Accounting and auditing, including the secretary's department.

Law: Advice and General, Patent, Commercial.

The commercial department is responsible for the management of agencies, sales, advertising and publicity.

The production problem includes a clerical system for orders, and is usually responsible for packing, shipping, and invoicing.

Secondary arrangements are made to deal with current and perfunctory correspondence and all minor problems.

The manager of such a business requires the gift of dealing with men of all kinds, a quickness in respect to details, a clear insight into the relative bearing of one branch of the business upon others, and a masterful and thorough acquaintance with the main details of the affair.

The staff perform a great variety of duties, and success depends very largely upon the confidence with which every branch may depend upon the others. As high a standard of ethics must prevail as in professional life. Work must be so exact that the organization will proceed like a train of gears. Probity may be taken for granted because the plan breaks down if weakness and irregularities are permitted, and they are promptly cured by a process of automatic elimination.

Modern business needs two things. It may get along with only one of them, but it is only safe when it has both. First a strong leader, and second a thorough system. In the old days the emphasis was laid wholly upon the leader. He chose his own methods and assistants, and sought out from his inner consciousness the best way to accomplish results. A man of this type seldom used the initiative of others, and was a little afraid to advance men who showed power. He and his weaker assistants exploited labor in a direct and vigorous style, and he is not free from responsibility for a large part of the labor problems which we have inherited. In his machine shop he drove and bullied his workmen, who were expected to get results without much help from men of analytical power. He did his work in the way most natural to himself.

The manager of to-day has access to better methods, and uses the accumulated experience of others. While he leads he realizes that his own strength is not as great as the united work of a well-organized force of mediocre men. Properly directed, they will be more effective than the well-intended but spasmodic effort of the old manager. He can no longer afford to be jealous of his subordinates, because he needs the best assistants he can get, and his main concern, after all, is teaching. Evidence of this is given by increasing recognition of the value of an apprentice system. Affairs are too large and go at too lively a pace to be run upon

individual orders to which slavish obedience is demanded. Every individual must be so trained that his initiative shall not be lost, and everyone in the force is expected to use his head as well as his hands.

In general every successful enterprise expects to give valuable services to the community. This is its main object.

It is a real satisfaction to have so arranged productive work that certain things which are useful, but which were very expensive and beyond the means of ordinary people, have been made economical and brought within the reach of a greater number, thus adding to their comfort.

There is always a desire to bring down the price, and therefore costs must be reduced. Cheapness is not reached by luck or chance. It only proceeds from analytical work of a very high order. It is in this department among others that opportunity presents itself both for the hard-headed man and the technical expert.

We must not overlook the fact also that business has its drawbacks. There is, after all, a sordid side to it, and there are failures, injustice, and arrogance. Still, unpleasant things happen always in life.

The enduring satisfactions in life arise from serviceableness. I begin to realize that of the men I trained or who began their business career with me some are doing much the same grade of work that they have always done. They have not the peculiar power necessary to go forward, but a few have gone far beyond me in their business careers. Their usefulness and success justify whatever hardship and waste of energy I bestowed upon the training of the whole lot.

Many educated men have failed to succeed, not because they knew too much, but because they have allowed themselves to be weakened by constantly recollecting the failures that are recorded in history. If we are to succeed we may take warning by these failures, but we must constantly remind ourselves that they happened under conditions that are dead and may no longer apply to our own world. They need not take the courage out of us even though they demand of us a much keener and more exhaustive study of the problems in hand.

It is a wholesome thing for the manager of a corporation to realize that he is just as much an employe and just as much working for his daily wages as is a tool maker or a lathe hand. Personally, I have always regarded myself as standing somewhere in an intermediate position between the company's attorney and its blacksmith. Hard work is demanded, and also the same sort of loyalty that one expects to get when he retains a solicitor.

THE TENETS that I support are as follows:

1st. The modern corporation stands for a method of conducting enterprises upon so large a scale and in such a scientific manner that it demands the aid of educated and well-bred men. It needs these men in the actual work of the enterprise rather than in the seats of the mighty on the board.

2nd. The education for a business career does not differ from that required by a professional man, except possibly that special emphasis may safely be laid upon certain subjects.

3rd. The later preparation for business is to be taken up as seriously and studied with the same amount of care as is required by those who follow the professions of law, medicine, teaching, or journalism. In all cases it requires time and a good share of common, dreary labor.

4th. Business life for a thoroughly trained man should prove perfectly sound and wholesome. The career itself will be honorable and satisfactory, and, above all, in a large degree serviceable.

5th. The financial rewards vary with power and circumstances. For one without capital they are probably as great as in professional work. For one with capital they are greater.

F. H. T., '76.

FIRE

How the thin cold flame of the intellect leaps
When the fires of the heart are low!
How it burns itself out
With imperative doubt,
Of the things it can never know!

But apply love's torch in the shrine of the heart,
Let the wine of good-fellowship run,
And the thought-fire sleeps
In its cold still deeps,
Like a candle eclipsed by the sun.

E. Z. B., '16.

A LAUGH OR A LIFETIME



IN the bygone days, in an age of tourneys and of splintering lances, in an age when cabarets and open plumbing were as things unknown, he in whose blood there was a craving for Romance and Adventure would buckle on his good blade, mount his impatient steed and sally forth in search of dragons and of damsels in distress.

Had you compared Alfred Tims to such an one he would have said, "Aw, say, come off," and have distrusted you thereafter as one who sought amusement at his expense. Yet such he was. When not actively engaged in the vast "Gents' Furnishing" department of one of our great metropolitan stores it was his pleasure to picture himself the principal figure of some scene of splendor or of valor. At such times he was no longer Alfred Tims, but was Reginald Van Plumpstead Travers, or Beekman Aylertyne, and figured not in a society having its nucleus on 23rd Street West, but rather in one that takes motors, yachts, and week-ends as matters of course. He pictured himself upon his full blooded Arabian (it was coal black, and named Araminta) dashing at break-neck speed down the drive and stopping the terrified horses that seemed to be intent upon dragging the beautiful Muriel Huntington and her multi-millionaire parent to destruction. He saw himself as Guerdon Scragg, the relentlessly cool detective, enter single-handed into the den of counterfeiters, and then he would leap forward and observe with enthusiasm: "Yes, sir; the very latest from London. Oh no, sir; not loud, a bit daring perhaps; but you could carry it off. Our very best dressers are taking them up; why, I sold one only yesterday to Willie Wastorgilt."

He was not a bad looking boy; blond, slender, and of a cast of countenance that the magazine writers catalogue as "open." Being in the Gents' Furnishings he was able to receive from the scanty residue of his weekly fourteen dollars, "the very latest from London," and his suitings if not of a surpassing quality were at least of that cut that is so highly recommended in Messrs. Mendenhall and Berg's brochure on "Hints for the Natty Dresser," section headed, "Business, or Informal Morning."

He often told himself that with a little money, a few hundreds perhaps, he would be able to place himself in a much better sphere. He could throw up his job in the Gents' Furnishings and would be able to afford to wait until something better should turn up. He would make good. He would prosper, and who knows, in comparatively few years other clerks in other shops would look with envy at his picture in the illustrated papers.

These were, however, but dreams, so that it came with a trebly pleasing shock to find that a long neglected cousin of his mother had conveniently died, leaving him the magnificent sum of three hundred dollars. This was splendor. Miss Hagan of the Notions looked upon him kindly and Ted Bosheim confided the name of a "sure thing" that was certain to finish first at Sheepshead on the following Saturday. It seemed that his true worth had never before been realized; and Mrs. Brodey, in whose establishment he occupied the fourth floor back, threw out suggestions as to the desirability of the third floor front at a rental that was sacrificial.

But to Alfred Tims such bait was but mere nothings. His chance had arrived and he gloried in it. Not for him the red plush splendors of Mrs. Brodey's third floor nor the seductive assurance of a certain killing—no, his was to be a greater field, to which he should achieve from the ruins of his unworthy past. He did not at once hand in his resignation but rather decided to stay on till the end of the month. It would be said give him the chance to look around. In the meantime he would give himself a few of those little pleasures that he had so often pined for.

To this end he arrayed himself in his evening clothes one evening late in May and loitered along the Avenue in much the same manner as did that hero of his dreams. On every side were the tangible and visible signs of wealth and of beauty. A light rain of that afternoon left the Avenue and cross streets a tracery of reflected brilliance, and over Alfred Tims there spread that sense of the nearness of Romance and the reality of the unreal that is inspired by the greatest bazaar of the New World.

In front of the Waldorf he stopped. It should be here that he would dine before investing for the first time in a stall at some popular show. He entered, and as he did so he saw her. She sat, a ridiculously tiny person, in a large chair near one of the huge pillars. Her eyes were very beautiful (to this day Alfred Tims is uncertain as to their color) and could be seen from the shadows of the fashionable toque that surmounted her glorious bronze-red hair. Her dress was a tailor made—his professional eye assured him of its quality and costliness. In a word she was the acme of "chic" perfection.

Nor was Mr. Tims alone of this opinion. Other men observed her and admired, and, while the majority confined themselves to glances, one in particular passed and repassed and might have been the victim of a bad cold, were one to judge from the little coughs with which he seemed afflicted when in her vicinity. Tims was enraged, the more so as he noticed that the eyes that he so respectfully admired seemed rather frightened and wandered from face to face in what he believed to be appeal.

For some little time he stood irresolute, then a sudden dauntless gallantry overcoming his bashful hesitancy he crossed to where she sat. Could he be of service? She glanced up startled, looked at him and was somewhat reassured. It was very kind of him she said, she really was in rather a scrape, but a stranger—

He stopped her with a gesture before asking if there was any one he could notify, any one he could call up for her, or should he summon a taxi. He felt that this was indeed, as it should be. Once more she looked into his face, only to receive a respectful smile. She decided to confide in him. She was on her way home; it seemed, from Miss Hunt's school at Ferry-Town-on-Hudson and was to have met one of the girls with her father, for dinner. She must have missed them, and now to make matters worse her purse was gone and with it her ticket.

Alfred Tims became the master of the situation.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and when did her train leave. She was bound for Augusta she replied, and she knew that the first section of her train must have gone already as it was now five minutes past time.

Her heavy bag he gave to a porter and together they sought time tables at the desk. Yes, her train had gone, but a second section left the 33rd Street station at 12.32 and would make good time. Without consulting her he stepped into a booth and secured for her a drawing room upon the special. It was then but seven and a whole evening was before them both. Could she—would she, he stammered in his embarrassment, put him further in her obligation by consenting to dine with him and perhaps go on to a theatre. She hesitated a moment but seemed little loath.

"But I am not dressed," she said, "I could not go in these things." The implied disapproval of her costume served only to impress him the more, and he hurried to assure her that the clothes made no difference.

"They do, though," she said, and then "Get me my bag." Alfred Tims found the luggage safely checked and brought it to her. With it she disappeared into a dressing room. When she reappeared it was as a splendid vision of cream and silver. In her hair was the single gardenia that had adorned her belt.

Together they joined the leisurely crowd that thronged easily toward the café, and undaunted by a very apotheosis of head waiters, Alfred Tims secured a table next to a window that looked out upon the Avenue.

It was a wonderful dinner—a poem, a symphony. Course followed course, for he ordered recklessly and throughout it all she sat within an arm's length of him, a being of mystic beauty bathed in the mellow light of the shaded candles. He ordered wine, not because he wanted it (and

indeed the bubbles proved annoying at first) but because the occasion seemed to call for it. She took one glass and as she sipped she told him of her life at school and at home—of the French master who lisped, and of the German master who was a beast generally. She told him of dances and of lawn parties and of a myriad of the little things that were the commonplaces of her world and that were as far removed from his as were the stars. And above all she talked as to one of her own caste and he was happy.

Dinner completed, he called for the cheque and presented their waiter with a tip that surprised even that hardened sinner. A taxi was called and he placed her in it with her bag, before he rushed back to the desk to secure seats for the play. The stalls were sold out, and in a perfect whirl of delight he purchased chairs in a stage box.

The ride to the theatre was unforgettable. The dazzling richness of Fifth Avenue and the blaze of light that is Broadway surrounded them and seemed the proper setting for this venture into a new realm. Their wraps checked, they settled themselves at last into their chairs and were lost in the delightful excitement of the play. It was indeed no very marvelous production—one of those pieces that are the cities' rage for the season and are then lost forever—but for both of them it was pervaded with an undefinable spirit of adventure.

During the intermission they joined the crowds in the promenade and chattered lightheartedly, and when the curtain fell at last upon the final scene, it was to Alfred Tims as if, in falling, it had shrouded something of himself that was vital.

Throughout the ride to the station they were very still. A constraint had come to both of them, half ritual on his part and, to her, partly protective. It is here perhaps that the Alfred Tims of reality fell short of his chimerical counterpart. Had he in verity been the figure of his dreams he would have broken the silence with a very flood of eloquence, have begged the flower from her hair, a ribbon or a glove, and perhaps—who knows, his arm might have encircled her for a moment as they kissed. But the Alfred Tims of real life was silent, as above all he realized that for the hour he was at last a gentleman and that she recognized him as her equal. He could do nothing that would lower him in her eyes.

Arrived at the terminal he threw her bag to a waiting porter and helped her to alight. The languid clerk gave him her tickets and required in return a sum that left a gaping wound in the boy's purse. They followed the porter to her car and their last few moments were very formal. He begged that she would take enough change to pay her smaller expenses on the road and after much persuasion she consented.

He must, however, let her have his card with his address, that her father might thank and reimburse him. He felt his cards, of which he had once been rather proud—they bore his employee's name in letters rather longer than his own—burn in his pocket. He could not give her one of these, for then she would know, and perhaps laugh. No, she must never guess the truth. One of these names to which he was wont to answer in his dreams came to his mind and he wrote it for her with an address upon East 59th Street.

The train drew from the station and she was gone. In a dream he made his way to the street and summoned a hansom. He gave his address and noted the cabby's surprise.

The street was very quiet as he stood upon the top steps of the house that he called home and for a minute he remained with head thrown back. In that brief time he saw himself, as he was, and the hopelessness of the life that lay before him. He saw himself a dreamer, weak, ineffectual, and he realized the vista of weary years that in the end would leave him where he had begun, and yet he did not rebel. For one night had not the little gods taken him to themselves and let him live his dreams; and how many of us can say as much? A distant clock struck the half hour and as it was echoed and re-echoed across the quiet city he reluctantly inserted the key in the lock. Inside the hall was very black as, striking a match, he carefully closed and locked the door.

FINIS.

THE HAND THAT MOVED

WE were gathered round the great open fire, six of us, each in his favorite chair and each smoking his favorite briar. Everything conspired to a contented frame of mind. Luxuriously weary after a successful hunting day, we now sat in the warmth and comfort behind the sturdy walls of our cabin while the wind wasted its spite on the thick logs and furnished a draft for our crackling fire of pine knots.

The conversation, which quite naturally had been upon the adventures of the day, was suddenly broken by one of those inexplicable pauses, when everyone is involved in his particular line of thought and is quite oblivious to the existence of his fellows. With a start, we were brought back to this knowledge by the slow drawling sound of Jack Muir's voice which crashed into our sleeping consciousness like the crack of a revolver.

"Fellows, do you believe in the supernatural?"

It is a quick jump from very real experiences to the ever mysterious elusive, and though the question was met with a laugh and several flippant replies, there was, nevertheless, in each bosom a quick throb of uneasiness, which was rendered more acute by the unchanging seriousness of Jack's expression. We instinctively felt that the question had been prompted by no mere transient thought, and so we sat in expectant silence for the words we knew would follow.

"The supernatural," Jack repeated; and, after a slight pause, "you know that the day before yesterday I followed up the little creek which runs into the bottom about a mile above the eel-pot. The cover is thick there and apparently untouched, and I was having good luck with the grouse. In my interest I followed much further than I had intended and was suddenly brought to a realization of my whereabouts by finding myself face to face with an old and very dilapidated shack. Although the day, as you remember, was bright and sunny, there was about the aspect of this relic something so desolately dreary that an involuntary shiver ran down my back and I would have turned quickly away had not the glint of some bright object shining through the half-rotten and crumbling floor attracted my attention. Thrusting my arm through the hole, I groped around, and, feeling an object, drew it forth into the light. Imagine my horror on finding that I held a shriveled and dried up hand severed cleanly at the wrist and nearly black in color. On the third finger was a ring in which was set a huge opal, it being this which had attracted my attention. But what amazed me more than anything else was the fact that clutched tightly in its grasp was a rose long dead but still intact."

He paused while we leaned forward breathlessly awaiting his next words.

"It was growing late, so, thrusting the grisly object into the pocket of my hunting jacket, I retraced my steps to the bottom. When I arrived here you were eating, so, hastily throwing off my things, I washed up and joined you, forgetting my find in anticipation of a good supper, and not recalling it until I had gone up to bed. Then, however, I took it from my coat to examine it more carefully. The ring was easily removed from the shrunken finger and—well, you may look at it for yourselves," and he threw on the table a ring of heavy gold with a magnificent opal in its setting which flashed and scintillated in the glow of the flames.

"The rose," he continued, "was not so easily removed, for the fingers were closed on it in a stiff vise-like grip, and only after considerable effort did I at length pull it from the grasp. The gruesomeness of the thing got hold of me then; so, throwing the rose into a corner and placing the hand on the table, I went to bed. Sleep came with difficulty and many times after I had at length dozed off I awoke with the vision of that hand before me. Once I heard a dull thud as if something had dropped and again I was disturbed by a strange scratching noise which I took to be mice.

"I awoke early and had almost finished dressing before I remembered the hand. I turned toward the table—it was not there. Thinking it may have dropped to the floor, I looked, but nowhere could I find a trace. Suddenly remembering the rose, I glanced over to where I had thrown it. The sight I saw filled me with an indefinable horror—for there, clutching the rose tightly in stiff fingers, lay the hand."

He stopped and, strange as it may seem, not one of us had a doubt of the truth of his words. That tense expression was caused by no imaginary thing; it had really happened.

"Last night," he went on, "I tried it again; only this time I locked the hand in the closet and placed the rose under my pillow. I was aroused by the cracking of the closet lock and, although not fully awake, I was aware of the same scratching noise I had heard the night before. Closer and closer it came and I felt it at my bedside and at my pillow. With a scream, which brought you all running, I jumped from my bed, but partly for fear that you would laugh and partly because I was not sure, I told you it was a nightmare. When you had gone I grabbed up my pillow." He paused—would he never go on! "It was there, the hand, tightly clutching the faded flower.

"I slept no more that night," and he spoke as if it had been years

before. "Yes," he continued, in answer to the unspoken question in our eyes, "I have it here," and he threw it on the table beside the ring. With a quick intake of breath we leaned forward and gazed at the weird paw.

"Fellows," he proceeded, suddenly, as if having come to a decision, "such a thing is not healthy and the sooner the thing's over the better. We'll try an experiment."

He took up the hand and pulling the flower from its grasp with some difficulty, threw it quickly into the fire. The hand he replaced on the table. Breathlessly we leaned forward, all our eyes focused upon it. The minutes passed and the strain became intolerable. I thought I should have to cry out when suddenly there was a quick gasp from the circle. The fingers of that dead and withered thing were moving. Slowly it pulled itself to the table's edge and dropped with a thud to the floor. Swiftly it moved toward the fire; nearer and nearer, till at length, with a final jump, it disappeared in the flames.

For a moment there was silence; six white, drawn faces strained toward the spot where the hand had disappeared. There was a gasp; Doyle had fainted.

When people doubt the story, Jack shows the ring.

R. H., '13.

TO MY VALENTINE

Thy very name of beauty tells
Of placid fields and sun-flecked dells,
Of the white sails by azure met
Of lily sweet, and violet.

More lovely thou than violet rare,
And the sunbeam's kiss upon thy hair,
Long lingers like the shimmering light
On the long wave on starlit night.

And where, O Love, is the violet's heart
To pierce with not ungentle dart?
Thou hast two hearts, and one is mine.
Wilt thou be my Valentine?

1913.

EXCHANGES

THE world will be spared the bleak and wintry peroration with which we had intended to start our February column. The wind did not "wail dolefully in the dark firs without." The sleet was not "whirled against the panes with a sound like the rattle of musketry." In fact it might be said that nothing was farther from the day's mind than sleet, and if we were writing a story we should probably remark that the breeze soughed. At any rate the weather was so very lacking in mid-winter attributes that it was with a distinct sense of coincidence that we opened the wrapper of a long, gray magazine, marked *October*. It was the *College Folio* of the College of Liberal Arts in Manila, and it had just come in from half way 'round the world. It is something of an experience to hear the voice of this, our farthest-separated brother, and on the whole we liked the voice and what it had to say. There were verses, plenty of them, and some fine long essays and three stories, not to mention Editorial and exchange departments. All the stories contained more or less local color. "A Woman's Heart" lost a little of its tragedy from the fact that the husband and father was too villainous to be human. "The Lost Way" describes a night of wandering in the rain-drenched rice swamps and leaves us with a really vivid picture in our mind. In almost all this writing there appear occasional lapses that make one think of a sublimated *Hashimura Togo*. Here is a quaint bit from "The Legend of Mount Arayat:"

"In the afternoon she pounded rice. But while she was at this work three beautiful ladies suddenly appeared before her. She was surprised to see such pretty maidens in the flower of their youth, especially when they asked her for her friendship; for never before had she seen such beautiful creatures nor had she ever dreamt that such royal and fairy-like princesses would demand the friendship of the daughter of so poor a family like hers. Catalina then said to them hesitatingly, 'If it pleases your Majesty, tell me who you are and from what country you came?'"

The editorial on "Critics" was well-worded and expressed live thought on the subject. As examples of style the editor printed two varying opinions of American authority which will, we think, prove most interesting to American readers. There is no denying the music of Filipino verse. One criticism, however, we should like to make. Neither "My Rustic Days," nor "The Rural Maid" expressed a single line of the wonderful island background that would have been so effective. "Jovial Dawns," "April Showers," "Fragrant Flowers," and "Verdant Fields" are scattered in profusion but the landscape effect is, at the last, a kind of

stilted English garden. This plea for real backgrounds applies to magazines nearer home as well as to the *Folio*.

Returning by way of the Golden Gate let us look at the *Stanford Sequoia* a moment. One story is here pre-eminent. It is called "Impressions," and is the simple chronicle of the things a little girl remembers about her first glimpse of the great tragedy. "The Echo of Justice" fairly reeks with atmosphere but makes the mistake of giving justice a very well-worn echo indeed. Having escaped the pursuing posse and chuckled sufficiently over his serpent-like wisdom, Relentless Rudolph starts to climb up a cliff and drops his gun. "As the hammer of the falling weapon struck a rock, there came a blinding flash and a leaden pellet pierced the heart of the outlaw." Now the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* told a much better one. It seems that a jealous young lover, chancing to see his rival in the back yard let drive with a Colt's 45 and missing the mark turned his weapon and shot himself. The crafty bullet, however, passing close beneath the ear of the rival lodged itself in a tree. Twenty-five years later, said rival, having married the woman in the case (and no doubt taken to drink and wife-beating) decided to cut down that very tree. Being unable to split it with wedges he inserted a stick of dynamite. The echo of justice was plainly audible that time, for the bullet, a quarter of a century late, pierced the heart of its long-intended victim. "Frawgs is daid, Trampas, an' so are you."

There is a story in the *Amherst* called "*Tschego*." It is really a powerful idea and we are sorry that we cannot give it unqualified praise. It seems to us, however, that the author missed a chance at a tremendously dramatic ending. He might have brought the old scientist face to face with the tragedy of having to kill his wonderful ape in order to save his daughter. Nevertheless there is strength in the present conclusion and we grant that the story as a whole is good. There is a poem in the same magazine which describes "The Eaglet." We are not aware of the exact time at which eaglets become eagles, but it seems to us that if one was able to "glide o'er the endless roads of air" (It is "thou glideth" in the original, by the way) and "rejoice in the power of his wing," he would have reached his majority or would at least sign his name without the "t."

There was nothing exceptionally good in that part of the month's poetry that we read, although "Dreams" in the *Virginia* has a good bit of quiet strength about it. Let that be our reprint. And so—Farewell.

DREAMS

A quaint old room that half in shadow lies,
A wide stone hearth whereon the fire dies,
Two silent watchers hand in hand who dream,
Life's haunting mystery upon their eyes.

The glowing embers fade upon the hearth,
Without the coming night enshrouds the earth,
But for the twain there is no day nor night,
Nor time, nor space, nor life, nor death, nor birth.

Each is with each, and each forevermore
Would make no change, nor wish their watching o'er;
Only the fire that dies upon the hearth
Dare shift the flickering shadows on the floor.

LAMENT TO A SPARROW

Translated from Catullus III.

Oh Venus, Cupids now be stirred
By grief, and men who tender are,
My maiden's sparrow, little bird,
Has lost his life and flown afar,
The starling of my maid, my love.
Much more she loved him than her eyes,
For he was honey-sweet, he knew
Her better than a girl the ties
That ever to a mother drew.
Nor did he from her bosom move
But hopping here and hopping there
He warbled to his mistress lone.
He now descends the dark road where
Return of mortal is unknown.
Oh death, a curse upon you lie!
All lovely things apart you tear!
Oh luckless bird! Oh wicked thing!
You've ta'en my bird to me so dear!
By fault of yours for her you bring
Grief to her dainty tear-stained eye.

H. W. E., '14.

EDITORIAL

AS we complete our second volume of THE HAVERFORDIAN, we wish to take the opportunity of suggesting to the college and to any other college of moderate size, a plan which has been developing for the past three years, which is now to fail of fruition unless brought under definite organization.

Three years ago, four fellows in the present Senior Class, one of them on the hazing committee, being out of sympathy with the hazing unofficially carried on, decided it would be a good move for at least a few of the Freshmen to meet with this group for a social evening with music, refreshments and *opportunity for discussion*. The plan was carried out successfully.

The following two years a similar plan has been followed with representatives from all the classes and a larger delegation of Freshmen chosen in a somewhat haphazard way. These meetings have been, in our opinion, sufficiently successful to warrant the perpetuation of the institution in a stable and more universal way. So far as future Freshmen classes are concerned, these informal meetings will naturally come to an end when the self-appointed and limited welcoming committee graduates this June. What we need is a permanent body who will represent the three upper classes in introducing new men to Haverford and to one another. That body should not be large and the groups of Freshmen should be of the same size. Is there a group in College capable and willing to undertake this work—which in the pleasure it gives can scarcely be called work?

The nucleus of this body, we believe is in that committee which every year writes to the incoming class on behalf of the Y. M. C. A. We suggest the following plan: This committee shall be carefully chosen by the President of the Y. M. C. A., and the Committee Chairman and approved by the College President and shall include all the leaders of college activities who are interested in Y. M. C. A. work or who in the judgment of the above officials are peculiarly adapted to the work. This body composed of six Seniors and six Juniors shall in turn select three Sophomores of known integrity and ability and with the Y. M. C. A. President shall be the permanent social committee.

The present Y. M. C. A. "Reception for Freshmen" or rather College Feed, if continued at all shall not take place until at least five weeks after the beginning of the college year. Instead of this we propose that the aforesaid committee on four evenings in the first two weeks of college meet with a quarter of the Freshman Class for an evening of good fellowship as has been the purpose of the informal groups in the last three years.

It will, however, have several advantages over the other unofficial system. It will be possible to meet *every* Freshman and the groups will be small enough to afford opportunity for any new man to get whatever information he desires from those best prepared to give it. Since most of the committee will have written letters to the newcomers, there will be a mutual bond of fellowship that will grow stronger as the evening and as the year advances. The intimacy and the friendship that result will unite the college as nothing else will do.

The criticism is made that while the Y. M. C. A. is active in its social work outside the college, it fails to become a vital force among the fellows. What we need is to make the Y. M. C. A. a center of social life. It is not sufficient for a third of the college to go to the meetings merely to sing a couple of hymns and listen to one man talk. We want to get closer together in spirit; we want to have *social meetings* more often—and know one another better. Then our work will take on new aspects; we shall have mutual purposes perfectly understood.

It seems to us that the Y. M. C. A. has here the greatest opportunity in a generation, not merely to make itself a more vital force in the college but to make the college itself more powerful.

This year with the edict against hazing but slightly infringed, there have been practically no cases of freshness and the Freshman Class has voluntarily entered into college life with a feeling of responsibility that would have been unheard of four years ago. The absence of hazing has abolished its necessity. Under the new era, we believe that the Freshmen should understand this responsibility and have the opportunity of making inter-class friendships as early as possible. The plan of having the group receptions and frequent social meetings during the year will provide the occasion we shall endeavor to see that this plan is inaugurated. Its success depends upon the co-operation of the college body.

With this plan for that unity, the promotion of which we have made our main purpose of the last three years, and have mentioned perhaps too frequently in these pages, we bring our editorship to a close. We express to the retiring Editors of the Alumni and Exchange departments our appreciation of their earnest and ever-ready assistance, and to our readers, of their indulgence and timely suggestions.

Our best wishes go out to our successors for a prosperous year. We announce with pleasure the election of Douglas Waples, '14, as Editor-in-Chief, of Leonard Blockledge Lippman as Associate Editor, and of Albert Graham Garrigues, '16, as Assistant Manager.

We regret to announce the resignation of Loring Pickering Crosman

from the Assistant Managership. Mr. Crosman has served THE HAVERFORDIAN faithfully for the past year and would continue did he not feel that his work and activities next year would prevent his giving the magazine his conscientious attention.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

At a meeting of a special committee of the Alumni Association at the University Club on January 16th, it was voted to raise ten thousand dollars to improve the athletic equipment of the college.

The annual dinner of the Alumni Association, held in the Clover Room of the Bellevue-Stratford on January 26th, was a very striking occasion qualified to impress such undergraduates as attended with the great love of the Alumni for Haverford, its possibilities and ideals, and their sympathy with its efforts toward the realization of these. Unknown to President Sharpless the chief object of the affair was to congratulate him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his presidency. Appropriately for this the speakers were all well-known Haverfordians, and the atmosphere was most cordial, intimate, and friendly.

The dinner was beautifully served and enlivened by frequent songs and cheers. Parker S. Williams, '94, president of the Alumni Association, the toastmaster for the evening, led the subsequent proceedings with ease and finish. President Sharpless, ignorant of what was to follow, made the first speech. He told of the demands made on colleges by the schools below them and by the technical schools and the business world above. He explained how the college curriculum had been and must be adjusted to these demands—showing a broadminded appreciation that the value of his special field of activity, like that of every other, lay in its being an integral part of society.

The *Alumni Bulletin* will publish a full account of the proceedings, and they have been described in the *Weekly*, so it is only necessary to mention here the names of the speakers. Dr. Ernest Brown, now of Yale, but formerly so intimately connected with Haverford College, gave an address on college management. He was followed by W. Brinton, '81, and W. W. Justice, Jr., '90, who spoke reminiscently of college matters. The anniversary gift of the Alumni Association was now presented to President Sharpless, by W. D. Lewis, '88, with an appropriate appreciation of his worth as a scholar and as a man. It consisted of a complete library of Pennsylvania Colonial History, with book cases, a desk, and a chair for his study. A poem by W. S. Hinchman, '00, in honor of President

Sharpless was read by L. H. Wood, '96. State Senator D. J. Reinhardt, of Delaware, next gave a charming address, which, while it made the company roar with laughter, yet expressed perfectly the respectful emotion felt by all as he humorously described the traits for which President Sharpless is loved and admired. At the end of his speech he presented the President with a splendid set of fishing tackle—a gift of the Alumni as a mark of their particular personal esteem. The entire company then joined enthusiastically in a song, written by Elliot Field, '97, to the tune of Old Lang Syne, in honor of the President. Mr. Williams read letters of congratulation to President Sharpless from President-elect Woodrow Wilson, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, and Maxfield Parish, ex-'92. President Sharpless expressed his gratitude to the company with emotion that showed how deeply he felt their appreciation.

At the close of the evening the guests were presented with booklets containing copies of the letters of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt, and also poems written for the occasion by C. W. Stork, '02; E. W. Evans, '02, and W. S. Hinchman, '00.

Haverfordians took a leading part in discussion of the Deeper Life in Our Schools and Colleges held on January 26th, by the Friends' Educational Association at the Friends' Select School. The speakers were L. H. Wood, '96; G. L. Jones, '93; J. B. Garrett, '54; R. M. Jones, '85; Dr. Kelsey, of Haverford, and J. H. Scattergood, '96, who spoke on "Problems of College" as he had seen and known them at Haverford.

'60

J. Tyson, gave a "Wister Party" on January 26th, to which several Haverfordians were invited.

Ex-'67

J. T. Morris is spending the winter in Southern California.

'76

F. H. Taylor returned to London on January 22nd, after a six weeks' stay in America.

'81

L. T. Edwards & Co. have withdrawn from their capacity as agents for the Moon Car and are now developing the Ei-sen-kay Tires.

'87

At a tea meeting on January 24th at the Haverford meeting house, A. C. Garrett gave an illustrated lecture on Glimpses of Palestine. T. K. Brown, Jr., '06, gave an address at the same function.

'88

Dean W. D. Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, was a member of the sub-committee of the Republican State Convention which drew up two bills regulating child labor and the employment of women, to be presented at the coming session of the Legislature. He made an ad-

dress at the Bethesda Presbyterian Church, in the textile mill district, explaining the bills and asking that they should have a popular backing.

'92

Bliss Perry's *American Mind* is dedicated to W. M. Hart. Mr. Hart is assistant professor of English in the University of California.

'96

The Class of '96 held its annual reunion and dinner at the University Club on December 27th. The following were present: D. H. Adams, T. Y. Field, Jr., C. R. Hinchman, J. Q. Hunsicker, Jr., P. D. O. Maier, W. C. Sharpless, W. J. Webster and L. H. Wood.

M. Clauser is superintendent of the Manual Training Department of the Denver High School.

'97

E. M. Scull and A. M. Collins, '01, gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on their recent hunting trip in Africa, on January 13th, in Roberts Hall. The hall was practically full and the audience very enthusiastic.

'02

C. L. Seiler was active in the arrangement for the Frolics of the Oyheus Club in its annual entertainment, in January.

'04

S. C. Withers is first in the list of those who received licenses as assistant teachers of Mathematics in the Philadelphia Board Examinations in October.

'05

The meeting of the Class of '05 in Lloyd Hall, on December 14th, was a very enjoyable affair. Those present were: M. J. Babb, A. H. Hopkins, L. B. Seely, J. L. Scull, H. P. Thomas, J. H. Morris, E. F. Winslow, M. J. Smith, C. W. Fisher and F. W. Ohl.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen P. Hills, of Tarrytown, Connecticut, to H. H. Cookman.

B. Eshleman is assistant to the General Sales Manager of the Procter and Gamble Company, with headquarters in Cincinnati.

Dr. A. H. Hopkins was elected assistant secretary of the County Medical Society. Dr. Hopkins recently left for Charlestown, South Carolina, on some work for Dr. Stengle, head of the University of Pennsylvania Medical Department.

S. G. Spaeth has been appointed to the editorial staff of *Life*. He is contributing to it weekly and is writing all its musical criticisms.

'07

The annual reunion and dinner of the class of '07, was held at college on December 26th. The former class officers—President, H. Evans; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Windle; member of the Executive Committee, E. R. Tatnall, were re-elected. Those present were J. C. Birdsall, H. Evans, F. D. Godley, S. J. Gummere, A. E. Brown, M. H. March, J. P. Magill, W. H. Haines, W. R. Rossmaessler, H. H.

Shraker, E. C. Tannall, E. R. Tannall and W. W. Windle.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel B. Oler, of Williamsburg, Indiana, to G. H. Wood. Miss Oler is at present a senior at Earlham College. Mr. Wood is now living in Indianapolis. He is with the Waverly Company, a firm which manufactures and sells electric automobiles, in connection with the Commercial Truck Division of the Sales Department, having left, in October, the Shepard Electric Crane and Hoist Company, of Pittsburgh.

'09

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian W. Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dewees Wood, of Bryn Mawr, to W. S. Febiger. Mr. Febiger is in business in Boston, and lives at 50 Beacon Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Taussig, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to R. A. Spaeth.

The class of '00 held its annual reunion at college on December 20th. Seventeen of the class were present, and the occasion was very much enjoyed by all.

Ex-'09

J. J. Guenther has left the Pennsylvania Law School and is going into business.

'10

The engagement is announced of Miss Marguerite Faust, of Sixteenth and Spruce Streets, Philadel-

phia, to C. H. Haines.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy B. Guild, of Merchantville, to J. P. Phillips.

'11

D. S. Hinshaw is national Committeeman of the Progressive Party for Kansas, by proxy for W. W. Allen. He is canvassing the country to raise funds for the next campaign.

'12

S. K. Beebe is the Philadelphia agent for the Merkle Wiley Broom Company, of Paris, Illinois.

Marshburn is teaching Latin and English in Central College, Central City, Nebraska.

A list of those attending the banquet follows:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| P. S. Williams, '94 | '62 |
| <i>Chancellor</i> | G. B. Mellor |
| President Sharpless | G. Wood |
| F. Palmer, Jr. | '64 |
| D. C. Barrett | A. Garrett |
| A. E. Hancock | '65 |
| L. W. Reid | A. C. Thomas |
| J. H. Rittenhouse | '67 |
| R. R. Chamberlain | W. Wood |
| A. H. Wilson | J. T. Morris |
| E. W. Brown | T. J. Levick |
| A. S. Bolles | '69 |
| H. S. Pratt | H. Cope |
| J. A. Babbitt | '71 |
| W. W. Baker | W. H. Haines |
| R. W. Kelsey | R. Haines |
| L. B. Hall | '72 |
| '54 | R. T. Cadbury |
| I. Stokes | F. B. Gummere |
| '56 | W. M. Longstreth |
| S. J. Cadbury | '73 |
| E. R. Wood | J. C. Comfort |
| '58 | T. P. Cope |
| W. Mellor | '74 |
| W. S. Tyler | J. Emlin |
| '59 | M. White, Jr. |
| J. H. Smith | |
| '61 | |
| A. Mellor | |
| W. B. Broomall | |

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| '75 | '80 |
| N. N. Stokes | E. R. Longstreeta |
| '76 | J. M. Scere |
| J. W. Nicholson | H. P. Baily |
| '78 | W. P. Simpson |
| A. R. Baily | '52 |
| E. T. Comfort | J. W. Muir |
| R. B. Haines | L. R. Yarnall |
| '79 | H. S. Davis |
| J. E. Sheppard | E. S. Carey |
| J. B. Newkirk | W. E. Shipley |
| '80 | A. Hoopes |
| J. M. Whitall | W. N. West |
| A. P. Corbit | B. Cadbury |
| '81 | A. W. Blair |
| L. T. Edwards | W. H. Nicholson |
| W. H. Collins | '93 |
| J. H. Cook | C. J. Rhoads |
| E. Y. Hartshorne | C. B. Jacobs |
| A. S. Smith | G. L. Jones |
| W. Brinton | B. Lonsenig |
| J. C. Winston | C. G. Hoag |
| '82 | W. S. Haviland |
| T. C. Palmer | J. M. Okie |
| '84 | E. Woodman |
| F. A. White | '94 |
| A. P. Smith | J. T. Rorer |
| W. Moore | F. P. Ristine |
| G. Vaux | A. Ruselle |
| '85 | O. M. Chase |
| R. M. Jones | H. W. Scarborough |
| M. C. Morris | '95 |
| '86 | F. H. Brown |
| W. P. Morris | E. B. Hay |
| H. H. Scott | '96 |
| '87 | J. H. Scattergood |
| T. H. Strawbridge | L. H. Wood |
| H. W. Stokes | P. D. Maier |
| H. Lesley | D. H. Adams |
| A. B. Clement | M. J. Babb |
| W. C. Wood | '97 |
| H. H. Goddard | A. M. Collins |
| A. C. Garrett | C. H. Howson |
| J. D. Phipps | F. Field |
| '88 | E. G. Tatnall |
| H. S. England | F. M. Maxfield |
| H. V. Gummere | F. W. Thatcher |
| W. D. Lewis | B. R. Hoffman |
| J. W. Sharp | '98 |
| F. C. Hartshorne | A. J. Scattergood |
| F. Collins, Jr. | S. Rhoads |
| '89 | A. S. Harding |
| T. F. Branson | F. R. Strawbridge |
| J. S. Stokes | J. H. Haines |
| T. Evans | T. Wistar |
| '89 | W. C. Janey |
| A. N. Leeds | S. R. Morgan |
| A. H. Thomas | P. G. Swan |
| L. J. Morris | '99 |
| Dr. J. Reinhardt | R. Mellor |
| | E. H. Lycett |
| | J. P. Morris |



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| '00 | H. Evans |
| H. S. Drinker | J. W. Nicholson |
| J. T. Emlen | P. W. Brown |
| W. W. Allen | A. B. Morton |
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| F. S. Howson | R. A. Ricks |
| J. E. Lloyd | '08 |
| J. K. Moothouse | T. R. Hill |
| W. W. Justice | J. J. Guenther |
| C. J. Allen | G. W. Emlen |
| H. J. Leveck | C. G. Brown |
| '01 | H. Burt |
| W. Mellor | M. A. Linton |
| G. B. Mellon, Jr. | O. C. Collings |
| A. L. Howson | '09 |
| E. M. Seidl | F. A. Myers, Jr. |
| W. E. Cadbury | W. C. Sault |
| J. H. Webster | T. K. Sharpless |
| J. W. Cadbury | J. W. Pennypacker |
| '02 | '10 |
| C. W. Stark | C. E. Clark |
| R. M. Gummere | E. N. Edwards |
| E. W. Evans | W. Palmer |
| E. E. Trout | H. A. Furness |
| A. C. Wood | S. Mason, Jr. |
| A. H. Spiers | E. S. Cadbury |
| W. C. Longstreth | A. S. Roberts |
| D. B. Boyer | '11 |
| '03 | A. S. Young |
| C. V. Hodgson | J. H. Price |
| J. K. DeArmond | H. G. Taylor |
| C. R. Coraman | '12 |
| H. J. Cadbury | S. K. Beabe |
| J. B. Drinker | H. Froelicher |
| '04 | J. M. Carpenter |
| D. L. Burgess | I. C. Poley |
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| '05 | A. L. Bailly, Jr. |
| G. Priestman | S. S. Morris |
| S. G. Spaeth | E. Wallerstein |
| J. L. Seidl | J. B. Hirsch |
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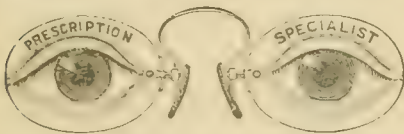
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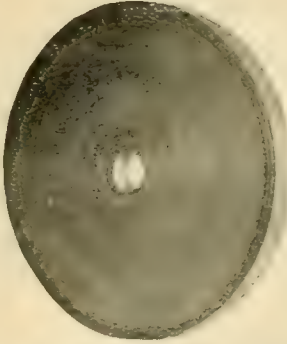
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T H E
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Volume 35

Haverford College

1914

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Three Days of Stiftungsfest

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS WITH OUTCROPPINGS OF FICTION.

I.

"Einladungen."

MOREY and I had communed secretly and decided that it was bad enough in itself to get up at half-past five on wet mornings to play tennis on a distant mountain top with a zealous German student. Still, Müller, in securing one of Göttingen's three tennis courts once a week for us, even if it was at the crack of dawn, did us a real favor. But ah, Müller, looming up through the drizzling fog with a tennis racket, two invitations to the Stiftungsfest of the _____ Verein, "zu Göttingen," and a wide-spreading, triumphant grin—what terror you struck to our hearts! The long dreamed of Stiftungsfest but a week off—and the invitation at last. Surely it was too sacred a festival for rank outsiders to attend! We had hoped against hope, time sped on, our spirits rose—and here the dread summons, inexorable, inevitable. To do us both justice, we received them with fair grace. We even assumed heightening degrees of polite pleasure, curiosity and ultimate open joyousness as the envelopes were opened and the contents brought to light.

"Wunderschön!" ejaculated Morey, in his most pleasing manner.

"Wie schön!" I echoed, to the best of my ability. Müller beamed. We linked arms affectionately and proceeded on our way—tennis rackets, invitations, rain, unutterable gloom and all. Conversation sickened and died a lingering death. The mountain seemed steeper than usual. Müller was in high spirits in the presence of his weekly hour of tennis, and set a brisk pace. On we went, through the wet, deserted streets, and up the steep mountain road. For Morey and me every flat-footed, tennis-shod step spelt Stiftungsfest. We pictured it vividly in our imaginations—a nightmare of "Kneipes," "Frühschoppens" and riotous celebrations without end, with the substance of its horrors beer, beer, beer. There would be embarrassing ceremonies, speeches for "Herr Doktor Jackson" (the kind American gentleman who had introduced us to all these good people), speeches asserting the amicable relations between "Deutschland und Amerika," and, what was worst and most ignominious, the complete revelation to these wondering Germans of the utter inferiority of two,

at least, of the sons of America to the sons of Deutschland in point of beer capacity. This was at the bottom of our unrest; this was what rankled deepest; this had called forth gaping incredulity and unlicensed merriment at the previous Kneipes. How was it to stand a three days' test in the eyes of strangers assembled, it seemed, solely for our discomfiture? I could not see how, and the fires of rebellion began to smoulder within. I stopped short.

"Müller," I said, as well as I might, "you know how much we appreciate this great honor, but the drinking of beer is a diversion at which certain Americans distinguished themselves less willingly than certain Germans. Tell me, is it necessary that we attend every single one of the events scheduled on this program? Can't we just come to the most important ones? Certain of these affairs should be distinctly private; we feel that we should be intruding if we bob up infallibly for every one of them; we ———"

"Doch nein," assured Müller, unmoved. "You must come to all. You are guests of special honor, representing 'alter Herr Doktor Jackson.' We expect you for everything."

I eyed him suspiciously. I fancied I caught a note of suppressed glee in his voice.

"Müller," I said, quite desperate; "perhaps it would be better if we don't come to any. We had better regret the whole invitation."

But this failed in its appeal to Müller's sense of justice; it would not do at all. We were to come, and come to everything—that settled it.

Morey and I exchanged glances full of sympathy. There seemed to be nothing more to be said on the subject, so we completed the Alpine ascent in silence and draw up at "Rhoms" in a driving rain. We breakfasted—Müller on beer, and we, defiant, on coffee and rolls. While Müller impassively pronounced judgment on all the old newspapers within reach, Morey and I stared out of the window at the mist that hung over Göttingen and rolled away on either side through the broad valley. Presently we derived no small comfort by trimming Müller, in the rain, on the top of the mountain.

II.

We Prepare for the Worst.

The next scene of this little comedy might properly be laid at Schillerstrasse, acht—two rooms with a door, closed, between them, and a youth in each, marching and countermarching with blanched face and

puckered brow, muttering something ceaselessly over and over again, and every now and then stopping to consult notes on mutilated paper. Behold Morey and me in the act of learning German speeches "for Herr Doktor Jackson." It was the afternoon before the first ceremony, the "Grüssungsabend," whatever *that* might prove to be. We were reading at our ease after lunch when Morey suddenly rose from his chair in bewildered horror and said with enforced calmness, "Do you realize, young man, that we will have to pull off speeches *in German*?"

This was a poser, but I affected indifference. Perhaps he might be intimidated.

"Nonsense, Morey," I returned, unemotionally; "these Germans are too polite. With the exception of the speech you made at the first Kneipe, we haven't done anything to excite their malice. They really *pity* us. There isn't a chance for a speech."

Nevertheless, I recalled with a shock the ring of triumph in Müller's voice. Morey saw my doubt and pressed his point home with confidence and amazing eloquence. I did my best to remain obdurate.

"All right," he concluded, with a sympathetic grin. "I'll learn a speech; you needn't. After they've heard mine, they'll thirst for more. It'll be up to you."

Morey's ultimatum proved irresistible; hence, the double scene pictured above. Hark to Morey in his frantic efforts to make a negro dialect story translate into intelligible German. It was a ridiculous story anyhow—something about an old darkey's appreciation of the honor of being asked to change five dollars. I solemnly warned Morey that it wouldn't do. A German, I explained, doesn't associate poverty with a negro. None the less, Morey persisted; it made such a fine introduction, he said. He went on for several pages, whereas I was all for the short and pointed. Hear me then as I start out boldly: "Es ist ein ehrenlos (consternation! 'ehrentvoll,' of course) Aufgabe für mich, für Herr Doktor Jackson zu sprechen." I then proceeded to announce that it would give me quite unexpressible pleasure to propose a toast to the "*vierhundert* jähriges Stiftungsfest des Vereins." Upon this last gallant compliment I pinned all hope; but since my faith in the German sense of humor was even then tottering, I felt no little concern for the outcome. My head began to get sadly addled in a chaos of resounding German words, so I dashed off to the "Schwimmbad" for refreshment, leaving Morey to wander distractedly up and down the room and mutter over and over again the mysterious "Nein, Herr, *ich* kann nicht fünf Thäler wechseln, aber ich schätze viel die Ehre," etc.

At supper our reserve was appalling, until Frau Anspach intimated that beer sat light upon a heavy foundation, when we set to with alacrity. Morey calmly consulted his watch and remarked indifferently that it was time we were on our way. With perfect dignity we rose, found our hats, and set out. The door once closed behind us, we gave vent to our resentment in mutual consolation, and proceeded, at some leisure, to "Rhainhäuser Chauseé, sieben und fünfzig."

Helwig met us at the gate. His conduct was unusual. He leaped into the air, clapped his heels together, landed in a heap, rose, extended us a hand that described circles, patted our faces, thumped our backs, and howled "Guten Abend" at the top of his lungs. Morey and I eyed each other knowingly. Could it be? Helwig, the sedate Helwig, under the weather already? Impossible! We sniffed treachery. A bluff, we thought, was not less common under similar circumstances in America.

"Guten abend, guten abend," we replied, with enthusiasm. We made known to our irrepressible host the joy that filled us to be present at such an occasion. But Helwig waved formalities.

"Schön, nicht?" He took his cigar from his mouth, half closed his already drooping eyelids, rocked perilously back and forth on his heels and toes, and made a magnificent sweeping gesture which embraced half of creation, but which was intended to draw particular attention to the decorations on the gate. We agreed with him.

"Achtzehn hundert, zwei und siebenzig—neunzehn hundert zwölf," he pursued, tracing with an uncertain finger the numbers in little red flowers against a background of green boughs.

"Ja, vierzige Jahre" was all we could vouchsafe. We were cold, and our jabbering host made us nervous. We seized Helwig and escorted him through the gate. At the door he stopped abruptly and commenced to turn upon us all the awful battery of his conversational German. When Helwig drank too much beer he forgot himself and said "isch" instead of "ich." Now he sounded like a spluttering steampipe. He spoke of "Grüssungsabend" and "Dame," and exhorted us with pathetic concern to "be merry and drink lots."

"Viel trinken, viel trinken, viel trinken," he muttered, eyeing us through lowered lids with a closer scrutiny than is a drunken man's. A cold shiver shot down my spine. With a final quizzical squint, he opened the door and ushered us in. A dozen students rushed to meet us. Instantly Helwig was the acme of acute attention.

III.

We Make a Flying Start.

Willing hands seized our hats and whisked them away. A certain brusqueness on the part of our hosts gave us to understand that there were other and larger fish to fry on this occasion. *We* might be the guests of honor at any ordinary Kneipe, but the concern of a Stiftungs-fest was first and foremost for the "alter Herren." Morey and I weren't disappointed at this intimation. Unprominent parts and the background for us. We might even get away early that very night. We resolved upon twelve o'clock as a limit.

Everybody was excessively polite and formal. We were led around to the dozen or so alter Herren and bowed with solemnity and military exactitude. For some reason or other the pleasure of meeting two buxom daughters of one of the alter Herren was denied us. Possibly it was because males predominated. Morey and I took the liberty of looking twice, and expressed ourselves as gratified. They were fat, red-faced and expressionless. They puffed cigarettes with evident pleasure. Morey swore solemnly that every time he looked at them he expected to find Armour packing labels plastered on somewhere.

When we sat down in our old places at the long table, we felt quite at home again. At each seat was a fat, brass-studded "Kommers Buch" and a "Becher" with the Verein seal done in enamel on the lid. That glorious, sweet "dunkles" was never lacking. When quantity is the end in view, says Morey, give me "dunkles." "Helles" for thirst, but not forever.

"*Silentium!*" howls Lamprecht from his throne at the head of the table, whacking the wooden top with the flat of his sword to lend emphasis. Bause, at the foot rises, repeats the order and salutes his leader. Handsome young devils, both of them, in the red and green Verein uniforms, ridiculous pancake hats, white gauntlets and broad sashes. Their wits are as keen as the "schlägers" they wield; their eyes flash fire. On with the Grüßungsabend!

Lamprecht greets the guests collectively and individually. Morey and I don't catch a word, but when our names are mentioned, we jump as if we were shot. My heart beats wildly, and Morey is all for rising and getting off his speech then and there. I restrain him with difficulty.

"Wait till they *ask* for it," I scowl.

Morey continues to think we have lost the opportunity of a life-time, but no one seems to scent anything amiss, and the Kneipe moves

merrily along. We sing one of the Rodenstein songs—the one in which the worthy old count bitterly bewails the scarcity of liquid sustenance.

"Gibt's nimmermehr ein Tropfchen Wein des Nachts um halber zwölf?" he queries. Upon being reassured that such is indeed the case, he collapses at the door of the inn, and breathes his last with blasphemy on his lips. This is Morey's favorite song. Time and tune have no terrors for him. His vigorous rendering of "'Raus da, 'raus aus dem haus da, Herr Wirt das Gott mir helf'" is the admiration and envy of all the students. Moreover, it is drawing close to twelve o'clock, and Morey is in high spirits.

"Pros't, Herr Hahne," he cries, holding his glass aloft.

"Pros't, ich danke sehr," responds that worthy, and they drink together—Hahne half a glass, and Morey, with the skill that comes of long practice, wetting his lips and energetically working his Adam's apple.

I communicate with Morey, and we make a move to go. We are not insistent, so we don't get out of the house for a good half hour. The cool of the night refreshes us.

"Soft" is my first word. Morey agrees, and we proceed homeward in perfect peace.

IV.

"Frühschoppen"—The Deadliest of Institutions.

Punctually at eleven o'clock the next morning we pushed our way through the crowds that filled the "Franziskaner" to the long table reserved for us. "Frühschoppen" was the event of the moment, but few were present to taste its pleasures. Half a dozen bleary-eyed students and the tireless daughters greeted us. We sat down in a small knot at one end of the table. Nobody seemed particularly happy. Bitter "Lichtenheiner" was in great demand. There is nothing quite like it the morning after a night of "dunkles." Helwig eyed his porcelain Becher disconsolately. Hahne dawdled with the little bronze warrior who bore aloft the Verein colors in the center of the table. Creuse was obviously suffering from a "Karte" (hangover). He drew down the corners of his mouth in a ridiculous leering simper, his backbone weakened, his head dropped, his eyes closed. Suddenly he stiffened, glared around the table, howled for more beer, and relaxed again. Helwig undertook to explain that more of them had bothered about going to bed. The Schwimmbad, he said, had proved wonderfully refreshing at 5 A. M. Morey and I had apparently scored heavily.

Beer did not flow in its usual plenty. A German student unable to look beer in the face was an object peculiarly novel to us. We find the opportunity it offers irresistible.

"Pros't Herr Hahne," I prompt.

Hahne smiles a sickly smile and makes a futile gulp at his Lichtenheimer. I make known my discovery to Morey, and we put in rather an enjoyable morning. Someone brings in huge straw sombreros which we must needs put on. Paper windmills and toy balloons complete the effect. Creuse's hat floats serenely to the ceiling, much to his grief. The three sleepy little men in the orchestra play on and on. "Mariechen" and "Herr Professor Boola-jah" are called for and sung with feeling. Creuse relieves the panic-stricken violinist of his "Strad," stands proud and erect and plays Beethoven's Minuet in faultless style. Acohol always brings a delicate touch to Creuse's fingers. This morning he plays divinely. When the last tender note ceases to resound through the smoke-clouds of the Franziskauer, his head droops listlessly over the violin; and someone leads him, sniggering foolishly, to his seat.

The carriages are announced. Sullenness drowned, and merry once more, we march arm in arm through the tables of interested onlookers, pile into the garlanded "droschkes," and are off through old Göttingen to Rhainhäuser Chausee. Gape ye small boys, and blush ye pretty maidens, for we are —————, zu Göttingen!

V.

Festessen, and Baneful Effects.

The wives and buxom daughters had spread the oaken table and decorated it with flowers from the garden. We hung expectantly over the backs of our chairs. Lambrecht called to order, and exhorted us to be of good faith and sound digestion. We sat down,—a merry party. Good old Fritz rose nobly to the occasion. His "Ochsenschwanze Suppe" was a revelation and a delight, nor were any of the succulent delicacies (which only the genial German sympathy knows *exactly* how to prepare) less tempting. His black hair bristled prouder than ever, brighter shone his eyes, and wider spread his smile. Rare German wines, sweet, sparkling vintages, flowered freely and, not unhappily, without effect. Wine is not of the daily fare of the German student, but he tackles it with stoic grimness when occasion demands. I find myself between Müller and Helwig, and my position is far from being enviable. Müller heaves his empty bottles over his head and out the open window, and is rapidly producing a representative heap on the lawn. He is getting ugly. Helwig and I club on our first bottle. My caution shocks him deeply. I am quite beyond the powers of his comprehension. He and Müller hold an energetic consultation, the upshot of which is a heated remonstrance directed against

myself, which, unfortunately, bears little weight. Morey's hand hovers over his glass like a watchful bird over its precious nest. Steady the hand that can fill Morey's glass! Poor Hahne defies the fluttering hand and smashes a bottle for his pains. The sight of so much golden treasure seeping inevitably through the carpet proves too much for Hahne, and moves him to tears, which Morey spends the rest of the meal delivering himself of profuse apologies. Weep not, Hahne; here is a fresh bottle, all dewy from the ice, which you can take away with you and wrestle with in the privacy of your room. Even now, Lamprecht rises, thumps the table, and beseeches the tender mercies of the Goddess of Good Digestion. The whole company stand, catch hands around the table, and pronounce that word so significant to heartfelt approbation,—“Mahlzeit!”

For the better part of an hour we basked in the sun on the back porch. Several inebriates dropped into sweet oblivion in the shelter of the little vine-clad arbor. Others lay blissfully prostrate under the full glare of the summer sun. Schwarzbeck, a convulsive ball, his cheeks like flaming poppies, a pink sunshade propped over him. I disturbed his rest with small pebbles. He opened a reproachful eye. “Oh Gott, oh Gott, oh Gott,” he said sadly, placed his trembling hands on his bursting brow and sunk once more into sleep. At his side was another wretched heap. Creuse, Creuse, what brings you thus? Pebbles cannot rouse you, nor stones disturb. Your eyes are wide, the pupils rolled heavenward; your mouth gapes feebly, droning blue bottles crawl dangerously near. Ah, German student, is this the reward of happiness?

The little camera man announces that all is in readiness for the “type.” We assemble slowly at the back of the house—a sorrowful band. The incapacitated seek a state of rest on the grass. According to the sense of equilibrium, the rest of us drape ourselves over benches and on beer barrels. Nothing under the blazing sun could induce the arborites to forsake their posts. One raises a wan, scared face, and protests eloquently, if feebly, against the indignant chiding of his better half. Hahne's largeness of heart reaches out to the buxom daughters, whom he embraces and uses as substantial supports. The patient little camera man at last subdues the simperers, we all sit poised and breathless, *if* not altogether alive to the situation, and “type” is taken.

Morey and I decided that we can forego the pleasures of alter Herr Professor Schelman's lecture on the “Fortschritte und Leitmotive der Modernen Biologie,” which is scheduled for seven o'clock, and with the oft-repeated assurance that we will return in ample time for the “Festkommers” at eight-thirty, we make off to Schillerstrasse for a blessed breathing spell.

VI.

The Festkommers in All Its Glory.

We returned just as the company was to be seated once more at the long table. Guests were there, representatives of allied Vereins, tricked out in full military regalia and adorned with wearisome formality. Whether by dint of sleep or sheer will-power, our gay companions had become as sober as so many ruffled owls. Creuse sat stern and relentless. Hahne muttered a very subduing welcome. Apparently we were thus given to understand that this was *the* event of the Stiftungsfest, and that we were expected to acquit ourselves as men. Morey and I feel that our hour is surely come. Lamprecht and Bause beam upon each other, and set the ball rolling. Spirits, already mellowed, begin to glow and be warm under the sunny sway of the "dunkles." Speeches are in order, and the guttural tongue of German oratory wags on and on to heights impassioned and sublime. Morey and I begin to show signs of agitation. Over and over we con our little speeches—how insignificant in all this eloquence! Morey challenges Hahne in that rare old "Trinkspruch," beginning "Herr Bruder, mach das Armbein krumm! Ich will auf euer Wohl einstrinken!" This, in itself, denotes a state of reckless despair on Morey's part. I am nestled in the lee of a towering German matron whose substantial form looms above me like a vast mountain crowned with smiling sunlight. With kind indulgence she beams down upon me as I wrestle with the charms of Göttingen's "Gegend" or "Umgegend." (I cannot, for the life of me, remember *which*, so I alternate judiciously.) I make the discovery that she is from Hanover, and we agree perfectly that German, as spoken by the Hanoverians, is quite the only German worth listening to. One of the buxom daughters across the way is pursing her red lips around a cigarette and looking scornfully at my "Becher."

Helwig presents himself at my elbow, leans heavily on the table and informs me in his most unintelligible splutterings that, since I am the youngest person present, I am shortly to be granted the honor of speaking for "die Dame." I smile nervously at Helwig, and shake my head in deep suspicion.

"Ach, Herr Helwig, doch, nicht für die Dame!" I protest. "Ich bin nicht prepariert; ich weiss nicht was zu sagen. Es ist nicht möglich." But Helwig is unmoved.

"Die Dame, die Dame, die Dame," he insists, and undertakes to frame me a speech. This is utterly beyond hope; so, reluctantly enough, I loose my last trump.

"Doch kann ich für alter Herr Doktor Jackson sprechen," I announce. Helwig's eyes widen. He is quite content. Lamprecht, he says, shall be told the bit of news.

I subside and find my Becher interesting. Midway in a rambling introductory, Lamprecht mentions my name. Every rioter is subdued for the honored Amerikaner. I rise amid awful silence.

"Es ist ein ehrenlos, aber zugleich schwierige Aufgabe," I begin. Helwig chuckles maliciously in my ear. I gasp, and repeat, laying special stress upon "ehrentvoll." All goes well. "Nun möchte ich ein Hoch vorschlagen auf das vierhundertjähriges Stiftungsfest des Vereins," I conclude with spirit, and add inspirationally, "was ich in Glass haben." I raise the glass in question, find that it contains but a quarter inch of warm beer, gulp that down, and collapse in confusion. The very house seems to rock with laughter. I seize Helwig and demand the reason for this uncalled-for mirth, but it remains an eternal mystery. I *knew* there was something the matter with that "vierhunderjähriges." Of course, if the German intellect couldn't conceive such a pretty compliment—— But Helwig slaps me heartily on the back.

"Braver junger," he whispers, "es geht gut." At about one o'clock Morey and I decided that the time was ripe for departure. The ladies had shown good taste by withdrawing a couple of hours before. From the time when the broad back of the last buxom daughter vanished through the doorway, joy had been unconfined. We had sung our throats hoarse, hugged each other in our chairs, rocked back and forth the length of the table, bellowed our toasts and howled our witticisms. Morey and I were willing to yield the field to fitter heads and sounder stomachs; but, as usual, we met fierce opposition. This business of leaving the Festkommers early would not do at all, we were told. We were to stay until we were in a fair way to spend the rest of the night with our fellow-inebriates "unter dem Tisch." For some reason or other, "unter dem Tisch" did not appeal to Morey and me as a spot suitable for repose. Two white, expectant, patient beds at Schillerstrasse, acht, danced in our imaginations, so we became insistent. After an hour-long sally for the front door, in which we were overwhelmed and signally repulsed, we were told that, as a reward for our gallant efforts, we might drink from the horn and depart in peace. So we stood, two crestfallen captives, while the giant horn was filled with beer and nicely tempered with champagne. As it circled the table, each man rose, seized it, made a short speech, and did his best to dispose of the remainder of its contents. Morey brought down the house by getting off his long-rehearsed speech then

and there. I had to content myself with a simple "Göttingen, lebe," and spilling half the delectable, bubbling stuff down my sleeves. A horn is a ridiculous thing to drink out of anyhow. Morey and I agree that our liberty has been bought dearly, but our sleep is none the less sweet.

VII.

We Spread our Wings and Take Flight.

The final event of the third day of Stiftungsfest is at hand. We have been to Fröhschoppen at the Franziskaner, we have had lunch again at the Verein house, but these have been mere echoes of the happenings of the day before. "Ausflucht nach Eichenkrug" is the mysterious announcement on the program. Morey and I learn that an "Ausflucht" is a kind of holiday exodus beloved by the Germans, when father, mother and numerous young ones can get close to their dear Mother Nature and fill themselves with beer. Eichenkrug, we find, is a spot particularly favored for such excursions; an inn, of course, in an oak forest, a dozen miles from Göttingen, where there are brooks, open fields, clear skies and ruined castles.

With straw hats, balloons, windmills and all, we assemble at the tiny station. Everybody is happy and expectant. The train pulls in, such as it is—a toy engine, and cars the size of automobiles. We pile on and take complete possession, our fellow-passengers retreating unprotesting to one car. A deal of frantic snorting from our valiant little engine and we roll away, up hill and down (it makes small difference), along the middle of streets, up on the sidewalk, over brooks with our bridge the rails alone, across waving grain fields and through solitary forest depths, on and on till we come to Eichenkrug. Off we pour, bid farewell to our little train, and march to the chosen spot behind the inn, where we find our long table, a "Fass" of beer, soft grass under foot and shade overhead.

Nobody shows any inclination to test the contents of the "Fass," and Morey and I breathe easily. "Brötchen" and black coffee are in order. We are all subdued, but happy. Conversation is personal and spontaneous. We seem to have forgotten that it is our strict business to celebrate. Morey and I conclude that this is the finest party of them all—so like a happy family reviewing the gayeties of the day before. Even when the indefatigable "alter Herrn" cry shame upon the weakness of their sons and demand the despoiling of the "Fass," we persist in our judgment. Even the embarrassment of certain students who have been won over to the belief that beer is the least desirable of all earthly commodities does not tempt us. We are content to chat with an "alter

Herr" whose reserve has melted, or to the portly "Weibe" who shows so much motherly concern.

The sun is beginning to set when Lamprecht announces that a recess of an hour will be granted us to stretch our legs and view the surround country. Morey and I ramble off into the woods and out into a field of waving wheat, where we regale ourselves on the juicy kernels and lie prostrate on a soft bank of grass to listen to the strange music of the rustling stalks and feast our eyes on the glow of sunset. We decide that Eichenkrug is a choice spot, and that we are rather glad that we came.

Twilight is upon us when we finally stir our reluctant limbs. We come to an old mill, long redeemed by nature for her own. The wheel is in violent motion. Upon closer inspection we discover that Creuse and Hahne, quite delirious with joy, are perched on opposite ends and acting as motive power. Hahne waves a friendly greeting and bids us consider the pleasures of rotary travel. We decline his magnanimous offer of a seat, and finally extract both of them, not, however, until Hahne has fallen from his perch and wedged the mill tight with his own plump body. We march our happy captives back to the inn, and find our party engaged in putting away supper. Morey and I have long since reached the limits of our own capacities, and are happy to lean back in our chairs in the starlight and watch this great, merry German family.

One more song, and the train toots its warning. Reluctantly we leave our good table. Hahne and Creuse embrace warmly on the platform and do a sort of highland fling. At last we coax them on board, the engine snorts fitfully, and we are off once more on our mad course. Armed with an old catalogue, Creuse mounts a seat and composes and recites on the spot a verse extolling the merits of each and every article therein listed. At the conclusion of each brilliant flash he collapses in a hysterical heap and is shoved on high again. A feeble oil lamp illumines the dim faces of his hearers with a dim radiance. Large drops of summer rain splash against the windows. The landscape slips by, blurred and indistinct, in the dark.

All too soon we are in Göttingen. Morey and I climb down to the platform. The rest are going on to the next station to see the "alter Herrn" off. A dozen faces crowd each window; a hundred voices cry "Guten Abend." Slowly the faces glide by, and long after the train has disappeared behind the bend, we stand silent on the platform to catch the dying strains of the plaintive query: "Gibt's nimmermehr ein Tropfchen Wein des Nachts um halber zwölf?"

"If He Can Do It, You Can"

HENRY BOTTING separated himself from the subway rush and joined the intent knot of citizens who were so unconsciously obstructing the thoroughfare in front of the huge show window. In a sophisticated way he smiled at the sheep-like manner in which these simple denizens of the metropolis could be entrapped by some childish trick of advertisement as he shoved and elbowed his way into the center of the crowd, and craned his neck above the intervening shoulders. What he saw was a wooden manikin of diminutive proportions of body, but of an expanse of smile only to be rivaled by a huge foot from which, by means of a highly complicated safety razor, he was rhythmically shearing what must have been an annoyingly recalcitrant corn. At regular intervals glassy eyes were raised heavenward in thanksgiving and simultaneously an electric sign triumphantly announced the fact that "If HE Can Do It, YOU Can!"

Pleasantly impressed by the ease and nonchalance with which the figure performed such an usually delicate operation, Henry Botting made his way close to the window, the better to observe. With a cheerful monotony the razor moved up, down and across, and as often shone forth the semi-challenge. The young man transferred his attention to the surrounding display. Affixed to a background was an intricate tracery of saws, hammers and fancy door knobs, while at the sides of the window space were heaped an assorted medley of pots, pans, and cutlery. The foreground was what chiefly attracted his attention. It consisted of a remarkably complete display of revolvers, of various makes and calibers. Huge blue-steeled forty-fives lay side by side, with silver-plated, ivory-handled thirty-twos. Long barrelled target pistols were contrasted with tiny two-twenties. It was one of the latter that caught his eye and held it.

There it lay, cold and blue black and sinister. It was very tiny; it would have lain hidden in the palm of his hand and he felt a sudden desire to hold, and fondle, and fire it. Perhaps, if it were not too expensive. He looked at the ticket that rested against its miniature muzzle and read "\$6.00." It was too much and he sighed regretfully as he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. A newsboy passed crying "Extry! Extry! All about suicide!" He tossed the boy a cent and turned to the headlines.

Henry Botting would not have been late at the office next morning had he not spent an undue time before the window of the hardware store. During the day his thoughts were not upon his work, and the office

closing at evening saw him once more before that taunting little mechanism.

For a long time he stood, his eyes riveted upon the weapon. Somehow he found his thoughts running upon the man of whom he had read the night before. He must have had courage to do a thing like that. Henry Botting found himself wondering if his own nerve would serve him if he, too, were in a tight place. Was there much pain? He supposed not, for it would be over so quickly. No, it must be the thought, the terror that comes in getting oneself to the point. And yet, if one gave oneself no chance to think and acted quickly—he believed that he could do it, but not with one of those large things. Death would be too obvious; one could anticipate too keenly the impact that would follow the pulling of the trigger. That little one, though, would be different. It could scarcely be seen if it were once in one's hand, and its bullet would leave hardly any mark. He smiled gently to himself and looked at his purse; it contained ten dollars. A sudden consciously ridiculous impulse to possess the thing came over him. He wanted it no matter how causelessly, and he would have it. Heaven knew he indulged himself in few enough extravagances. The door was opened and in a minute a courteous clerk had the toy from the window and in return received six dearly earned dollars.

It was not until he reached the pavement that Henry Botting recalled the fact that without shells a revolver is at least but a poor consolation. He entered once more and emerged with a box of cartridges. During the rest of his homeward walk he attempted to justify his purchase. Such a weapon, he told himself, was invaluable in case of a hold-up. True, the inducement offered to any one of larcenous intent was surely little in the case of a clerk whose financial status was evidenced by the seedy aspect of his general appearance; still one never can tell.

Arrived at his boarding house, he climbed four flights of stairs and opened the door of one of those rooms that seem to crouch under the menace of the roof. Flinging his coat and hat upon the sagging bed, he stepped in front of the clouded glass of his dressing table and unwrapped his purchase.

For a while he fingered it, toyed with and caressed it. The chamber revolved with wonderful smoothness; there was something almost snake-like in the manner in which it turned. The thing seemed cruel. In an interested manner Botting loaded each of the six chambers and loosened the safety. Standing before the glass, he aimed along the barrel at his reflection and smiled. It would be just as he would do if some night some one were to spring at him from the shadows.

The thought of the subject of the previous night's extra recurred to him. He lowered the weapon. "Strange," he thought, "that man who had yesterday been so vitally alive should now be still. He had taken a step that had put him beyond." Henry Botting wondered what he had found over in the beyond. Had he found anything? It would be so very, very easy, to find out. In his hand was the key, he had but to use it. A shudder passed over his frame and he lowered his hand to the table before him. So must that other have done. It had taken courage to blot out the lights and the noises and the city smells; it could not have been done slowly. A sudden burst of determination perhaps. He placed the cold muzzle to his temple. It felt strangely large and pressed heavily. He could feel the blood pounding beneath it.

As he stood thus he saw his room reflected in the glass, the iron bed, the chair, and crazy wash stand. This then was his present, and as the days progressed, he grew no younger. What would be his future? Once more the hand was slowly lowered. Still he stood and, as he did so, he saw himself in the fast creeping years without that youth which was now his only asset. The hand that held the pistol tightened. Yet, this was his chance, and he must take it. He must give himself no time to think or it would be too late. It must be now, now!

With a violent movement the arm came up and the muzzle was once more pressed hard against the protesting pulses of his temple. Convulsively he pulled the trigger. There was a sharp crack and for a moment he stood rigid. Then a look of awed surprise came over his fast straining features as he fell forward upon his face. A thin stream of blood poured from a tiny hole to the dusty surface of the bureau, hesitated in a sticky pool and then crept slowly to the floor.

L. B. L., '14.

Life

With thoughtful hand
We spin the thread,
And the wheel is turning, turning.

A careless jerk,
The snap we dread!
And the heart is burning, burning.

A dizzy laugh,
Dear Love is dead,
But the soul is learning, learning.

E. C. B., '16.

Broken Wings

I.

IT was the night of the Christmas Social at my home town high school. I was just back from college—the first vacation of my Freshman year. I remember just how insignificant those poor little festivities seemed to me. As a wind-up to the entertainment there was a solo by a graceful little girl, perhaps sixteen years old. She had big dark eyes and wavy brown hair, tied at the back with a white ribbon. Her dress was all of white. Sister Peggy leaned over and whispered to me:

“That is Laura Duquette. She is going to Boston some day and have her voice trained.”

I expect I sniffed rather disdainfully. A moment later the teacher at the piano finished her simple prelude and looked up at the pretty French girl with a nod.

I remember coming back to realities in a few minutes and sighing. She had been singing a quaint little English roundel about springtime and bird song. There was a sweet, wistful melody to it that haunts me still. I did not seem to notice her voice at all. It was clear and true and girlishly vigorous as I remember it, but I had been too much uplifted by the song to be critical. As she went to her seat the crowd applauded, and soon the social part of the evening began. Laura Duquette must have slipped out and gone home, for I looked for her in the grand march and could not find her.

II.

In March, mother said in her Friday letter:

“A sad accident happened down at the sawmill this week. The man who “rolls on” got his leg crushed between two saws or two logs or something. He will not be able to work again for months—perhaps never. He has a wife and four children, the oldest a girl in the high school. You remember her—the little Duquette girl who sings. She will have to go into the mill. It is a great shame.”

“Hmm,” thought I, and was sincerely and deeply sorry for the Duquette family for at least five minutes. Then came a recitation or a card game or dinner and I went rushing off like one of the “Bandar-log.”

III.

The fifteenth of June found me earning a little spending money in the finishing room of the woolen mill. I was a sort of extra hand for the room, cleaning and oiling the rotary shears and brushes, running the

"dampener," and feeding rolls of broadcloth into the great cylinder presses. In the next room to mine were rows of burling tables, where women sat and picked burrs from the cloth with sharp steel pincers. As I passed through with a hundred-yard cut of "sacking" on my shoulder, I looked at the faces of the women. At the third table from the end was Laura Duquette. Back into my mind flashed the memory of mother's letter. "Of course," thought I, "she's working to help keep her little sisters in clothes; too bad!"

It was late afternoon and growing dusk when I sat down to rest on a roll-horse by the wide burling-room door. Most of the women had gone home, for they were paid by the piece, and "burling" by electric light is hard on the eyes.

The little French girl was still at work. She had been working ten hours, with a short rest at noon. Even as I watched her, her brown head went slowly down on the grey mix before her and her burling-iron fell from her hand to the floor. When she raised her face again, I was standing beside her, holding the iron. Her cheeks flushed and she smiled a "Thank you." The boss came by just then and ended the episode rather emphatically. He was a conscientious Scotchman who didn't believe in being easy with his superior's sons. That was one reason why I was in his room.

I week later I went away to a certain lake in Maine where black bass and moonlight are abundant, and left dear, dirty, smoky old Clay-bank alone in the heat by the river.

IV.

A whole year went by and I walked down Main Street one summer night. In the French "Forester's Hall" over the postoffice something big was evidently in progress. The ancient piano, assisted by two shrill violins, was doing its best to be heard above the noisy scrape of dancing feet. The laughter was a bit unsteady, but joyful withal. As I stood listening, a wagon drove up and four big Canucks rolled a barrel out of it and up the stairs to the hall. The tide of merriment rose perceptibly. I had seen such things before, and I went home with a shrug of my shoulders.

Next morning at breakfast I made a casual inquiry about the French dance.

"Oh," said sister Peggy, "that was a wedding. Didn't you hear? Laura Duquette was married."

"Married?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes—to a brickmaker."

"Too bad!" I muttered.

"Oh, not 'too bad' at all," said Peggy. "She won't have to work in the mill now. And what's the matter with brickmakers? They're her own people."

"That's true," I answered, "so they are."

But I thought of her big gentle brown eyes and wondered if I believed what I had said.

V.

It has been a long time since that wedding. The husband treats Laura very decently when he is sober, I fancy, and seldom beats her when he is drunk. He got a steady job as teamster at the big brickyard, and his wife cooked for one of the bunkhouses for awhile. I expect the other Frenchwomen were good to her when the baby came, and helped in every way they could. No doubt she is happy enough.

Last night I came up the river-bank afoot. A mile below town I came to the first kiln of the big brickyard, towering black in the dusk. Kiln after kiln I passed, then the silent "striker" and, last of all, the long bunkhouses. At the upper end there was a board shanty with a crazy stovepipe rising from it in dark silhouette. There was no light in the place, but within someone was singing. It was a pretty rundelay about spring and the song of birds.

The voice shook a little and went on, shook again, quavered and was silent. From the shanty came the cross, wailing cry of a child.

S. W. M., '13.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Editorial



ROTHERS, I suppose!" shrewdly observed the elderly female with the near-sighted squint on beholding for the first time the Siamese twins, "they must be brothers." We crave the reader's indulgence for this mention of the time-worn pleasantry, yet in defence of its bearing upon our theme we would urge that we feel well convinced the worthy lady would have made a similar observation if her critical acumen were to be again aroused by the sight of our little flock gathered together in meeting and as before would have murmured fervently—"Brothers, they must be brothers." And are we brothers? Do we all contribute to the common ideal and is the tie that binds us as vital and as essential to the well-being of the parties concerned as in the case of the illustrious twins? We think the contrary. Yet the possibilities for such a fraternity are so very numerous that we feel each faction of the college, whether organized or not, should strive for a bond of this kind as the best approach toward the maximum collegiate and individual efficiency. For Haverfordians certainly, and for society in general to some extent, the best binding force is the attempt to become better acquainted with the other man's point of view.

We have some suggestions as to how this familiar doctrine can best be put into practice. First, however, let us outline the present aims of

THE HAVERFORDIAN and show in what way we are anxious to further our own prosperity by coming into closer touch with the college.

Socrates, and others, have decreed that it is folly to entrust the task of reform to those without experience, yet since this has been done we are compelled to requite that folly by abusing our trust. We shall treat the foibles of the mass and of the few—but ever of a different few—and shall make enemies from every walk of life. “Piffle!” you say, “what is the good of all this? You can’t be serious.” We are, though, and are making this startling declaration in order that when we do start something it shall not be without precedent. If we can’t be clever we can at least be radical, and if too poorly informed to give our readers food for thought we can *try* to keep them from falling asleep. Yet soft! This impetuous outbreak is like that of the infant prematurely weaned from the parent’s restraining frown. To throw aside restraint when our guardians have given us freedom is to imply a contempt for those guardians, and aside from the fact that they are responsible for this, our present privilege, we bear them no malice whatever. Rather do we revere those restraining bands of sober thought and honored tradition and our editorial conscience is alive to maintain their dignity.

By this policy our aim is to reach every member of the college upon some point of interest; to make him take issue with the sentiments we express with which he disagrees, as he would in conversation; to tell him our own views and hold to them until he shows us our error, and in this way get him to feel an interest in the paper, not because it bears the name of Haverford, but because (as an alumnus hath suggested) he misses something if he doesn’t. Those of us who are wont to arise and unfold our ideas in oratory are not all, and for the rest we believe THE HAVERFORDIAN should be the medium of expression. Only a few are so oppressed with ideas that they rush into print voluntarily, but nearly all are somewhat tempted to pass the lie when inaccurate statements are made concerning matters on which they are well informed. THE HAVERFORDIAN is anxious to give space to all contributions of this kind; most particularly to letters from alumni upon current events of national, local, collegiate and editorial interest and also to discussions by college men of any topic that occupies their attention, if only, for example, how we can make the paper capable of a wider appeal.

It has been proposed, in addition to the exchanges, to institute reviews of current literature which appeals to the editor in charge with a possibility, if this prove successful, of including the current drama. At the risk of lowering the literary tone by the attempt to humanize it, we

shall give more attention than formerly to articles of rather secular than sublime significance. The alumni department is to be somewhat revised with a view to making its matter more interesting to those of our readers not acquainted with the graduates mentioned and by giving the news more in detail we shall endeavor to make it more satisfactory to the alumni.

This then is our creed: to express the college ideals as we see them in such a way that they may be impressed upon the college and, at the same time, be of interest to our friends outside; to invite and act upon suggestion from whatever quarter they may come and to hope that by this policy we may eventually find the success which has justly crowned the efforts of our predecessors. In closing we announce with pleasure the election of K. P. A. Taylor, '15; D. B. Van Holland, '15, and E. Z. Bye, '16, to the board of editors.

Cliques

As we extend this principle of sympathetic co-operation to include the entire body of the college, we are met with the question as to how we shall start reform. This is a poser. The last editorial outlined a scheme in detail whereby this greater intimacy might be effected through the Y. M. C. A., and although perhaps more vague and hence less adequate, our present aim is to analyze the conditions which make the end in view advisable.


Perhaps the first impression which a non-collegian receives on meeting a student of any American university is that he conforms to a type. The collegian aims to make his speech, manners and moral code conform as closely as possible to the standards established by the sentiment of the college group. It is perhaps in this way that the student in taking the stamp of the group is deprived of the individualism which distinguishes the 'man of the world.' There is no evidence at hand to show that at Haverford this individualism is not the best possible. It is natural that all Haverfordians should think it so and, gratifying that visitors should agree with us, yet we would raise the question whether the outside man's faculty of speaking, acting and thinking as his judgment directs has not some advantages over our own. The ease with which one can spend nine months between book covers would seem to urge the affirmative. How then can we broaden the culture which is subconsciously absorbed from the college environment without at all cheapening the quality of that environment?

By the individualism of a college we mean the general tone which is produced by the symphony of its several cliques. These cliques are

formed in many ways, but chiefly in three: by the association of certain kidders who have banded together from the similarity of their senses of humor; by the friendships of various congenials, which are unquestionably the sweetest of college joys; and lastly, in the groups that collect from a common interest in some important line of work. There are no doubt many exceptions, yet in general the first class of clique is destructive, except for the corrective power of its virulent criticism, by which this tract itself may come to profit. The second class is the most valuable as regards the culture of the individual, yet it is practically useless in contributing to the material college welfare. The clique, if this term is here adequate, which exists primarily to perform the necessary routine work, is largely responsible for every visible support on which the individualism of the entire college rests.

This undergraduate category will seem absurdly superficial, no doubt, to many readers, but we feel sure that groups such as these exist in nearly every college however small, and that as cliques their influence is dwarfing. We often hear that the chief advantage of the small college lies in the necessity for an all-around acquaintance. The individual must perforce know the whole student body and he is not likely to wish to love them all as brothers, yet we think that the effort on the part of the loafer to grasp what he can of the toiler's point of view, and vice versa, tends to an increase in his capacity for development and with this increase in individual tolerance the individualism of the group is greatly broadened. We have greatly overrun our time, yet in closing advance our firm belief that the general adoption of such a mental attitude would tend toward a more even distribution of scholarships as well as of cocktails and that such a dissolution of cliques would give the individual a more active part in moulding the college environment.

Undergraduate Criticism—The Purpose of Writing

 HE only justifiable purpose of writing, in our mind, is to approach as nearly as possible genuine literature. Therefore, its aims should be the same as those which literature fulfills.

Literature, according to our conception of it, must please and should appeal to the ideal; that is, literature must be artistic and should tend to lead us onward and upward. It may or may not do the latter of these two things; it may leave us on the same level at which it found us, or may even pull us to a lower one. Litera-

ture does appeal to the ideal by inspiring moments, so that we count them as among our "better moments." It does this by conveying to us that which we recognize as best desirable for ourselves, or for others. This may be done in a positive or a negative manner, by showing us something better to be striven for, or by showing us something pitiable to be bettered.

The first duty that we mentioned—that of being artistic, pleasing—must be fulfilled whether the second is or is not. This it does by conforming to certain rules. These are well known and include observance of the structure of the composition and the building about it of an atmosphere. Plot, character delineation, local color, setting, everything of this nature must be skilfully perfected to make the atmosphere of the composition genuine and artistic. Without these elements writing cannot approach literature.

With the above beliefs as a basis for our criticism, let us inspect some of the undergraduate writing of the month.

The University of Virginia Magazine. *The Difference* is a well-written story, in the main. It contains plenty of local color and atmosphere. The violinist, Rudolph Wurtz, is not visualized for the reader sufficiently; he moves through the piece more like a spirit than a man. The climax of the story is not convincing. Wurtz's performance does not give his audience a fair chance to appreciate him. The one piece he succeeded in playing well was well received. In spite of the writer's effort to shake it, our faith in the average man's ability to respond to the beautiful remains undisturbed.

The Harvard Monthly. *The City of Dreams.* We think the writer of this was unwise in bringing the character Sergius into it. It makes a sketch which in places is none too good, appear as if it aspired to be a story. Considered as a story, it is totally lacking in charm; no, not totally, for there is some fine work at the end. The piece to us is very unsatisfactory. It bears too much of the half-breed about it—half story, half sketch. *Armour Propre*, though it does not "hurry us into sublimity," is a very artistic bit of prose. It carries with it the ring of true local color, if what we have gathered from contemporary fiction of a like nature is true. Some of the conversational turns are very witty and epigrammatic, and all the characters are well drawn.

The Smith College Monthly. When we have a good chuckle and our taste is not offended we must tell someone what gave it. *A Live Wire* dispersed much of the gloom consequent to the perusal of some other prose. The phrasing might have been more careful in places; but,

as a whole, we find few faults. When we turn to the *Rosewood Cabinet*, the afterglow of *A Live Wire* speedily dies. The plot is simple and naive; in fact, childlike. The hero is no more than a name. His manner of asking the vital question, which in this case seems more like offering a gift, is most painful. It appears that this story offends both our premises.

The *Goucher Kalends*. In this magazine we gain a cheerful picture of a genial Irish man and his wife. Their warm love graces a really ingenious and original plot. The writer has attempted the difficulties of dialect, but she has not obviously failed. In the straight English it is hard to imagine a predicament where, "when she reached him (Willie), Willie was no longer there." We can well forgive such a slip of the pen, however, in respect for the charm which pervades the story of *That Rocking Chair*.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine*. *The Goddess of Chance* is a well-written and artistic bit of verse. Its philosophy may still be that of some. *A Study in Drab* (we prefer to omit the major title) is a piece of exposition in which the "protoganist" is distinctly brought before our eyes. His thoughts and reactions are described almost perfectly, and the "drab" tints of the picture are consistently adhered to throughout. The high light is not missing—a dim, vague aspiration—and at the end a glimpse of the sun through the gloom. We feel that here is a true transcript of life.

E. M. P., '15.

Book Reviews

The Everlasting Mercy. By John Masefield. (The Macmillan Company.)

A few words about the man will be appropriate before considering his book. John Masefield lives in the small town of Great Hampden, in the very heart of Burks. He is under forty years of age—a rather large man, with hair a bit red, and features exhibiting "that strange interfusion of sweetness and strength." He is married and has children, for whom he shows the greatest affection. His study serves the purpose of a nursery, and toys are almost as much in evidence as books. Among the latter we find a volume on electrical experiments; one on Euclid, several on sociology and economics, and of course philosophy, with enough of drama, poetry and fiction to make a well-balanced collection. Mr. Masefield has not enjoyed the pleasure of a college education. Perhaps it is well that he has not; because leaving school early, he entered into life—the life of

the sea and the road—and gained that experience and sympathy with life and men which is so great a force in all of his works. Mr. Masfield has held a position of considerable distinction in letters since 1906. He is without doubt one of the "coming men" in literature—a prophet in the field of narrative poetry. His highest praise has come from Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has pronounced *The Everlasting Mercy* as, "incomparably the finest literature of the year."

Mr. Masfield's book contains two long poems. *The Everlasting Mercy* is the title poem. Like all of his books, this one makes either close friends, or enemies. Many pronounce it mere doggerel, unpolished stuff, repulsive in its coarseness. These criticisms are to a certain extent just. There are passages where the metre is defective and the rhyme forced; that it lacks polish everyone will admit, and in places it is brutal and coarse. Considered as a whole, however, the poem is far above the average level of the "poetic output." There are passages of perfect polish; his pictures are powerfully painted, and his phrases are vivid and often crammed full of meaning. The description of the fight between Saul Kane and Billy Myers, and the carousing which followed at the Lion are brutal and coarse, we admit. But the poet is picturing a life that is brutal and coarse, and he does it boldly—with no mincing of words—as Kane expresses it:

In downright honest English speech.

It is a picture of life and strength and he treats it in a living and powerful style. It is naked realism—unadorned, hence repulsive to the conventional. Mr. Masfield points out the vastness of vice and not the littleness of virtue. Yet, even from the muck and mire of vice, an occasional flower bursts into bloom and finally a "lovely lily clean" finds its way to the light.

The poem is in the first person and tells of the complete conversion of one Saul Kane. The first signs of conversion appear on that night of foul revelry at the Lion. Kane is leaning out of the window and, as he gazes over the sleeping town, he begins "to think of things." But this thinking produces no definite change in his manner of living, he merely sees the evil about him and determines "to tell folk what they are." A naked madman, he races through the town, wildly rings the fire bell, hurls his invectives against the gathered crowd and makes a timely escape. A more formal discussion follows later with the town parson but Kane is this time touched by the parson's wisdom. The real turning point in Kane's conversion comes when he meets the boy Tim, and listens to the

story, Tim's mother, Mrs. Taggard, relates of her life. Kane expresses it thus:

Summat she was, or looked, or said,
Went home and made me hang my head.
I slunk away into the night,
Knowing deep down that she was right.
I'd often heard religious ranters,
And put them down as windy canters,
But this old mother made me see
The harm I done by being me.
Being both strong and given to sin
I 'tracted weaker vessels in.

It now only requires the influence of a Salvation Army worker, Miss Bourne, the Friend, to complete his conversion and lead him to The Everlasting Mercy—Christ.

The second poem of the volume—*The Widow in the Bye Street*—has a more definite plot. It tells of a hopeless, pathetic struggle against Fate. There are four characters: Jimmy Gurney, his mother, the prostitute Anna and her lover, Shepherd Ern. After introducing them, the poet thus sums up the situation:

So the four souls are ranged, the chess-board set,
The dark, invisible hand of secret Fate
Brought it to come to being that they met.

Jim is the only son and sole interest of his mother. He meets Anna and falls passionately in love with her—believing her to be pure. Anna ensnares him and the mother loses her son. At this point Shepherd Ern, Anna's old lover, returns, and Jim murders him and meets his fate on the scaffold. This poem especially in the last stanzas, shows with fineness of feeling the love of a mother for her child. It overflows with sweetness and strong spirituality. Let us close with a few lines from the mother's prayer. Her son is sentenced to death, but, in her courage, she still offers a prayer of hope for the future.

God dropped a spark down into every one,
And if we find and fan it to a blaze
It'll spring up and glow, like—like the sun,
And light the wandering out of stony ways.
God warms his hands at man's heart when he prays,
And light of prayer is spreading heart to heart;
It'll light all where now it lights a part.

The Eighth Sin. By C. D. Morley. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.)

We take pleasure in reviewing this book of verses, written by an alumnus of Haverford and one time editor of *The Haverfordian*. Mr. Morley graduated here in 1910, and is at present studying at Oxford. In the present day, it may seem presumptuous for a young man, not yet through his university training, to publish a book of verses, but we do not think this true in Mr. Morley's case. The whole tone of the little volume is modest. It is modest in appearance and in the wording of the preface. The majority of the verse is of a light strain, breathing the life and spirit of an English university. Clever is the adjective which best characterizes most of the verses. *Art Poetica*, *To Venus in the Ashmolcan* and *The Ballade of Mr. Pepys* are fascinating in their cleverness. We can readily see that the writer cherishes a friendship with the works of Stevenson, Keats and Kipling. And excellent friends they are to guide a youthful writer! In *Twilight*, *The Exile and the Rock Limpet*, *The Blue Tree* and several others we see touches of delicacy and beauty. We quote the opening lines of *The Exile and the Rock Limpet*.

The dying Day lies bleeding in the west,
 Stanching his ebbing anguish in the cool
 Blue bosom of the Night . . .
 And by the salty island shore a pool,
 A shallow tidal pool, his blood reflects,
 Mirrors the crimson. . . .

As final judgment we echo the phrase Mr. Morley has inserted in his preface: "Not bad for a beginner." D. B. V. H., '15.

Heræ

If all that life is worth
 Was made for man,
 If all the glorious earth
 Was heaven's plan
 To raise our little sphere to unknown height,
 Then joy is ours, immortal life our right.

Yet measuring beauty's height
 And happiness, brief,
 With nameless loss through night
 And nameless grief
 Our short existence seems to mock our pain:
 We live—till death proclaims we live in vain.

1913.

Informal Contributions

The Haverfordian does not necessarily endorse the contents of this department.

The Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN :

DEAR SIR:—In taking advantage of the opportunity newly offered by THE HAVERFORDIAN for the exposition of personal opinion on the part of the undergraduate body, I feel that, in broaching a matter which has excited my keenest interest, that possibly I am tampering with the very foundation stone of the principles of Haverford College and the Society of Friends. Hence I ask your indulgence, and beg that you may leave this letter unprinted unless the subject seems to you to offer a field for profitable discussion.

I refer, in short, to the compulsory attendance at Thursday meeting. Sir, has this matter claimed your careful attention? It is so easy to fall thoughtlessly into the customs and routine of an institution. To me, Haverford had always stood for freedom of thought and liberality of ideals. To say I was surprised when, in company with other green-capped Freshmen, I was herded across the bridge and into the meeting house on the first Thursday in the collegiate year, would be putting it mildly. Sir, I was shocked and horror stricken. My whole spiritual being suffered such a deep revulsion of feeling that I was on the point of rising and denouncing the barbaric custom, but the presence of that row of sombre countenances almost within my reach prompted caution and dissuaded me from such an action. Stirring with nameless emotions, I hastened back to my room, where an hour of unimpassioned meditation left me in a serener frame of mind. At lunch I looked for an outbreak of some kind, but I heard not a protesting word. Deeply concerned, I determined to hold my peace, and to find out by tactful questioning the position of my friends and comrades in this matter. What was my surprise to find that none of them seemed in the least concerned by what appeared to me to be an outrage against the religious dignity of the soul. I watched and waited. Week after week saw me in my allotted spot in the second pew, —facing the dread tribunal like a prisoner summoned before justice.

Sir, I have endured long enough. History I has taught me that for worship enforced, nations have been drenched in blood, and men have died martyrs. I quit the fight against silence; I bare my quivering soul to the world.

GEAUCART, '16.

Editor of HAVERFORDIAN :

DEAR SIR:—For more years than I care to think of I have been a subscriber to and close observer of THE HAVERFORDIAN, and it is therefore with regret that I have decided not to renew my subscription when it again falls due. I am the more loath to do this thing as I cannot but feel that in so doing I am severing the last thread that connects me with the vital life of my Alma Mater.

The undergraduate spirit has changed since my day and changed, I regret to asseverate, for the worse. Throughout the past two years in particular I have observed a spirit of reprehensible levity insinuate itself into your pages. THE HAVERFORDIAN, once the organ of the serious effort of conscientious students, seems to have degenerated into a compendium of amorous versification that can only be termed decadent.

The attitude of the student body has also undergone a regrettable metamorphosis in regard to the respect, or rather lack of respect, in which the alumni are held. Let me cite a point in case. Soon after the Christmas recess I was

necessitated by business to be in Haverford after the departure of the last train to Philadelphia. This did not annoy me, as I felt sure of a bed in one of the college dormitories. Lloyd Hall being at hand I endeavored to attract the attention of some of the inmates. Repeated shouts availing nothing, it was only by the repeated hurling of pebbles through an open window upon the second floor that I at length secured a surly notice. Upon my gaining admittance to the rooms of this student I was surprised to find that he absolutely refused to give me his bed, the more so as he could not have been in it long, for the dress clothes that formed a heterogeneous strata upon the floor were but too plainly indicative of a night spent in profitless entertainment. Upon my reasonably pointing this out, I was told in no uncertain manner to mind my own business and was left to spend a most uncomfortable night in a William Morris chair.

Although I fully realize that "the old order changeth, giving place to new," I cannot but feel that it is such straws as these that indicate the direction of the wind. I feel that only too fast is the old order of Haverfordian, and solid Haverfordian ideals yielding to a degenerating looseness and such being the case I withdraw the support that my conscience refuses to grant freely.

Therefore I am with regret,

Yours very truly,

—, 188—

FORESTRY AND TIMBER-LAND TAXATION.

Next to fire there is nothing that so stubbornly confronts the advance of practical forestry as the present method of taxation, that is, timber-lands taxed under the scope of a general property tax. The system is arbitrary and unjust, a positive check to the successful practice of forestry, on which the future welfare of our country, in a very real sense, depends.

Four-fifths of all the timbered area of the United States is controlled by private capital. This means that the nation's future timber supply is in the hands of private individuals, who, since they are unwilling to speculate blindly or invest their capital in extremely future possibilities, are neglecting the cultivation of timber for future crops.

The timber taxation laws of to-day are, to all intents and purposes, in the same stage of development as they were when our forests existed as an unprofitable encumbrance. But the conditions of supply as well as demand have changed, and the time has come when a thorough revision of our taxation laws is necessary to protect and assure the future of one of our most important resources on which countless industries depend.

Under the present system of taxation attempts at reforestation or forest cultivation result in the practical confiscation of the tree-growing crops, since owners are compelled to prematurely cut their trees to meet the annual taxes. Thus a premium is placed on forest destruction and a penalty on forest conservation.

Taxation is justifiable only on the ground of the benefit to the public resulting from the operation of governmental functions. The claim for readjusted woodland taxation is based on the value of such lands for the public welfare in supplying timber, conserving the water supply, protecting fish, game and especially insectivorous birds, and in general maintaining and elevating the public health.

Economists and foresters who have given this subject the consideration it deserves agree that the solution is to be found in an annual tax of not more than one dollar per acre on all timbered lands, to meet the necessary demands of rural districts depending on tax revenue for school and road purposes than a ten per cent. assessment on the gross selling value of the stumpage at the time of or just prior to cutting. Thus the necessary revenue is collected by the county or State, the risk of fire loss abolished, and the burden of taxation falls on the owner at a time when he can best afford to bear it.

O. M. P., '13.

Alumni Department

We are anxious in this our new volume to make the interest in our alumni column supreme, yet we are to a large extent dependent upon the friends of prominent graduates for our quantity of material. Let us hear by postal whenever possible that the whole body may profit.

We, as undergraduates, are glad to note that the alumni are so active. Not only have there been reunions of the alumni body as a unit, but also of certain sections and classes. This brings to our minds more forcibly than ever the good fellowship into which we are to enter sooner or later.

With great pleasure we received the notice concerning the Annual Meeting of the New England Alumni Association, held on March 5th. The President is N. P. Hal-lowell, '57, and the Secretary, M. H. March, '07. The Committee on Arrangements consisted of the following members: Reuben Colton, '76, Chairman; Henry Baily, '78; Charles T. Cottrell, '90; Charles H. Thurber, '90; Frank M. Eshleman,

'00; Richard Patton, '01; Carlos N. Sheldon, '04; Paul Jones, '05; William S. Febiger, '09; Reynold A. Spaeth, '09; Mark Balderston, '12.

Dr. James A. Babbitt represented the College, and along with Professor Emeritus William Morris Davis, of Harvard, Richard Patton, '01, spoke. Frank M. Eshleman, '00, was toastmaster. The enthusiasm was great throughout and means were discussed by which they could get together oftener, if not in large groups, in small informal gatherings.

Beside this larger gathering and the regular Philadelphia Banquet already reported by the "Weekly," Walter Mellor entertained the class of 1901 at his home on the evening of February 8th. Those present were: Charles F. Allen, John W. Cadbury, Jr., A. Lovert Dewees, E. C. Rosmässler, George J. Walenta, William E. Cadbury, Evan Randolph, Theodore J. Grayson, Alexander C. Tomlinson, George B. Mellor, J. Herbert Webster.

It is with great regret that we learn of the death of Theodore H.

Morris, class of 1860, on Friday, February 18th. For a great number of years he was in the iron firm of Morris and Wheeler, beside taking an active part in politics and charity work. He was connected with several philanthropic works in and about Philadelphia. The funeral was held on Saturday, 19th, at the Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, where he had been a vestryman for a number of years. The services were conducted by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins and the lesson was read by the Rev. Joseph Paul Morris, class '99. The pallbearers were all Haverford men except two. Those officiating in this capacity were: P. Hollingswood Morris, '87; William P. Morris, '86; Frederick W. Morris, '88; Francis R. Cope, Jr., '00; E. W. Evans, '02, and Christopher Morris, '12.

Mr. Theodore H. Morris always took a deep interest and an active part in all that concerned Haverford, and so we must needs feel the loss of such a friend.

President Sharpless has recently been elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Friends' Historical Society. After the business side of the meeting was over Dr. Sharpless introduced the subject of the original copy of John Woolman's Journal, which has recently come into the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Professor Allen Thomas said that the book

was more widely known than any other literature of the Friends, and he thought this was a wonderful opportunity to awaken new interest in it. There is a motion on foot to have it printed in its entirety, and this will probably be granted at the next meeting of the Council.

We were much interested in finding the clipping which is appended below. There is a lot of such material as this, we feel sure, that would be most interesting and helpful to all Haverfordians, if we could lay our hands on it. We frequently hear of the great success of this or that Haverfordian, yet cannot lay our hands on any definite matter to print. For this reason we print the following, and shall hope that if any alumnus has such matter he will send it to us.

The Origin of Babylon Script—Tracing Archaic Linear and Cuneiform Signs to Their Pictographic Origin—By George A. Barton, '82, of Bryn Mawr College. Published in Leipsig.

Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity have been in the past the chief centre of research in Assyriology in this country. To the long list of publications emanating from this quarter another of a monumental character must now be added. By his investigations in Babylonian paleography Professor George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, has become the foremost authority in that subject. His

work, "The Origin and Development of Babylonian Writing," is far in advance of anything that has been attempted in this important investigation, and he has thrown much light upon the original pictures from which the cuneiform writing has been developed.

For a number of years Professor Barton has been the leading authority on prehistoric decipherment. Such archaic script as the Hoffman tablet in the General Theological Seminary, New York City, the Blau monuments of the British Museum and one in the University Museum, were studied by him. From these inscriptions and a few others he has compiled a considerable list of real pictographs. In addition he has given a list of the signs and has traced their development through all periods of Babylonian and Assyrian history. The most important feature of the present work is the establishment of a scientific method of investigation. This involved the proof of the unscientific character of former methods, and the practical demonstration of the hypothesis that Babylonian writing, like the primitive writing of the Egyptian, Hittite, Cretan, Chinese and other ancient peoples, originated in pictographs. It was from the pictographic ideographs that the syllabic and alphabetic values were developed.

The author has identified the original picture of nearly two-score

signs, hitherto not recognized. He shows how the Sumerians combined different pictographs in order to express complex ideas, for example, a bowl under the mouth denoting "to eat." He holds that of the 719 signs he has listed 288 different pictographs have now been identified with considerable probability, while 209 are probably compound signs. Additional material of the early and archaic periods will enable scholars to identify other original picture signs.

Professor Barton believes that, owing to the nature of the writing materials employed in the Mesopotamian Valley, it was difficult to make accurate pictures, and in consequence conventional forms derived from pictures supplanted the originals at an early date. The conventionalization of the signs went on through the centuries as long as the cuneiform writing was in use. Seven different periods of development are distinguished, covering more than 3,000 years.

The work contains the most comprehensive table of numerals, weights and measures of different periods ever brought together; in short it is the most complete collection of signs of all periods listed in their relative chronological sequence. The work will be of great value to all Assyriologists.

At a reception given by Provost Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, to more than one thousand

members of the American Educational Association, Dr. R. C. McCrea, '07, Dean of the Wharton School, and Dr. William Draper Lewis, '88, were in the receiving line. Well-known educators from this section of the country attended.

'80

A. P. Corbitt for some time has been taking an active part in the politics of Delaware. At the last elections he was a candidate for United States Senator.

'84

On November 6th a son, Henry James Vaux, was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Vaux, Jr.

'85

Quite an honor was conferred upon Dr. Rufus M. Jones when he was invited to give a series of five lectures on "Spiritual Reformers of the Sixteenth Century" before the Hartford Theological Seminary last January and February. These Carew lectures are given annually and attract much attention in the theological world.

To the long list of books published by former Haverfordians has been added an English textbook by Logan Pearsall Smith, non-grad. '85. It is being widely used here and in England.

'87

The New York *Independent* of January 23rd has a very interesting

article on "Making Over the Schools" by Tristram Walker Metcalfe. The type of work being accomplished may be seen by the following clipping:

"Fifty thousand dollars, nearly two years in time and the efforts of a staff of more than a dozen experts have been spent upon the inquiry into the enormous school system in New York City. The reports are about to be published. The conclusions and recommendations—the result of intimate study of the work in the schools—are of vital importance to the whole country, for the problems which confront New York are the same which, on a smaller scale, other cities are facing. No longer are the people willing to take it for granted that their schools are doing good work. They demand the exact facts. It was because the Board of Estimate in New York City had been unable, for years, to secure, from the educational authorities, definite information as to school progress and needs to enable it to determine how large an appropriation should be made annually for the schools, that the board decided to call in experts to get the facts. The investigation covered building construction and janitorial service, as well as educational problems. As yet comparatively few of the reports have been made public. Those given out have dealt with the construction and care of build-

ings, the office and clerical work of the educational experts, and the organization and methods of the Board of Education."

Among the list of well-known educators discussing the various phases of the subject is found the name of a Haverfordian, Dr. Henry H. Goddard. The topic of his discussion, which will be published in the *Independent* at a later date, is "Ungraded Classes."

'90

The firm of J. S. & W. S. Kuhn, Incorporated, Investment Bankers of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Boston and London, announce the election of their Board of Directors, and thereon is found the name of W. G. Audenried, Jr., as one of the two Vice-Presidents.

Charles H. Thurber, who is a partner in the publishing firm of Ginn & Co., Boston, has been appointed a member of the Board of Syndics, which will direct the policy of the "Harvard University Press," recently established.

'92

Christian Brinton had an article in the December "Scribner's" on "Scandinavian Painters of To-day."

I. Harvey Brumbaugh made the opening address at the dedication of the Huntingdon Infirmary, Huntingdon, Pa. For a number of years Dr. Brumbaugh has been connected with Juniata College, of that

place, and has now become President. The reports of his work are very favorable and the college has grown considerably under his administration.

'93

Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts are rejoicing in the arrival of a son, John Palmer. Mr. Roberts is now connected with the Erie R. R.

A daughter, Lillian, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woolman.

'94

The following was taken from the "Philadelphia Public Ledger" of February 5th: Parker Shortridge Williams was appointed one of Mayor Blankenburg's Committee of Three to formulate the draft of a proposed legislative measure to provide for the construction of additional subway and elevated lines in Philadelphia. It is now being worked into final shape.

'96

On Friday evening, February 7th, Prof. Samuel Kriebel Brecht, of the Central High School, gave a lecture in the First Schwenkfelder Church, Phila., on "Glimpses of the Fatherland." This lecture was illustrated by ninety views of Europe, many of which were taken in Silesia, the former home of the Schwenkfelders. Prof. Brecht gave a very interesting lecture interspersing it continually with many personal experiences.

'97

Richard C. Brown is in the Book Department of Strawbridge & Clothier.

'99

Howard H. Lowry is Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., Inc., 437 Chestnut Street, Phila.

'00

On February 1st the law firm of McLaughlin, Russell, Coe & Sprague announced that Edward D. Freeman had become a member. Their offices are at 165 Broadway, New York City.

'02

Lynn Seiler has taken up his new work in the Municipal Playground League, of the Bureau of Charities, Phila. His labors there have caused him to resign his position as Secretary of the Board of Football Officials.

'03

A. J. Philips is acting as director in the management of the North House Mission, Phila.

'04

Bert Calvin Wells, who is the city engineer of Wichita, Kans., has just finished the canal bridge for which he made the design some time ago. The newspapers of the place cite it as being "one of the most compact and handsome bridges in the State." Work on it was begun last September. It is a canal bridge over the Wichita



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'05

Mr. and Mrs. A. Glyndon Priestman are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Ruth, on February 10, 1913.

'06

Ewing Sharpless, ex-'06, has moved to "Awbury," Germantown, and built a house.

'09

We are pleased to learn of the success of Doctors F. M. Ramsey and F. R. Taylor. The former has been appointed to an internship at the Pennsylvania Hospital and the latter at the Germantown Hospital. Both secured their positions by the good work done while in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'10

John Donald Kenderdine has been assigned the task of reorganizing the subscription department of *McClure's Magazine*.

An echo of the controversy as to the British attendance at the Olympic games was heard at the Cambridge University Debating Society recently, when several famous "blues" made a contribution to the discussion. P. J. Baker, ex-'10, defended the attack on the Americans. Baker himself competed in the games, and his argument was given from personal experience. In part, it was as follows: He main-

tained that no country, which attached importance to games, would have sent to Sweden a team as scandalously organized as the British was. He declared that American methods were already in use in English rowing and football, and so on. Englishmen in sticking to the ideals of rough-and-ready amateurism were simply refusing to do for athletics what was done for everything else. If there were any defects in American methods, he said, they were due to a lack of humor and a lack of a sense of proportion. Whatever the Americans were in 1908, he said, last year they were scrupulously fair. The result of the debate was virtually a big success for Baker.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Drosley Light

TWO men were on the bridge of the S. S. Indrawadi. One was the Captain, the other was myself. I wore the uniform of second officer. We clung to the centre of the bridge, for both ends had long been washed away. Beneath us were men, women and children. The steel plates of the ship were all that separated them from the sea. The Captain was wont to command and the Indrawadi had always obeyed, but that day she was as unruly as a Bengal tigress.

The Captain therefore swore, and ordered me to turn the wheel seven points to starboard. I gave it a wrench and it spun free; the rudder was gone. The Captain swore no longer but ordered the engineer to stand by so as to control the Indrawadi by her twin propellers. The engineer stood by until the water put out his fires. Then he came out on deck to report to the bridge and on the way was washed overboard. The piston rods throbbed a few times, then came to a stop.

The Captain became grimly silent, put on a life belt and lashed himself to the bridge.

The Indrawadi would drop, drop, drop far below the surface of the water, the sea piling perpendicularly above. And when the sides started to cave in she would shoot up, up, up and the sea would drop beneath us and I could see the ocean for leagues around. Sometimes when the molten walls began to cave in above us the Indrawadi would not rise at all. Then there was a roar, and the sound of it was so terrific that I became stunned and felt as if I were in the midst of a terrible nightmare. The waves would fall, smashing in their onslaught the iron superstructures like so much kindling, and the steel cables would snap and curl like hair that is being singed.

Soon night came and the heavens cleared. Then as we dropped into the sea the stars would rush together as though to peep down at us from between the waves. When we rose they would scatter and run away as if they too were only mocking us.

Once when we were on the crest of a wave the Captain shook me and pointed starboard. He was saying something, but I could only see the motion of his lips for the roar of the storm was deafening. Twinkling stars covered the sky and the breaking surge shimmered like fragments of stars themselves. But afar off where the sea and the sky met

there was a light which gleamed red across the sea. It shone too steadily for a ship and I knew we were far from land. There was only one other course.

In the midst of the ocean there is a submerged reef; evidently the rocky peak of some mountain of the sea. For centuries it had been the terror of mariners, until thirty odd years ago a beacon had been built upon it. The S. S. Indrawadi had passed this dangerous reef a score of times and we officers were always glad when the beacon was sighted, for it served as a warning and as a point to steer by. But just as in life, the bright lights of a city serve to warn away those who have power to resist, but hold a sinister spell upon those who are without will, just so did that beacon of the sea seem to attract the Indrawadi by the very fascination of its peril.

What followed afterwards I cannot tell, for like a nightmare the sensation of it was unforgettable, but the details as phantasmal as a dream. I can now feel the shrill shriek of the wind through the rigging, the damaging thud of heavy seas, the groaning of the ship as she dragged her chains, the moans of the men, the hysterical sobbing of women, the piteous cry of children. And all the time the sinister gleam of the light, overpoweringly bright, grew nearer and nearer. And I thought of the birds of passage which once catching a glimpse of those lights, unceasingly seek them until, having reached their destination, they dash themselves to pieces.

Soon I could see the tower of the beacon rise two hundred feet from the ocean—the seas crashing against it with thunderous onslaught. A mountain wave would strike the base of the tower, pile fathom upon fathom until half the great structure was hidden; then, exploding, dash tons of spray skyward. The flood would then recede and the column of stonework would shoot up, until a long, ugly ridge of rock was visible. Then, roaring, the seas would rush in again.

We were now so close to the lighthouse that its rays no longer shone upon the Indrawadi. The lenses concentrated the beams above and beyond us.

Then the inevitable happened. There was a sickening, tearing sound from below decks. The groans of terror suddenly ceased; my head was thrown violently against the binnacle. The S. S. Indrawadi shivered the whole length of her steel plates, then settled close upon the rocks. Suddenly the sea about us, as if lashed to fury by the sudden resistance of the Indrawadi, broke upon her in a titanic onrush. Waves which before would have tossed and buffeted her, now landed like avalanches of molten granite, smashing her with terrific force.

As I clung, lashed to the wheel, I could see little squares of mellow light far up on the tower. People lived there in security from the sea, and perhaps they had not even heard our cries of anguish.

Then the Indrawadi began to lurch and roll, the sea had broken her back and was hauling her off the reef to devour her. With that primitive instinct which comes to us at times of peril, I cut my lashings and leaped into the sea, commending my soul to God. Then all was darkness as vast as the very sea.

* * * * *

At last when I regained consciousness I realized two things: I was safe from the sea; I was still alive.

Right above me rose a wall of huge stone blocks, between the seams of which trickled water. I lay at its base on the hard ground; there was a fence just before me and the sea beyond. Over its glassy surface danced little rippling waves. Seagulls flapped o'erhead and the sky was in a blaze of colour—the crimson orb of the sun was touching the rim of the sea.

Then I remembered that long, long ago there had been a terrific storm—and after it a great darkness. Now I felt as if I had slept a long time and that it was now dawn after a hideous night. But when I looked again, the sun had partly disappeared—it was evening. Then high above me I heard the sonorous peal of a bell reverberate over the sea.

I must be lying at the foot of some monastery at the vesper hour. Mechanically I made the sign of the cross, and thanked God that I was saved.

Then I realized that I was very weary and the ground was very hard. I started to turn over; my eyes looked down beside me—when I became rigid. A loathsome horror seized me.

The ground was no ground at all.

It was a grating, and through it I could see the water thirty feet below me. With the washing of the sea a large white object moved to and fro entangled in seaweed.

Then I screamed.

A huge seagull had swooped beneath me and perched upon the pale object in the water. It was a human face and on the seaweed were the tresses of a woman's hair.

I turned my eyes away and looked above. The wall was very, very high and it curved convexly behind me.

The wall was the lighthouse, the grating a platform and the fence a railing. I had been washed on to it the night before. The Indrawadi

had long since sunk and the bodies, distended with gas, were coming to the surface, and the birds by the hundred were wheeling and skimming over the sea.

Many feet above extending from the tower was a black pipe. From its extremity rose a thin line of smoke. It was a chimney, and my imagination whetted to an abnormal point by the hunger and suffering I had endured painted before my eyes pans of sizzling meats, a cheery fire and warmth.

"Hello-o. . . up there! Hey. . . . I'm wrecked!"

Not a sound except the lapping of the sea—and crying of the gulls. Again and again I shouted, but there was no answer.

With superhuman effort I dragged myself around the tower. My heart leaped with joy, for there was a ladder of iron rungs set in the stonework. It ran up dizzily to a point where it entered an opening. I tried to pull myself up one rung. Then I laughed hysterically, for I could not even lift a foot.

I continued to circle the tower, when I came upon a deep recess in the stonework. In it there was a great iron door to withstand the violence of the sea. I pounded upon it with might and main—not an answering sound. The sun had long ago set and a dark mist was settling over the sea. This and the approaching night, the cry of gulls and the monotonous sound of the sea cast an oppressive gloom upon me. Sobs shook my whole being and I cried hysterically, cursing God for having so futilely saved me. Then I grew quieter and began to pray, for my strength was fast ebbing and I believed death to be nigh. Then before me there formed the vision of my mother and of her who had last bade me farewell with tears in her eyes and that smile upon her lips.

Suddenly the fog banks about me became all white and shimmery; the great lamps were lit. At regular intervals the deep note of a bell sounded through the fog. I know that it was settling for a dreary night.

I had been sitting thus for a long time when a rattling sound startled me from behind. I was to be saved; the great iron door was opening for the creaking of its rusty hinges echoed dolorously across the gloom of the sea.

Though hope was rising expectantly in my heart, still the funeral note of the hinge and the empty silence after it had swung open, unnerved me. I was about to plunge into the chasmal darkness lest I be shut out for ever, when a chill ran through me and I listened attentively.

Someone was breathing very rapidly within the doorway. A sickening odor reached my nostrils.

And there came to my mind how in a certain strange book I had

read of the "death smell," which physicians notice when entering a house of death.

But I was not long left to such speculations. From the gloom of the iron door issued a gaunt figure hideous to behold. Around her—for it was a woman—a nightdress flapped like a shroud. For a second she turned her countenance towards me and I thought I beheld a corpse, for her face as of one long buried was marred and decayed. Then, with a long-drawn out wail, she leaped into the sea.

Immediately the silence of the tower was broken as if by a spell and I heard voices far above me. Then followed a succession of clanging thumps which came nearer and nearer. Someone was descending the stairway. Suddenly a great light blinded me. When my eyes became accustomed to it I saw that it was a lantern carried in the hands of a man. He darted across the room straight for the door. He did not notice me.

Once upon the platform the man looked all around him holding the lantern high above his head. I could see that terror was stamped upon his features. Suddenly he began to cry out:

"Debo-rah, Debo-rah!"

Not a sound except the gentle lapping of the sea.

Then he turned around and saw me.

"Oh, Deborah?"

I was not Deborah. She was at the bottom of the sea.

Quick as a flash he gleamed a long knife and leaped backwards. I then knew that he was as frightened as I.

"Give me shelter, give me drink—I was washed here by a wave. . . . a wreck. . . ," and I told him my whole experience.

When he had heard me out he put away his knife, and placing me on his shoulder carried me into the tower. Then he put me down and closed the iron door. With the rattling of its bolts an inexplicable terror came over me. To be sure I had prayed that I might enter, but now that I was locked in I longed for the air and the sea. After all, the sea was not unkind to me. Then I realized that he had laid me in a coffin. There were three of them in the room, besides ropes, tackle and chains.

"What are these boxes for?"

"For a long time we are out here alone—sometimes something happens, then we use a box."

"Oh," I answered.

My saviour was a muscular man, with high forehead, dark, sinister eyes and a sallow complexion. A sandy beard covered his chin and lips, which curled at times into a sickly smile.

Each storey was a single room, round in shape. They were about eleven feet high and connected by an iron stairway which followed the circle of the wall perhaps a fourth of the way round. The first two we passed were evidently oil rooms for great drums were piled above each other. The third was a store room, the fourth a crane room. The fifth was a living room, for on the opposite side was a bed and as we started for the next floor, someone moved in the bed and groaned as if in agony.

"Who's that?"

"My wife."

"Is she sick?"

"Yes, sir."

"What of?"

He did not answer, but as we passed on, she raised her head from the pillow and cried:

"Oh, Deborah?"

And by the light of the lantern I saw that she also had the same fearful marks upon her face.

The sixth floor was another bed room. He set me down on the pallet and told me he would bring food. He went to the room above, and soon returned with brandy and biscuits.

"Is that your kitchen?" I asked, pointing above.

"No, sir, that's my bed room. I've got to be near the light.

"Oh, the light is just above it?"

"No, sir, there is a Service room where the machinery is; the lamps are on the tenth floor. You have never been in a lighthouse before?"

"No, thank God—never."

"Well, you won't have to stand it very long," and I could see that those lips of his curled in a faint smile. A moan rose from below.

"That your wife?"

"Yes. You'd better get to bed. I'll see you tomorrow."

He left me a candle and went upstairs to his room. I went to the narrow casement and opened it wide. The dank sea mist rushed in and I gave thanks for my safe delivery.

When I turned around the room was in complete darkness. The open window had blown out the light. I groped for the bed and got under the covers.

The bed was warm.

The remembrance of the delirious phantom who had leaped into the sea came afresh to my mind. I crawled out and slept upon the floor. Above I could hear the keeper pacing to and fro, from below came the groans of his wife. Then I slept profoundly.

When I awoke it was again dark; I had slept the whole of the following day. A lantern was shining in my face. The keeper was coming down the stairs from his room. He neither stopped nor noticed me but went on down to the floor below. His wife must have been sleeping for I heard no more groans.

After a half hour I heard the keeper go slowly and with a heavy tread down the stairs. His footsteps became faint and fainter. A pause; then I heard the monotonous sound of hammering. There was a long and dull creak of rusty hinges. Finally a distant splash.

Soon the sound of steps ascending and the keeper passed through my room on his way up.

I arose, found that I was greatly strengthened by the sleep, but that the solitude was getting on my nerves. I went upstairs and found the keeper working over oil pumps. As I approached him, he did not even look up but seemed to be like one in absolute dejection. I pitied him until I caught his eye, then I feared him for his look was strange indeed.

"Hey—Keeper, when does the relief boat get here?" I asked.

"Tomorrow at seven."

"How often does it come?"

"Every four months."

I returned to my bed, but could hardly sleep for the joy of rescue so near at hand. The next morning I got up early and went upstairs. In a few hours I would be on a steamer bound for port. There I would communicate with headquarters telling them of the Indrawadi disaster, which would electrify the world. Then I would soon be with my mother and she whom I loved.

So it was with a light heart that I climbed those stairs to the keeper's room. I was going on up to the lamp platform to watch for the relief boat.

But when I got into the keeper's room I was astonished to find him still in bed. I shook him. He turned towards me and I cried out in horror. His face and shoulders were covered with great black marks, and his eyes were red with fever. He looked at me and groaned.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

Then he answered me in a voice that was hollow as death.

"The matter? I will tell you, but first give me water."

I gave him a cupful. Then he started off abruptly:

"Sam is Deborah's son. She is my sister. Sam is a King's soldier in India. He is a good boy and sent Deborah a packet of letters. A passing steamer left them a week ago. Since then it has been hell. Sam said that in the native city there was a great calamity. Soon after

the letters came, Deborah became sick, delirious. And the other night she got free and with superhuman effort descended six flights of stairs, opened the sea gate and drowned herself. I heard her shriek and came as fast as I could from the Service room—but only to find you. My wife, who has also been taken sick, I nailed in a coffin and buried last night. Now you see that I, too, am sick, and soon *you* will also be a victim of the bubonic plague!"

At these last words I felt my head reel and I sprang back in helpless terror.

He called for more water and I pushed the jug towards him with my foot. He grasped it, drank, and spat into my face, crying:

"Is that the way you treat your saviour?—where would you be now if I hadn't let you in?"

I realized he was becoming crazed with fever.

Then he sat up in bed and cried:

"Listen."

Away off I could hear the blast of a steamer's horn.

"The relief!"

I sprang upstairs through the Service room, onto the lamp deck.

A one-funnelled vessel was coming towards the lighthouse. Half a mile away she stopped and gave forth a succession of short blasts. Evidently she was waiting for a signal from the tower. I saw that perhaps my only chance was to ask the keeper what she meant.

When I again approached him death was at hand and he had become quieter.

He answered,

"Get that box over there. Open it. See those two flags? Hoist the white one. The relief only stops on signal."

I took the white flag and hoisted it aloft. The steamer gave three blasts and got under way. At first I thought she was circling nearer, then she turned her bow to the east and began to go away. I shouted with all my might, waved the red flag in my hand, but to no avail.

From below I heard the keeper laugh hysterically like some beast gloating over its prey. I descended into his room determined to kill him. In my hand was an iron bar which I had picked up in the Service room.

When he saw me he again began to laugh. I lifted the bar to dash his brains out when he cried:

"Stop that ship? Never! They would take me away from my lamps. My name is John Killwash of Drosley Light and for thirty years I've watched her, I've cared for her, I've loved her, and now, by

God, I'll die by her. And as for you, you will make a capital undertaker. Besides, the joke is on you!"

Again he laughed that hyena cackle of his and I knew that he was insane.

I buried John Drosley, but what followed afterwards is another story. But this much I will say; Drosley Light was dark for the first time in thirty years.

K. N. '15.

The Valley of the Shadow

We weep
When the days are long
And the nights are dark.

We steep
In the ills that threat
And the cares that cark.

But why
Should we fear a way
That is never new,

And sigh
When our garments drip
With the chilling dew?

We know
That the road must end,
But we cannot see

The woe
Or the joy that sure
At that end must be.

Alone
We must tread the path
Where the race has trod,

And moan
With the curse of doubt
In our search for God.

E. Z. B., '16.

I Buy Books

IT is but esldom that I indulge myself in this most pleasing of all my pleasures—the buying of books. Last Friday afternoon—it was a dull, rainy afternoon: a book-buying afternoon—I went in town to Leary's old book shop. It had been well over a month since I had satisfied my appetite for paper leaves at the book-stalls and I was keen for the feast. So great was my appetite that before I had torn myself away from the tempting shelves, I had spent the extravagant sum of two dollars and five cents. An unheard-of sum to spend at one feast! My usual plan is to prolong my pleasure by spending my money cautiously, even as a child will make its stick of sweet "last longer." But my craving had now gone too long without attention—it was uncontrollable.

How can I describe that delicious feeling which I experience when I find myself surrounded by shelves of old books? Recall, if you can, that feeling you enjoyed as a child, when after building a "house" with infinite pains, you crawled inside and were content to just sit, scarcely moving; to enjoy that sense of cosiness, that feeling of hominess inborn in us all. A feeling akin to this comes over me with the presence of numberless old books. But now I begin my search. Has any explorer ever had such boundless, unknown fields to explore? One is nowhere surrounded by such a cosmopolitan company. One can nowhere make the acquaintance of such a group of friends—all types of beings: the good and the bad; the sublime and the ridiculous. Men, women and children of all ages will march down from the shelves at your call. The history of all ages, brought together in one large room, offers itself for your enjoyment. It is bewildering. One hardly knows where to begin. But I do not lose much time. I find a quiet spot in the store; quiet I say because I cannot suffer being disturbed at my feast. If a senseless clerk comes near me, I move to another row of shelves and try a different diet. I once had a dog that showed this same over-sensitiveness about his eating. We would place a plate of bones before him and, in spite of his evident hunger, he would not deign to eat so long as any of us were watching him. Strange how we adopt the little characteristics of our close friends!

On last Friday I started my feast at the shelves marked "Poetry." It is a good place to begin for here one can usually find something palatable. I sought diligently for some verse by Noyes and Le Gallienne, but

my efforts were in vain. Such relishes could not remain long undiscovered upon the shelves. As I stooped to scan the lower shelves with hungry look, a volume with a bright red cover attracted my eye. I drew it from the shelf; it was bound in limp-leather. I immediately recognized it as one of Kipling's, "Songs from Books"—one of Rudyard's I did not have. The price was high, but it was too precious to lose. I carried it carefully about with me in my hand. I soon found myself among the "Essays,"—this is usually my second course. Here I made a rare find—a volume entitled "Prose Writings of Heinrich Heine", edited by Havelock Ellis. I had not forgotten the charm of that journey with Heine through the Hartz Mountains when we translated his "Hartzreise" at school. The worn cover gave the book the appearance of having seen much of life and of having reached a satisfied old age. The rough edges of the leaves had been done to a brown by time and dust. Its aged look bespoke a ripe wisdom. "I must know more of Heine," is my thought and the book joins the Kipling in my hand. My third purchase is a little volume published by that most refined and painstaking of publishers—Thomas B. Mosher. It has a distinctive air, as indeed do all the Mosher books. One does not hesitate long about buying them. It is "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats. And now my dessert! Do not be surprised, dear reader, when I tell you that it was the lowliest little volume of them all. Such it is: dirty, dusty and badly thumbbed. But the pleasing quality of its flavor lies in the fact that it was hitherto unknown to me—a newly discovered corner in the life of an old friend. It is a book of "American Notes" by Kipling; price ten cents. Where can one find such inexpensive pleasure such everlasting delight as among the book-stalls? Nowhere I believe. I now have my fill and take my precious purchases to a willing clerk who wraps them up. In glory I bear them home to devour in the quiet of my room the feast I have only tasted.

As I write, my new-found friends lie scattered about my desk. They are eyeing me closely—I trust they do not disapprove of my revealing the common secrets of our friendship.

D. B. V. H. '15.

Romance and a Stone Wall

WERE I a great painter, and were I to be commissioned by a wealthy patron to paint a picture that should embody my conception of romance (which in itself is an absurdity, for wealthy patrons if not demanding full-length portraits of themselves, at least desire decorative panels representing "The Spirit of Commerce Permitting the Sunrise"); I say, were I to be so commissioned I would waste no canvas on troubadours, enchanted castles, or armored Knights, but would attempt, to the best of my ability to depict a stone wall.

Nor would it be an ordinary stone wall, waist high and with a stile: no, it would be high, and firm, and old, and above it in the distance should appear the misty crests of mountains. And you and I should stand before it and dream of what was beyond, and none of us should know. Now the glamour of Romance, intangible at the best of times, lies in the uncertainly, in the dreams of the Unknown, and the Stone Wall is its symbol. It was doubtless the desire to solve the Unknown, to see what was beyond, that kept the Grecian heroes before the great stone wall of Troy. In early Britain did not the romance of the age surge like a wave about that wall called "Hadrian's."?

There is something wonderfully delightful in throwing one's self upon a grassy bank opposite one of these bulwarks of Romance and giving way to dreams. Who knows, beyond those mysterious stones may lie a "terra incognita" or woods and streams, peopled with as many fauns and dryads as you care to conjure up. Perhaps, could we but scale the wall, we might come face to face with the Great Adventure that, let us hope, awaits us all, and at what moment may we not hear a laugh or a song, and there on the wall above us see poised a lithe divinity (dark or fair, what matters it?) gazing down upon us with a face gloriously foreshortened? And no eyes are half so clear and deep, no face so fascinating as when looking down upon us.

The same is true throughout. In town and country we may still find the walls holding out to us the same infinite possibilities of beauty and Romance. The same charm of the Unknown lies everywhere if we but let our spirit respond to its lure. As long as he remains unseen, the most dishevelled flutist of the most vagabond of gutter bands possesses all potentialities of a very Pan.

Take the child with his first talking machine. As long as he can believe in the fairy inside he is happy and can dream, until some day he will gradually understand those real forces that have a poetry and romance of their own. Tell him, however, at once, that the voice is that

of a needle point running along grooves that correspond to sound waves and you have not only muddled his ideas but have broken an illusion and if they must go, illusions should gradually fade. You will have torn down his stone wall.

It is the same vagrant spirit of underlying Romance that crops out in all ranks of life. The Poet looks forward into the Unknown, and as the wall separates him from it he endows it with his dreams. The Gambler watches the turning wheel, and unable to see whether loss or gain is beyond, ventures his stake on a chance.

And the beautiful part of it all is that that which is hidden from us by the Stone Wall is our very own, to do with as we please, to people as we will. Some there are, however, to whom Romance is as naught; they must know and see. They blow their trumpets and scale the wall, and when once firmly on its summit they turn to us and cry, "I told you so! There is nothing here." Such people I term as sublimated Ants. La Fontaine has written a fable and Vibert has painted a picture and both have for their subject the oft-repeated story of the practical Ant and the heedless Grasshopper. Taken all in all the tale is highly improving. We find that by constant application and untiring industry the Ant has earned the right to plunge headlong into his little black hole and hibernate for the rest of his life. The Grasshopper justly freezes.

In looking over the circumstances, however, I cannot be altogether sure that the Ant is the one to be envied. True, he can stagnate all winter, but to achieve this result he has had to forfeit his summer, and summer is the logical time for dreams.

The Grasshopper I think is more fortunate. Throughout the Spring he has danced, the Summer has heard his odes to Bacchus, and in the Fall he may know again the short joys of St. Martin's Summer. At any rate, he has lived. Of course the Winter will come and he will doubtless freeze, but after all, Grasshoppers are only mortal and must make their little bow sooner or later. The winter comes and finds him unprepared, but he will have a host of memories to keep him company, and memories are the pleasant shadows of what once were dreams. Once more he can let pass as in review the friends and nights of his June, and pulling in his belt a few notches can see again the fields of buttercups and cowslips on which he was wont to feed.

Can the Ant say as much? For I fear that his winter is rather dreary. He sits in his little black hole and moralizes or gives pompous dinners to his fellow Ants at which there is a great display of plate and of shirt front and at which the elderly Ants seriously relate tales of their superior acumen and laugh pityingly at the adversities and eccentricities

of Grasshoppers. But listen closely and notice that while the younger ones sedately agree, they use the waistcoats of the Grasshoppers as models for their own. Perhaps in this very thing is found an excuse for the Grasshoppers. They furnish terrible examples for the little Ants and prove of use as scales by which their more purposeful brethren can measure their tangible success.

Now these are the two types that come in contact with the Stone Wall, the greatest of them all, for in the end our life is divided by that wall from the Ultimate Unknown. It is the greatest romance of the Universe. And all of us, whether we wish to or not, must lie on this great grassy bank and live our dreams, while from time to time one of us arises and tells us his own theory about the beyond. Then some of us adopt his theory, and some are content with our own thoughts, and others tired of dreaming, scale the wall and fling themselves over; and as realization is rarely as perfect as uncertainty they are very likely disappointed. But some day we shall all know.

L. B. L. '14.

Maidens Three

Along the sand, beside the sea,
Hand in hand skip maidens three—
The waves chase in with lively glee.
Bathed in a morning sun,
Swift rising from the sea,
They skip, they dance, they gaily run:
These maidens three.

Brightness, Bloom and Cheerfulness,
Soothed by a sea breeze' soft caress,
To wisdom, love, and friendliness
Inspire a beauty rare,
And lend a loveliness
To form of Life, a flower fair
This world to bless.

D. B. V. H. '15.

The Life Message of a Decadent

ERNEST CHRISTOPHER DOWSON was born at the Grove, Lee, Kent, in the small village of Belmont Hill, on the second of August, 1867. His great uncle was Alfred Domett, Browning's "Waring," at one time Prime Minister of New Zealand and the author of *Ranolf and Amohia* and other poems. Dowson's father, who had himself a taste for literature, lived a good while in France and on the Riviera on account of the delicacy of his health, and Ernest had a somewhat irregular education, chiefly out of England, before he entered Queen's College, Oxford. He left in 1887 without a degree and came to London where he lived for several years, often revisiting France which was his favorite country. In his later life he lived in Paris, until the very end when he returned to London six months before his death. Dowson received nothing but a deserted wharf from his father's estate, and being the most improvident of men, spent his life in a state of poverty, which had considerable effect in determining its course. Arthur Symonds, in his introduction to the "Poems" of 1900, the only genuine biography of Dowson and the source of much of this material, tells how he returned to London a dying man, in need of money and still too morbidly shy to seek assistance from his friends who would gladly have helped him.

This timid independence is the keynote of Dowson's life and poetry. It largely constituted his charm of personality and endeared him to the young poets of the Rhymer's Club in London, and to the less pretentious, yet perhaps more sincere verse writers of the Quartier Latin. The innate delicacy of the poet in body and in moods shut him off from a normal life among varied interests and led him to think the common herd outside of his spiritual world—"the eternal cry of the poor poet," one will remark, yet in Dowson's case this cannot fairly be maintained. He did not lead this life purposely that he might affect that of a genius, but rather the faint spark of genius which he possessed arose from the course of his life and his life was driven down this sordid path by the combined forces of his three enemies—self-distrust, drink and consumption. To dream his dream and drink himself into oblivion from the rude awakening was the method by which his moods were invoked. In these moods he strove to sing the splendor of his dream and the horror of his fall, yet the mood in which he dreamed was not the best in which to write and his strain both staggers and wanders off into obscurity as the result, losing in a comparison with a poem in which the author has

schooled himself to affect moods of this turbulent kind without having been held back by their consequences.

When we seek to analyze Dowson as a man of letters we must choose one of two courses: either assuming his life of chaos to be of interest, to test his power to reveal this interest, or to pay no heed to the experiences which occasioned his writings and adopt the ruthless attitude of the critic who upon their literary value alone examines them intensively. Both of these viewpoints are essential in forming our estimate of the poet as a man. The more lenient of the two will first claim our attention.

When we regard the writings of Dowson as the outgrowth of his life, we find that, like his life, they are dominated by the three distinct forces we have mentioned—his inherited physical weakness and tendency toward consumption, his pure and steadfast adoration of a woman who never returned his love, for this resulted from his self-distrust, and (perhaps also hereditary) his craving for drink. His poetic sensibility was partly due to this constitutional weakness, for a refined but nervous temperament which indulges to excess in all sensuous gratifications is certain to fly to emotional extremes. However, as in Dowson's case, these emotions seldom make for success in literature because pure inspiration lacks the ability to dissect a philosophic problem from a scientific basis and is therefore unlikely to arrive at a logical conclusion of thought. Dowson is accordingly restricted to one line of literary work, that which treats of the ephemeral surface beauties of life. It requires a strong man to sin strongly and profit, but, as Symons says, the tragedy of Dowson's own life could only have resulted in an elegy. He appears in his poems a shadowy, visionary figure gliding through the mystic wonderlands of twilight while he discourses with the ghost of an old love upon the memories of days gone by and the vanity and uselessness of life. This note is always prominent. For example:

"Across her youth the joys grow less and less,
The burden of the days that are to be,
Autumn and withered leaves and vanity
And winter bringing end in barrenness."

And again:

"Half a fool's kingdom, far from men who sow and reap
All their days, vanity? Better than mortal flowers
The moon-kissed roses seem: better than love or sleep
The star-crowned solitude of thine oblivious hours!"

If we accept Dowson as worthy of sympathetic consideration we must not disregard the standards by which he lived, insipid as these sometimes

appear. His ruling passion is clearly a worship of his abstract ideal of youth and he constantly sought to embody this conception in his life as he sought to give it expression in his verses. If he could not be himself the golden haired Hebe with a rose in his hair and a pipe of reed to his lips he could at least dream that he was and write under the spell of his dream. This search for the Forbidden Fountain appears to have been his chief excuse for his attachment to a girl who was infinitely beneath him in intellect and whose chief merit was that of a winning personality. Most of his thinking moments (those in which he was not rendered incapable by drink) were spent in thoughts of this maiden, so it is always she who plays the role of the ghost-lady in his dreams and her presence is constant in his verses. The lady was the daughter of a refugee who kept a restaurant in a foreign quarter of London. She was accustomed to sit at a game of cards with him under the eyes of her mother, listen and simper patiently to his verses, discuss a few commonplace topics and then retire to her duties, heartily glad, no doubt, to shake her mind free from the nebula of fancies in which Dowson must have involved it. Dowson now had nothing between his loneliness and himself save the streets where hashish and absinthe formed the medium in which his dreams could come true. Sad, is it not, when the palace of his dream-world was shattered by the onrush of the commonplace that he had no relief save in reveling with boots in a basement tavern; preferring the din of their ribald voices to the contemplation of the distance between himself and his ideals.

Small wonder then that the respectable mistress of the restaurant looked askance at him over her cup of tea and that, after smiling at him for two years, her daughter married the head waiter instead. Ridicule is easy in treating emotions so sublime as those of Dowson, yet his anguish at least can be well understood; striving to conquer a passionate longing to lay bare his heart and let her respond to it, held in check by the very sanctity of his love and withal lacking the common sense to perceive that his tenderness was being wasted. History teaches that poets are made by reverses and no doubt had Dowson's love affair come to the conventionally happy ending his art would have been without the incentive of self pity which he calls:

. . . "thy kisses that chill my heart,
 Our lips are cold; averted eyes avow
 The twilight of poor love; we can but part,
 Dumbly and sadly, reaping, as we sow,
 Love's aftermath."

When the poet ceases to be of interest as a human being and becomes

a victim of the critic, he can present but little defense. Dowson is said to have cared more for his prose than his verse, yet his prose is quite lacking in original thought and is chiefly meritorious in the lucidity of his English which bears this trait from the French. He wrote several novels in collaboration; a comedy of Masks in 1893, and Adrian Rome in 1899 with Arthur Moore, lacking in plot and technique but valuable as character sketches. A volume of *Stories and Studies in Sentiment* came out in 1895, which was more successful than his novels. The "Sentiments" are delicate and fragile as his own and belong mainly to the lady's-dressing-table-sort of thing. His sources appear all French, and while his works all bear the stamp of the frenchman's fancy, they suffer in scope of thought and have little charm beyond that of the feeble lyric.

The *Bookman* in 1898 charges Symons with raising a false hope in the reader by calling Dowson a "man of genius." "A talent and a very frail one, a pathos partly borrowed from what we know of the poet's life, a feeling for the haunted world and a faint new strain here and there amid much unconscious imitation are about all one who has not met the man can find in his poems." The writer of the article goes on to say that the pity of Dowson's life is that we must be told of the sorrow of his lot and can not find true evidences of it in his verse. The reason for this he ascribes to the fact that "the state that invites our pity is not the state in which it is best described. One needs some blood to write a poem on anaemia. . . . To write the Ode to Dejection was a different thing from writing dejectedly. The weakness of Dowson extended to his art. . . . He could not communicate his moods, failing for the most part to communicate even his failures." His "Cynara," which at least in spirit owes much to Swinburne, meets with fair approval. The last verse at least bears many reminders of "Dolores."

"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire
Then falls they shadow, Cynara! the night is thine
And I am desolate and sick of old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

The *Athenaeum* of 1900, in a review occasioned by the death of the poet, reviews the second volume *Decorations in Verse and Prose* most favorably, but observes that Dowson is being overestimated at his death just as he was undervalued during his life. In this review he is called a complete failure in his dramatic attempts and in all other branches save that of pure lyricism. "He had neither sustained thought nor sus-

tained passion, but could set an exquisite moment to music. . . . He is a Frenchman in lyric quality but is colloquially English . . . his verse has the essence of poetry, if scarcely more than that essence, and it will always be loved by a few genuine amateurs, as the genuine amateur treasures the rare, easily lost, little perfect things of the world."

With this glimpse of the world's opinion let us take another look at the poet. We have seen that at heart the man was erratic, impetuous, passionate; having the fire of genius but an unwillingness to go through the prerequisite drudgery which only could lift his flame to an eminence from which it might radiate. Mr. Lang may well dub him "decadent" in his facetious speech in the *Critic* of 1900, and to many sober-minded and all successful men it seems only natural that the "picker up of unconsidered trifles" should appear absurd, yet when we reflect that the world has been made to appear to us as it does, chiefly by the operations of forces with which we have had little or nothing to do, does it seem so strange that another should pursue what he has been taught to regard as his greatest good with as much zeal as we pursue ours—the conventional? The day laborer no doubt finds it hard to conceive of a man who takes to drink because he is unable to "wing the empyrean" in fact as he does in fancy, yet he is at the same loss in trying to conceive of the poet's rapture in his exalted moods.

If then we forbear to cry "fanatic" at Dowson, because he lives for spiritual experiences which are out of fashion to-day, can we not take part in the anguish which he must have felt when he tried to reveal his dreams to his madonna and found her unresponsive? Can we not share in the tragedy of him who chose the expression of failure as his life theme and so was beguiled into submission when he failed both in life and in expression itself? Drivel! many will remark, but would it not be for the betterment of the human race if more significance was attached to the search for the point of view?

The eternal can often be found among the misunderstood, yet we need not try to be obscure in the belief that sublimity shall result. We do not wish to fancy a poet great because, like Keats, he was consumptive, nor a genius because like Shelley he was eccentric, yet perhaps could we have lingered in the dirty hovel of a bricklayer in the swamp-encircled suburb of Catford where Dowson breathed his last, we might have been tempted to give more than a passing glance at these victims of circumstance and of themselves and to have been affected by the humble audacity of the man who can sing to his love and his God:

"Before the ruining waters fall and my life be carried under,
 And thine anger cleave me through as a child cuts down a flower,
 I will praise thee, Lord, in hell as my limbs are racked asunder
 For the last, sad sight of her face in the little grace of an hour."

1914.

Book Reviews

Their Yesterdays. Harold Bell Wright. (*The Book Supply Company.*)
IT would have cheered "the man" and "the woman" in *Their Yesterdays*, to have known how great is the sympathy for their ideals, found in this world of "down-to-dateism." The story of their development, which seemed to them so old-fashioned, has proved the most popular of those modern things the "best sellers" for several months now. Perhaps some "new women" reading this true story of "The Thirteen Truly Great Things of Life" in the intervals between suffrage "hikes" and conventions have realized its truth, and the appeal of Mr. Wright to womanhood not to neglect the duties of its real and high calling is not entirely lost. True it is that anyone hearkening tentatively to those sirens who sing that woman's true activity is not in the home will be brought to with a feeling of incredulous awe at such perversion. They will realize that if woman should fulfill all the duties which pertain to the home and the begetting and moulding of children's lives she would have no time to enter man's sphere by attempting his tasks. Man is largely responsible for the conditions which seem to necessitate setting "a price upon the things of womanhood while it refuses to recognize womanhood itself." Who, though, is responsible for man through the child, and the ideals and motives which shape man's actions but woman? This motif which seems to ring so true, which we feel *is* true, runs throughout the story of the woman in the "Thirteen Truly Great" chapters of her life, and through her memories of the "Thirteen Truly Great" moments of her yesterdays.

But the man, in the great periods of his life, harking back to his Yesterdays, what most often was the centre of his thoughts? In the Dreams, Occupation, Knowledge, Ignorance, Religion, Tradition, Temptation, Life, Death, Failure, Success, Love and Memory chapters of his life what most often helped and sustained him? As the Great Things of his Yesterdays, and the Great Things of the woman's Yesterdays become the Great Things of Their Yesterdays, why you answer, what else but the thought of the "little girl next door" in his yesterdays.

Though in the toil of his life the man thought there was no place for any woman, the memory which buoyed him up was always of this same "little girl next door." Just as the memory which gave the woman courage and strength to keep entire "the things of her womanhood" was of the joyous, clean little boy, and the thought of the clean strong man of whom some such boy had been the father. In his critical periods when the man gained a knowledge of Ignorance, the little girl was the judge of that Ignorance, in the time of Temptation it was a little girl, reminding him of that other "little girl" who unconsciously saved him. It is thus we see the man learning his part in that great cycle of which woman is the centre. We are shown his duty to himself, to the woman, and to the "true rulers of mankind and the lawful heirs of heaven." We see the man and the woman faithful to that rule by which the world should be ruled. We are convinced with the conviction of Mr. Wright that "the world should be ruled by boys and girls."

In form the book is a series of essays. Each essay treats of one of "The Thirteen Truly Great Things of Life" which we have named above. First we see them exposed in the heart of the man, and then in his memories, and next in the heart and memories of the woman. In the last chapters the threads of interest in the Yesterdays of the man and of the woman, are united, and the book is revealed as of "Their Yesterdays." In Memories the faith of the woman in her holy purpose is justified. "The vigor and strength and life of their years lived still—gloriously increased in the lives that they had given to the race."

The Impeachment of President Israels. Frank B. Copley. (*The Macmillan Company*).

In the modern world of science and cold fact, where a thing must be *seen* to be believed, it is a joy to find a book written by one who believes in the *unseen*. *The Impeachment of President Israels* deals with a hypothetical case in which a possible war between Germany and the United States is averted by the policy of a President who has supreme faith in the moral law. The President is a wealthy and highly cultivated Jew. This is the first unusual event in the book. In addition to being a man of lofty and inspired views he is one who abides by them in the face of crude tradition and present supposedly utilitarian barbarism, which is the second unusual thing.

The application of President Israels' ideals is to an occasion in which four American sailors have been killed by the commander of a German warship. The President believes in the character of the German emperor and the German government. Therefore he feels certain that sufficient

reparation and explanation of the act will be offered if the moral law be allowed to take effect, that thus human suffering and the brutal destruction of the results of art and civilization in either country will be prevented. He is hindered in his high minded course by the hasty and vengeful desire for war on the part of the people of the United States. In opposition to such a feeling upon the part of the entire nation, excepting only some few thinking men who are afraid to speak, President Israels, knowing himself to be right, refuses to take any measures for putting the country in a condition for war. The Germans are stayed from action by this policy of the President. The people, despite this fact, are so wrought up that an impeachment of the President for treason is brought forward by the House of Representatives.

In this situation the President, who in his melancholy and fateful character reminds us of Lincoln, prepares to uphold his policy and principles before the Senate. This he does in a largely extemporaneous speech, the preparation for which is not made in conjunction with a legal councillor, but in prayer. In his speech he outlines his position before and his responsibility to the Senate and the people of the United States, and the position of the Senate towards him in its capacity as judge. He states the nature of his case under the Constitution and then leads up to a defence of his action in the present crisis.

It is in this last portion of his speech that the nature and uselessness of the war is expressed in terms which, in spite of the inimical attitude of his listeners, carry conviction to them. The brutality of such a war is made clear and the advantage of adherence to the moral law made evident. The remarkable nature of this speech causes the President not only to be exonerated but lauded in his action. His principles are immediately indorsed by a more than satisfactory reparation for the action of its servant, upon the part of the German government.

The writer, who tells the story in the person of the President's secretary and close friend, comments thus upon his speech; "Was not the closing part of the President's address, a trumpet call ushering in a new dispensation in the dealing of nation with nation?" This little book seems to partake of that nature itself. It is of the same stuff seen from a moral viewpoint as Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" is, seen from an economical viewpoint.

E. M. P., '15.

Undergraduate Criticism

CRITICISM AND CURRENT WRITING

CRITICISM of writing or critical appreciation of it is an uncertain and, it might seem, a slightly presumptuous thing. It must at any rate have its effect. A word spoken beforehand cannot help but influence one's judgment. If spoken afterwards and perhaps conflicting with an already vaguely formed opinion it may clarify and strengthen, or change the opinion. In either case the result is beneficial, if the critic is sincere and has what is generally recognized as good taste. Beneficial in the first case by influencing a correct judgment, and in the second by testing and proving the strength of a judgment; for, for individual, enjoyment taste is an individual thing and should be as well defined as our standards for anything else in life. Criticism too, if we have faith in the critic, may lessen the labor of selection amidst an abundance of writing, only a part of which we have time to read. It often leads us to beautiful and great places in literature which else we would never have found; as the enthusiasm of a friend will sometimes bring a book to our attention and we concede it good, very good.

Criticism, if taken seriously, at least teaches us to think, and what now-a-days is more insistently dinned at us than the value of thinking?

We believe these are sufficient reasons for the existence of criticism. We must then settle for ourselves what the best criticism should be. Should it be an authoritative impersonal ultimatum; "this is good, accept it," or "this is bad, shun it"? Should it tell merits or demerits on the authority of opinion alone; or should it supply our reason with some specific facts upon which to cogitate under the gentle guidance of sympathy or antipathy? We think that the best criticism is that which comes to us with the thing it would criticize as a friend does, speaking sympathetically in its behalf or opposing it with reasons upon which we ourselves may pass. We personally find the latter sort more agreeable and more acceptable to our intelligence. In brief, a criticism should contain enough of the subject criticized to give one an idea of it, and should be colored with personal sympathy or dissatisfaction as the case may be; in either case containing reasons for the critic's standpoint.

The great percentage of critical essays on contemporary writing in the college magazines for March has prompted us to hold forth in this manner. Perhaps it will be counted against them.

The Nassau Literary Magazine. Richard Middleton is a concisely written essay in which we surely cannot complain of a lack of personality. Our critic says what he thinks in no uncertain way. When he finds fault he quotes that whereby he judges. When he praises he tells enough without quotation to make us wish to read for ourselves; and when in the next paragraph, quotations appear, we are glad our faith has not been presumed upon too far, nor unwarrantably. Though at first this article seems a trifle authoritative, we would not change its sure note. Its lucid style is worthy of commendation.

The Holy Cross Purple. Of criticism from an irresponsible, vitriolic pen we hope to find few examples such as "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." Of calm, restrained thinking it savours not at all. Mayhap the writer meant to strike a note of originality in thus abandonedly slashing right and left at Ibsen and Shaw. His criticism is luridly coloured with personality, but we have not much confidence in the personality as it is exposed. To call "The Dolls' House" a "foul vehicle" of expression, is certainly rank hyperbole, as is much of the rest of the article. Criticism should not yield to the temptation to strive for effect.

The Vassar Miscellany. The Writing of Mr. C. E. Montague. This article is an example in every way of what a good, comprehensive criticism should be. Taking the entire field of Mr. Montague's writing, it does not fail to mention every part of it. He is treated as author, editor, critic. Extracts from his work in each field are given, as illustration of the critic's general judgments, and detailed criticism of each is given so that we see in what way her sympathy is aroused.

We think that the writer of the appreciation of *Joseph Conrad* in the same magazine would do well to take example from her classmate, and infuse more of the personal element into her future appreciations.

E. M. P., '15.

Time Stays Not

Slowly, surely time ticks on,
Wake ye, 'ware ye ere 'tis gone!
While you loll there nothing done,
Day draws nigh to sinking sun.

* * *

Gladly, sadly, almost past,
Dimly, hinting rest at last,
Slowly holy strokes extol
Hope which fills a passing soul.

E. M. P. '15.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Editorial

ONE sunny afternoon after an enforced acquaintance with the musty pages of a certain ancient degenerate, the point of satiety was reached where the mind seems to float in a sea of abstractions, and where the victim usually justifies the termination of his efforts by faintly murmuring "not in my line." Yet just as we were preparing to close the book with a resounding snap, our faculties were urged from their late torpor into mild recalcitration by the sight of this fallacious proverb; "Consistency, thou art a jewel." The author is happily unknown save as the composer of sundry Scottish ballads, and in all probability is now complacently mouldering beneath his 'we ein birkie' with the composure of a revealer of searching truths. Let him be anathema! And yet at first sight this little maxim in praise of consistency does look surprisingly like a truism, which in itself is quite remarkable, for maxims are generally coined with the express purpose to deceive. Let us seek the cause of this seeming verity.

At first let us fully understand what we mean by consistency. From the context we are to infer that by consistency the Scottish bard meant the practice of always appearing as one is, and as such we censure the insight that led him to compare this sordid pose to however mean a

jewel. If, however, consistency be taken to mean the practice of always appearing as nearly as possible as we wish to be seen, the old ballad monger is in line for a much larger share of modern attention, for to be consistent in this latter sense demands an amount of wile and resourcefulness far in excess of the amount necessary to succeed in the former endeavor. The skilful practitioner is well versed in all the arts of affecting interest in distasteful subjects, of leading all his acquaintances to think him the sanest of men and finally of winning their admiration and later their services.

All normal people have so much in common that it frequently seems as if the kind of misunderstanding which results from personal prejudice could be obviated by a more careful wearing of this mask which, mirror-like, makes its beholder fancy that no man's ideas coincide so exactly with his own as those of its wearer. There are more cases than not where this is impossible. Neither side will admit that what they *are* is not good enough to show and since both recognize that in its essence this consistent shamming is little more than servility, they justly refuse to sacrifice so much self-esteem.

With individuals these quarrels often arise from disputes about the time of day. Two persons built on very similar planes often are unable to agree because their moods fail to synchronize. When one wishes to pray his companion chooses to blaspheme. One of the two has had his laugh and for the time has done with the humorous, while the other has just returned from his daily grind and is disposed to find the humorous in everything he meets. The man who is posing for 'a career' finds that his chances of success are considered greater if he allows an extra time to his hair and beard, thus putting himself at odds with the social gallant who drops a notch in his own estimation with every spot on his pearl gray spats; so in the college every man arranges the chief ideals of each of his acquaintances in a definite order of importance to himself. The artist and the contriver of rhymes are seldom understood because from the stand-point of the man of affairs, the creations into which they put all the fervor of their natures are at best only calculated to help him wile away his hours of leisure. As Mr. Crothers says in his essay on the Unseasonable Virtues—"one man's work is another man's play." The humorist to whom the world seems made for ridicule and the cynic whose chief concern, if not his kidneys, is the detraction of everything in general and humor in particular, can hardly be expected to dwell in the same world without some such tolerance as this kind of consistency teaches. The gem-like nature of consistency would be soon apparent if society were to be suddenly without the restraining force of the invincible bluff.

A conflict of much this same kind is increasing yearly in our colleges. The average man of the last generation, if reports are true, took a much greater interest in the average college course than now. All of his studies were conducted upon the underlying principle of logic. His conclusions however reasonable were not to be accepted unless his reasoning from established premises had been logical. He followed the searchings of the Greeks for the final doctrine of the universe far more eagerly than we do now and was led to believe that future achievements could only stand on the culture and learning of his fathers. For us this plan will not work. Those qualified to analyse the present age all assure us that success in the future will depend more on experimental science and less on logic than heretofore. This teaching rather advocates the leap to conclusions if they be sound than the former method of logical progress.

So it is perhaps quite natural that the student destined for any comparatively new field of work should come to regard the whole academic system as not particularly essential to his success in life. He learns to lay more emphasis than formerly upon his other interests which cultivate that faculty of neat thought and action which he hears to be so much in demand. If these interests receive all of his attention he is not particularly welcomed in his college. If he shuns them altogether he runs the risk of missing the first glimpse of the world as it will look to him later when he stands on what he can put forth and not on what he can absorb. We know there are college men in this predicament and as a remedy we hark back to the art of harmless dissimulation. The bearing of efficient neutrality does away with much conflict between individuals and institutions. The one-line man is apt to find the popular shoe the very worst fit for himself yet on this very account it will in the end carry him farthest along his one line.

Our object in the end, however, is that of the Mississippi judge. The attorney for the defense had just been urging the young colored witness to stand up like a minister and tell what he knew. "No you don't," howled the judge, "we want some inkling of the truth."

Informal Contributions

The Haverfordian does not necessarily endorse the contents of this department.

Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

DEAR SIR:—I am taking this opportunity to express my appreciation of Mr. F. H. Taylor's article, which appeared in the February issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN. To the student at Haverford expecting to follow a business career it came as a welcome change to the type of article usually appearing in our magazine.

On a careful perusal of its contents one is struck forcibly by the feeling of mastery which the writer displays. He deals not with the froth of vainglorious ambition or the dregs of defeat, but he does get down to the bed rock of the subject from the very start. The argument is that of a man of wide experience, accustomed to consider every phase of a question before rendering a decision concerning it and to deliver his judgment in the matter according to the evidence adduced.

It seems to me that Mr. Taylor has got at the essence of the subject in the phrase "the joy of teaching and of fostering proper ambitions." Many people will not admit that the joy of teaching is at all connected with the man engaged in industrial affairs. Many fellows just out of college, desirous of leading a business career and endowed with the qualities which make for success in the business world, are, at the same time, extremely enthusiastic about teaching; but they fail to see the opportunity for teaching in industrial affairs and so enter the profession of teaching where, more than likely, they make but indifferent progress. They have a horror of the sordidness of business life, as they term it. Why? Because they look only at the innumerable details, and refuse to keep ever before them the broader principles which tend to uplift a man to the point from which he sees the whole industry as a concrete unit. Any subject or profession must necessarily become uninviting to the man who is completely immersed in its details. But to keep the broader principles in mind, to achieve success for one's self, and to teach others in turn so that they may be successful,—that is a goal worth striving for.

There never was a time in American industrial affairs when college men were more in demand than they are now. In the next generation the man who achieves success by the hammer and tongs method will be the exception rather than the rule. Trained men are wanted and because the competition will be between trained minds rather than untrained, success will be more difficult to obtain, but once obtained will probably be more lasting.

Many of our alumni are men prominent in many phases of the industrial world. Perhaps they do not realize that many a student in college is inspired by their success to greater efforts in his own behalf. I should like to make the respectful suggestion that several of our most respected and successful former students follow the lead so ably started by Mr. Taylor and favor us with their views on different phases of modern industrial, social, and political life.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

R. M., '14.

ADAM AND EVE, BY RODIN.

RODIN'S Adam and Eve—huge, knotted, hideous figures of bronze—what do they mean? Rodin has not conceived his first man and first woman, as creatures fallen from the perfection of a golden age, but as the raw material on which play the crude forces destined to evolve from the men and women of the future. They seem to have been wallowing on the ground, Adam and Eve, and to have just arisen. They long to grovel upon it again. Their necks are bent; their eyes are fixed on the ground. Adam loves the ground. His great arms stretch down, his fingers point below. Eve is repulsed yet fascinated by the ground. She hugs herself away even as she stares at it. She is afraid to stand upright; and with one hand she wards off the mysterious powers of the air. Yet she holds herself up with horror. Why have these two risen, and why is it clear that they can never lie down again? Is not the answer, for Adam, to be found in the enormous muscles of his legs and shoulders—muscles whose demand for use is imperative? But for Eve, who can tell what primitive sensibility in the breast she clasps makes her shudder up from her former state into the terrors above and beyond? Even before she arose she twisted her hair into a huge knot on her head.

N. H. T. '13.

TARIFF

The extra session of Congress of April 7th promises to be a very interesting one. The Democrats are pledged to revise the tariff downward. Up to the present time the tariff has been the bugaboo of both parties. Other issues have been prominent in each campaign but, this one more than any other has been responsible for the repudiation of one party and the election of the other.

In the election of 1880 the Republicans pledged themselves to a scientific revision of the tariff. The tariff of 1883 was not a fulfillment of their pledge. Accordingly in 1884 the Republicans were retired from office and the Democrats given a chance to put their theories into practice. The Democrats however proved not to be united on the issue. In vain Cleveland urged tariff revision. Nothing was done. To the people Republicans who did something seemed better than Democrats who did nothing, so after 1888 the Republicans are again in the saddle. 1890 saw a new Tariff Act, higher than any previous one. It proved very unpopular. The Congressional elections of that year swept away the Republican majority in the House and two years later the Senate was Democratic, Cleveland was again President.

A special session was immediately called and the tariff question was considered. A very reasonable bill passed the House, but was mutilated in the Senate while 634 amendments were attached. It was during this session that Senator Quay made his famous filibuster. Day after day he took the floor and held it, plainly telling his colleagues that he intended to continue these tactics until his demands were granted. The Senate stood out against him for over two months (April 14th to June 16th) but finally yielded unconditionally. The Tariff Act of 1894 was so little in accord with the Democratic pledges that Cleveland refused to sign it. It became a law without his signature.

Slight as was the reduction, it probably would have satisfied the people and the Democrats would have been continued in power had they not gone astray upon the Silver issue. With 16 to 1 and Bryan they went down to defeat, and the Republicans, disregarding the issue upon which they had been elected, called a special session to revise the tariff *upward*. The Dingley Tariff of 1897 was the highest tariff that the Republicans had yet dared offer.

It is probable that the Republicans would have been promptly repudiated had not the country become absorbed in the Spanish War. Upon the heels of the war came a period of unprecedented prosperity. It was not until 1907 that the attention of the country was finally turned to the question. Great dissatisfaction was expressed with it. The Republicans in their platform of 1908 promised to revise the Tariff if returned to office. Mr. Taft said that he understood this pledge to mean revision downward.

Nevertheless the Payne Aldrich Tariff of 1909 proved imperceptibly lower than its predecessor and the country at large felt that the Republicans had failed to keep their pledge. The Congressional elections of 1910 swept away the Republican majority in the House, and the Presidential election just past resulted in a complete victory for the Democrats.

How insecure the Democratic tenure is, is only too evident. They have to give us a real reduction,—so great as to be evident to all and yet not so as to cause even a temporary depression. For a financial depression, be it caused by tariff revision or crop failure or war in Europe, will undoubtedly be laid at the door of the Democrats and in the twinkling of an eye their majority in the House will be wiped out in the Congressional elections of 1914.

Within the Democratic fold all will not be harmony. The eternal game of log rolling is going to be tried. The Senator from Louisiana will try to make a deal with the Senator from S. C., whereby, each will help the other to maintain protection upon his particular articles of production. Bargains between sections will be attempted.

The defeat of Joe Cannon and Senator Aldrich is symptomatic of a new era,—an era of high ideals and patriotic endeavor. We are in the midst of a national awakening. Here is no place for the old-time politician. And finally we have a President who realizes the significance of all this and can be counted upon to make his party fulfill its pledges. Mr. Taft in 1909 did not realize his opportunity. One big ringing appeal from him would have done wonders. But only a man who feels to the full the injustices of our present system of taxation can make such an appeal. Mr. Taft did not feel it. Mr. Wilson does and to him we must look for leadership. It is for him to make clear the pressing need to create an atmosphere of high endeavor and to fill men with his own high ideals. As Miss Tarbell says in her book on the Tariff, it is an opportunity to lead in "a great moral awakening on the most serious matter since the days of Slavery"—and I for one believe that President Wilson is the man to do it.

J. V. V. S., '13.

The Country of the Soul

The needs of an oppressed embruted crew,
More pitiful that they resist advance—
The frantic efforts of a noble few
Made foolish by all sovereign circumstance—
Matter that makes the world predestinate—
Body that shapes the soul I turn from these,
Which claim my life, with longing passionate
To see the moonlight through the tulip trees.

The moonlight fills the glade, as harmony
Fills a cathedral when the organ sighs;
Each towering trunk, each arching canopy
Of leaves, resounds with music for the eyes.
My arms stretch out, it for a moment seems
As if the soul of nature I could seize,
While living forms of my prophetic dreams
Hide from the moonlight 'mid the tulip trees.

More life than fills the growing soul of love,
More beauty than can even art express,
More thought than words can e'er be master of,
More tenderness than men in fear suppress,
More worth than follows from what duty saith,
More visions than the dreaming mother sees,
More rest than lies in languid thoughts of death,
Shine with the moonlight through the tulip trees.

N. H. T., '13.

Alumni Department

DAVID BISPHAM

Our attention was recently called to the numerous vocations in which Haverford men are engaged. It was suggested that an article on some of these men would not be amiss in the alumni columns of the college paper.

In the field of music there is one who stands in the first rank:—David Bispham, class of 1876. He

was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1857; is a native of Moorestown, N. J., and has always taken an active interest in the place. Upon his graduation he went into business for eight years, and then feeling his success lay in applying himself to music, began to study it. He describes this change of his career as follows:—

"You didn't like business?" some one asked.

"Oh, no!" he replied, "I entered business because my family thought it was best. The spirit of music within me could not be satisfied with dull routine, and I gave up business for music.

"But my years of work in the commercial world have been very valuable to me. The artist should know his own art, but he should have a broad knowledge of every field of thought, otherwise he is likely to fall into eccentricities."

So it was in his thirty-fifth year that Mr. Bispham left the business world, in which he had been engaged in a large firm in Philadelphia, to give his entire time to music.

Of course he had discouragements and he does not in the least mind telling this story on himself:

One time an aged Quaker, a friend of his grandfather, was conversing on the street with a younger man, when the now famous singer passed by absorbed in thought and quietly whistling. The aged Friend looking after him, shook his head and sadly remarked: "Does thee see that young fellow? Well, that's David Scull's grandson, and he ain't a-going to come to any good, for he's always fooling around after music!"

The career of David Bispham, shows what indefatigable work and a faith in self can accomplish. Several well known masters sought

to dissuade the singer from entering a professional career, but nevertheless he went doggedly ahead, working, practicing, until the sought-after end was accomplished. To-day no American singer has scored greater artistic success.

"He holds a record of achievement unequaled by any singer now before the public," declares an Eastern musical writer. He has commanded universal praise alike in oratorio, in opera, and in song recital; and the character of his programs reveals the high standard from which he never descends."

When David Bispham, the baritone, had completed his studies in Italy, he went to England. Santley was at that time the great man among baritones, but with his passing out of musical affairs, Bispham was selected to fill his place. He was first engaged to sing at the Leeds Festival, and from that time on—precisely as he has retained his hold in opera, where his career had begun a year or so before—he has kept his hold in the oratorio field. He has been heard in the festival cities, Norwich and Gloucester, at the Bach festivals in London, with a great chorus at the Crystal Palace, and in performances of the choral societies in the provincial cities of England, Ireland and Scotland.

"Elijah" is Mr. Bispham's favorite oratorio. He has sung it in English at the Birmingham Festival

in Leeds, where it was first produced in 1846, and in German at Hamburg, Germany, where it had its first performance.

For ten successive seasons, Bispham was a member of the Royal Opera Company singing each summer at Covent Garden, London; while for several years he was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York. His repertoire includes nearly fifty operatic roles, in English, French, German and Italian. He was the first to sing the part of Falstaff in England, where he appeared with Verdi's original cast from La Scala, Milan.

Recently, however, Mr. Bispham has given up Grand Opera Work, and now gives his time to concerts and to the elevation of operas and their adoption into English.

David Bispham, expressed the following views in a recent interview:

"With the concert public there is a steady and gratifying elevation in the field of songs. And here we come to an important question, Is English a good language to sing? My reply is that the only English difficult to sing is poor English. The English language is noble and as singable as any. As for singing the songs of German, French and other composers in English translation, there is this to be taken into consideration: the composer, having thought of the music through the medium of his

own language, finds certain phrases adapted to the poem he has selected. But if a good translation can be obtained, then there is no reason why it should not be sung."

He has found striking songs in the writings of men of pure American blood like Henry F. Gilbert, Sidney Homer, Henry Hadley and Clarence Lucas, all of whose compositions figure constantly on his programs. He has also introduced melodies of the Indians of Far North and Far West, edited by Mr. Burton and Arthur Farwell, while with great effect he has sung as fine specimens of true folk songs, the plantation and camp meeting melodies of the Southern negro as adapted by Henry Burleigh.

"He is actor as well as singer," says the *Louisville Herald*, referring to David Bispham:

"In hearing him and seeing him the audience seems actually to witness the characters whose emotions his marvelous art portrays. In dainty things his voice is mellow, sweet and sympathetic; while in dramatic selections it reveals qualities of richness and robustness that arouse one to intensest enthusiasm."

Mr. Bispham also recites to music Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven." He first recited the poem in New York at the celebration of the centennial of Poe's birth. Since then he has given it at each recital in which he has appeared, and always it has been

received with great favor. Mr. Bispham's conception of the poem is vastly different from that which is commonly put upon it. He makes the audience feel the contrast between the surroundings as pictured in the poem, and those which were probably Poe's at the time he wrote the poem, and shows them how madness comes upon the student as he gazes at the raven. The effect is striking in the extreme.

Probably no one is more competent to speak on the study of the English song than David Bispham. His views, as quoted by a San Francisco interviewer, are extremely interesting.

"First of all," said Mr. Bispham, "in studying a song the thing to do is to find out what it is all about. I do not recite the words over alone. It might be a good plan, but somehow I have not found it necessary. I read over the words first, then the music of the song with the words. After that I study both together.

"The same words have frequently been set to music by various composers, and no two have interpreted them from the same point of view. Schubert, Franz, Beethoven have in cases chosen the same verses."

"The rendering of a song depends much upon the individual," declared David Bispham recently. "He must have thorough command of himself, as an actor would do even in the most moving moments.

The instant he gives way he drops into sentimentality through excess of emotion. Feel deeply, but have your efforts under command, for the moment you lose your self-control you also lose your hold upon your audience."

"A singer must live what he sings and must sing because he must—because it is impossible for him to keep from singing."

"One must sing his very soul into his song, having grasped the motive and spirit in which the musician lived when he gave expression to his feelings, because the best music is the expression of emotion that could find no other suitable outlet save through the medium of music."

'85

Professor Joseph L. Markley, of the University of Michigan, spoke before the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club on Thursday, April 3rd. The subject of his address was, "The Product of the High School."

'00

Major J. Addison Logan has been assigned from Washington as one of the two army officers to take charge of the distribution of food supplies to the stricken region in Ohio and the middle West.

'03

Howard Moffitt Trueblood has been appointed Bayard Cutting Fellow for Research in Physics, at Harvard University.

'06

Arthur T. Lowry has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Intercollegiate Soccer Committee.

'09

We regret to announce a mistake in the last number of THE HAVERFORDIAN. F. R. Taylor, '09, Haverford, and now a student in the Department of Medicine at the U. of P. has not, as reported, been appointed interne at the Germantown Hospital.

'11

Richard Hobbs, who is studying Law at Columbia University, recently debated on the Columbia team, against the University of Pennsylvania. He is captain of the Columbia team, which mainly through his efforts defeated Penn.

'13

Paul H. Brown has been appointed on the Central Board of Football Officials. He was appointed to fill the place of Mr. Linn Seiler, who recently resigned.

The fifth annual dinner of the Class of 1908 was held at Haverford, on March 7th, 1913, at 6.30 P. M. Present: Messrs. Drinker, Elkinton, Edwards, Guenther, Hill, Linton, Longstreth, Strode, Thomas, Wright, Emlen and Burt. After the dinner the members gathered around a log fire, transacted the business, and chatted



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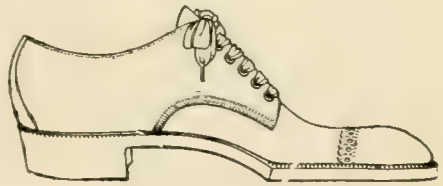
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sociably of their past year. The same officers were re-elected; they are—President, C. T. Brown; Vice-President, G. K. Strode; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Burt. All members of the class are urged to be present at Haverford on Alumni Day in June, as this will be the fifth anniversary.

Jesse W. Crites is receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Fred O. Musser has left Wilkesbarre and is now in charge of St. Paul's Rectory, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Edward A. Edwards is now with the Standard Supply and Equipment Co., 1710 Market Street, Phila.

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THE VULTURE.

A shadow sweeping along the earth,
A speck in the blinding sky,
A shadow rejoicing at a birth,
For his are the things that die.

The still wings sailing at Heaven's gate,
Steadily, effortless, slow,
The small red eyes of passionless hate
Intent on the earth below

In open sunlight the dead man lies,
His stiff face twisted with pain;
A rifle bullet between his eyes,
The mark of the works of Cain.

The silent minutes ebb in the sun,
The black wings winnow and wheel,
Down to the dead whose labor is done,
The body that cannot feel.

The death dance wages begin o'erhead,
Wheeling and passing in crowds.

The white bones lie on the starlit bed
The shadows are hid in the clouds. E. R. D., '15.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

The Manchu

NORTH Barclay, third floor, is not a prepossessing place. Two flights of iron stairs ascend from the chasmal haunts of the freshman to the sophomore paradise. The unsuspecting visitor, whether a solicitous parent or an emissary of A. Talone's, armed with a four months' aged bill, may upon venturing skyward happen upon most anything. The journey might at times be compared to Dante's voyage in Inferno, recurrent with harrowing experiences; yet nothing worth while can be obtained without the enduring of hardships. So be it with third floor, North Barclay—the scene of our first act.

One May night, 190-, at ten o'clock in the evening, when the playing of dingle ball on the college campus had long ceased and the warm yellow beams from Barclay Hall shone bright against the darkness of the night, a shadow emerged from the south end of the skating pond and swung diagonally across the green. The shadow looked neither to right nor to left until it came to a clump of evergreens near the north end of the building. There it suddenly halted, looked down the walk towards the station and seeing none approaching, peered around the edge of the trees to the upper floors of Barclay Hall. The tinkling of a lone mandolin at the other end of the building was all that greeted him. The shadow gave a grunt which might express most anything, pulled his black slouch hat over his eyes and made straight for the door of North Barclay. Once within its gloom the shadow stood stock-still for the fraction of a moment, then glided noiselessly to the stairs. Reaching the second floor he turned and started to climb to the third. A door slammed above him, the shadow was immediately motionless. Hearing nothing more he dropped his hand into his coat pocket. Something in his pocket gave a sinister metallic click. Then he climbed the last few steps and turned down the hall. At the first room on his right he stopped. The door was closed, but on it in black print was the number, sixty-nine, and beneath it were tacked two visiting cards. They read as follows:

MR. VINCENT SCOTT

Hankow

and,

Baron Butim Kulak

The stranger tried the door but it was locked. Then he gave it a shove, but it only creaked; finally he rapped. There was the rattling of a bolt and a dark-haired student, of medium height, stood in the doorway. He looked more like a Spaniard than like an American; by birth he was British.

The stranger shot a glance past him into the room, then brusquely began to speak.

"My name, Charlie Long—washman—Ardmore—very cheap! Mr. College Boss he say all right you get wash. Three collars, one nickel. Very cheap."

Mr. Vincent Scott answered:

"Thanks for the offer, old top, but I send mine to Wilson's. By the way, from Canton I suppose?"

The Oriental did not reply, but said:

"Got friend? Who live with you? He give wash?"

"Hello there, wife, here's a laundryman who desires to know if you have any wash. Says he's very reasonable in prices."

A book audibly closed and a tall, handsome foreigner emerged from the inner bedroom. He was a man of perhaps twenty-five, dark of visage. His high cheek bones showed his Tartar descent. There was something commanding about him; an unconscious air of superiority, the legacy of a conquering people. Perhaps one might call Butim Kulak the last of that breed of men who had subjugated China; not the shiftless typical Manchu of today.

Butim Kulak advanced no further than the doorway. Never once taking his dark eyes off the laundryman, he deliberately drew a silver case from his vest pocket and chose a cigarette. Then he struck a match.

The laundryman swayed just a little from side to side, his restless eyes travelling rapidly from Scott, whose hand was on the doorknob, to the Manchu across the room. Suddenly he faltered:

"I give you price list—very cheap."

Charlie Long of Ardmore was evidently well prepared. His right hand slipped into his coat pocket. Butim Kulak from across the room, through the haze of his Mahnola cigarette realized that the forearm muscles of Charlie Long were growing unnaturally tense, so he said in a casual way:

"Scott, close that door."

Vincent Scott, for no other reason than that he had an hour examination in German II the next morning, slammed the door and slipped the bolt.

Charlie Long of Ardmore stared at the blank door in front of him with a Colt automatic, 38 calibre in his right hand.

Suddenly realizing that third floor, North Barclay, in a Quaker College, was no place for a man with a gun, he turned swiftly and ran silently down the iron stairs.

Baron Butim Kulak from his study window saw a shadow glide across the campus to a clump of trees. A pause, then a 60 H.P. racer snorted and made off up the road. Mr. Charlie Long of Ardmore in his mode of travel was not "very cheap."

Mr. Vincent Scott was the son of David Scott, expert tea taster of Tokmakoff, Molotkoff and Company, Hankow, China. Mr. David Scott's working year was from the first of May until the middle of June, for which he received twelve hundred pounds sterling drawn on the India, Australia, China Banking Corporation. During his vacation Mr. David Scott played poker on the Peak in Hong Kong or paid court to those charming daughters of exporting and importing firms who live in villas on Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai—for Mr. Davis Scott was a widower. He also at times played the horses in Yokohama, and in truth was a typical representative of Christendom in heathendom except in one particular. Mr. David Scott never drank anything but sweet soda and at times a little sherry. The latter he rarely touched during his six weeks of work, and when he did so the fact was telegraphed from Nagasaki to Colombo in somewhat the following manner:

HANKOW, CHINA.

Pekoe and Souchong musters are all in. *Scott drank two glasses of sherry 8 p.m. tonight.*

Correspondent.

And immediately the tea market would fluctuate to the tune of a few thousand pounds. All of which seems very ridiculous to us, but that was perhaps one reason why Messrs. Molotkoff and Tokmakoff considered him worth twelve hundred pounds sterling for the mere task of tasting a few hundred cups of tea a day.

In the meanwhile, his mother having died, Master Vincent was cared for by an *ammah* from the capital, who taught him Pekinese. A little later he went to an English school in Hong Kong, where he incidentally picked up Cantonese. After graduating there, he lived with his father until he occupied too much of the attention of a certain young heiress on Bubbling Well Road. So it came to pass that Mr. David Scott gave his son ten thousand American dollars and told him to go to the States for an education. On the S. S. Empress of India, Vincent met the young Manchu baron who was going to a small college in Pennsylvania.

And that is how one evening young Scott slammed the door of Number 69 North Barclay at the word of Baron Kulak.

A few days later young Scott was sitting at his desk with a Virgil and a yellow-bound interlinear before him. But as far as he was concerned they might as well have been blank pages. Instead of hexameters and the majesty of the Roman epic, the indolent stream of the Yangtze was rolling sluggishly through his brain, bearing in its flood tiled roofs of *jamens*, pagodas and the celestial cries of the venders of wares. Then they would gently float away and Scott would curse himself and start to study—in vain. There was that beckoning call which ever haunted him. There is a certain poet man who sang:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."

Mr. Vincent Scott grabbed his hat and ran out of North Barclay for the 9.23 bound for the city.

On 912 Race Street there is a tawdry building bearing the legend, *Far East Restaurant*. In daytime it looks as slattern as an old wench, but at night when the colored glass lanterns are lit and the crowds begin to gather, the *Far East* has a certain cheap allurements. Sailors and habitués consider it "kind of sporty;" the slummer rubs his elbow on the greasy inlaid table top, dabbles in impossible chop suey, listens to a mechanical piano jingle out its nickel's worth of Ethiopian ragtime and later tells his friends (who are of course shocked) how he felt the "atmosphere of the Orient" or "breathed the spirit of the East." If smells were all that characterized the celestial empire perhaps he might be correct.

There was a certain secluded nook in the second floor dining-room which Scott usually sought. But that night two Chinamen were sitting at his table. Scott sat down at the next one with his back towards them.

Ah Sing, the waiter, soon glided over and set down tea, rice, a dish of *taufu* and some *chow min*. Ah Sing was a good waiter and knew what his customers usually called for. So Ah Sing merely grunted and set down the bowls of food. Mr. Vincent Scott ate a little rice and drank much tea, but he really didn't care to eat much that night. In fact he didn't come there for food and he looked with amusement upon the Americans who were struggling with noodles and chop suey, fooling themselves into thinking they knew what was what. When someone fed a nickel to the piano, Mr. Vincent Scott gently swore. What he wanted to hear was the singsong of celestial tongues, listen to their day's gossip of home and of the markets. Once there had been a *tong* meeting and Chinamen from Richmond to Boston had gathered to Philadelphia. In the evening they overran the restaurants and Scott had happened in

among them—that was real sport! But tonight—"Nothing doing," he whispered to himself and sipped some more tea. Then he gave a little start and his cup fell rattling on the marble table top. Scott's every sense had suddenly become wide awake. He heard a nasal voice behind him say in Cantonese:

"Yes, yes, it is as I say. The son of the tyrant Kulak is at a great school (college). Lung Chi discovered his lair and went to kill him as we swore to do. Then a fool western devil slammed the door in his face and made a *chow* out of the whole affair."

Then a shrill voice piped in a whisper:

"Confucius shall not desert us. Patience and perseverance, is it not so? Thus will we kill Butim, then overthrow his father and the whole Manchu race. Finally we shall throw back Russia and humiliate the despised island monkeys. Men will then speak no longer of Asia but of China!"

The nasal voice broke in.

"Yes, yes, but don't talk so loud. There is an ear for every word. For all you know that western devil may hear every word we say."

Here both men cackled out loud and even Vincent Scott could scarcely restrain a smile, excited and dumbfounded as he was at the extraordinary conversation behind him.

Then the shrill voice piped up again.

"But tell me, did the young Kulak know that Lung Chi came to kill him?"

"I do not know. Lung Chi just said that Kulak's American friend slammed the door for no apparent reason."

"Humph, that is the way these barbarians treat the Sage of the East. Where would they be now with all their noisy civilization were it not for the seeds we planted? These barbarians forever seek the means of life; we orientals know how to live—we seek life itself!"

"Yes, yes, you speak as a Menscius," quietly spoke the nasal voice.

"No, no, I am not a Menscius, but we are not as big asses as these barbarians think. Their mandarins and their scholars say to us how they like the Middle Kingdom, how America and our land are elder and younger brother states. So we come from our crowded cities to this land where there is so much room and they say we are undesirable, though we work for them ever so hard, only asking for a fraction of what we give. They kick us out, they mob us, and wherever we live in the cities, they draw away as if we were lepers. Bah!"

Then the nasal voice answered:

"Be silent, thou! The fault is not all theirs. We too despise.

Confucius was a good man, Christ a great teacher. But their children are very weak. The East and the West are on the opposite sides of a high mountain. They cannot see nor understand each other. The mountain is the mountain of race prejudice. I am a republican: I believe in the equality of man. All that the mountain of race prejudice consists of are the differences in traditions and customs. These are the institutions of man, and what man has built, God can quickly destroy. What God is, I do not know; but that He exists I have no doubt. In the meanwhile the East must climb to the summit by the road of enlightenment; and there shall we meet the West, and hatred will be a thing of the past."

The nasal voice ceased speaking and the silence which lay between the two Chinamen and Scott was strange in such a place.

The shrill voice at last said in an awed whisper:

"You are a dreamer. West and East can never—"

"No, I am not a dreamer, and to prove it to you, this night you shall be at a revolutionary meeting to blast away the first rock which stands in the way of our climb up the mountain."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that at midnight there is a secret meeting of the Chinese Merchants' Association to plot the death of Butim Kulak, the Manchu. The password is; *The bamboo no longer bends to the wind, for the wind is empty.*"

Vincent Scott was in a daze; he could hardly believe his senses. Should he warn Butim to fly or should he try to uncover the conspiracy and bring to justice those who plotted the death of his chum? The former was the safer plan but the latter would be more effective. Besides, there was the risk of death, a thing which had always attracted rather than repelled the Scotts for generations. So it was that Scott opened the door of the Chinese Merchants' Association and walked in.

Mr. Vincent Scott found himself in a narrow hallway at the end of which was another door. It was locked, so he rapped upon it several times. He noted significantly that it was made of iron. Suddenly a panel rattled open and a voice asked:

"What business brings you?"

"*The bamboo no longer bends to the wind for the wind is empty,*" answered Scott in Cantonese.

The door opened slowly, revealing a circular stairway.

"Go down."

It then began to increasingly dawn on Vincent Scott that he was not on a mere adventure, but was in a dangerous enterprise on the success of

which depended not only his own life but also that of his chum. His foe was a highly organized, resourceful organization extending the world round. His weapons of offense and defense were his knowledge of Cantonese and an appearance which might pass for Chinese if cleverly worked—his mother having been an Eurasian.

The iron door clanged shut behind him and the person who had opened it had suddenly vanished. Vincent Scott was no quitter, especially when all chance of escape was removed, so he pulled his hat over his eyes and began to descend the stairs.

Suddenly a voice behind him spoke:

"Enter here."

Vincent Scott turned in amazement. A panel he had just passed had swung open. He ran back a few steps and entered the place of meeting. There were about twenty orientals in all, smoking and chattering away. No one even seemed to notice Scott's entry. He sat down near the door and picked up a Chinese newspaper to hide his face and also to allay possible suspicion.

Gradually the chattering died away and a tall, wiry man with a high forehead called the meeting to order. This was Chang, the mayor of Chinatown, and when he spoke Vincent Scott recognized the nasal voice.

"Gentlemen, the committee has decreed that 8 p.m. next Saturday night a feast shall be given by the merchants of Chinatown to Baron Kulak. Our rivals, the On Leongs, waving local prejudices aside have agreed to remain silent if one of our gunmen under cover of a *tong* war shall kill Baron Kulak at the feast."

Vincent Scott's heart thumped with elation. He would have the whole plot exposed and land every one of these traitors in jail. All that now remained was to get out of this subterranean den. Then there would be a good four days to lay plans, as it was only Tuesday night.

The gathering was leaving one by one. Vincent Scott held back for fear that if he went out with the rest, one of them might recognize him. In fact he felt that some one was looking at him from across the room. He didn't dare look up, but heard a voice which sounded strangely familiar. Then the speaker went out the door; it was the Ardmore laundryman.

When finally Scott stepped out upon the stairs he found that those who had just preceded him had vanished. Wondering how they could get up the stairs so quickly, he started to run. He could feel at ease among a score of Orientals whom he could see but to have one about him who was out of sight was more than he could stand.

"I'll get them, the bloodthirsty murderers," he muttered to himself.

He was now almost to the iron door which happily was ajar. Just then he felt a hot breath upon his neck, the walls seemed to cave in about him, the lights went out, and Vincent Scott rolled over unconscious.

After Friday morning collection, Butim Kulak dashed upstairs to his room. On the stairs he met a dark apparition on whose soul weighed the cares of the world. One might have taken him for an overworked undertaker excepting for a cloth bag hung about his neck.

"Did you leave any mail for me?"

The apparition did not condescend to speak but merely shook his funereal countenance.

Butim Kulak went on upstairs—no, there was no mail. And here it was two days since Vincent's disappearance, and not a word.

Someone knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Cap, the janitor, jerked his head towards Roberts Hall.

"Dean wants to see you."

Kulak got up and went over to Roberts. Unlike some of the other inhabitants of Barclay, such a summons was rare, and therefore he wondered.

The Dean was sitting behind his desk:

"Good morning, Butim. Take a chair, won't you? I sent for you, Butim, to ask if you know anything about your room-mate. He has cut every class on both Wednesday and Thursday. He is not in the infirmary. Where has he gone?"

Butim answered:

"Sir, I am worried also. I do not know where he is. He left Tuesday evening after supper and left his bag and derby. I will do my best to find out."

"I wish you would, Butim. We feel sort of responsible for the lad. If you find out anything phone over to my house."

And the Dean dismissed him.

At 11.30 the mailman left a large yellow envelope. Butim tore it open. It was a card, and in Chinese were the following words:

We, Merchants of the Middle Kingdom, residing in Philadelphia, having been the recipients of many considerations from His Excellency Governor Kulak, your august parent, do request the pleasure of his dutiful son's presence at the Far East Restaurant at seven-thirty, Saturday evening.

Butim Kulak reread the invitation several times in utter astonishment. He knew how his father was hated by his people. He also thought of the Ardmore laundryman who had fled in an automobile. Then he said to himself:

"No, no, they would not dare—not in Philadelphia."

Suddenly an idea struck him. Vincent had often frequented the *Far East* and perhaps he had gone there, gotten in a brawl and had been whisked out of sight. Yes, that was only too probable. Chang, the mayor, was known to be a just man though a decided revolutionist. He would ask Chang and Chang would set the whole machinery of *teng* organization on Vincent's tracks. Butim would not have gone ordinarily as his father had warned him from Cantonese republicans. But he must find out what had happened to his chum; possibly it was a matter of life or death. So Baron Butim Kulak wrote back that he would be pleased to accept.

Twenty odd feet beneath the level of the good old Quaker City of Philadelphia was a cell, ten feet square. Its entrance was through a trap-door. A ventilation shaft gave the only light. Its dim rays fell on a man's face covered with a week's growth of beard. His head was bandaged in dirty clothes. Gradually the light from the shaft grew dimmer and dimmer. The man raised his face towards the vanishing bit of light as a drowning man might gasp for air. Then he groaned and fell back upon his broken cot. The day of life and bustle twenty feet above him was drawing to a close. Again there would be another dreary night, with the rats scurrying and nibbling around him. Oh, what a fool he had been! If only he had warned Butim to fly and not tried to fight single-handed against the whole organization of the revolutionists! Now Butim would be surely killed and he—what a miserable death for a white man to die at the hands of these yellow dogs—nibbled by rats! And what would Miss Badmington of Bubbling Well Road say to this? Oh, she would never know, nor ever care. Already she was as like as not flirting with those "stunning creatures" from Bombay—those English army officers. Bah! and Mr. Vincent Scott cried out in disgust.

As if in answer, a ray of yellow light gleamed from above him. Then a voice whispered:

"Hush!"

It was a soft voice, the voice of a young woman.

Caution was now the first instinct of Mr. Vincent Scott. The sand-bag that had landed a few days before upon his cranium had sufficiently impressed that necessary virtue upon him. So he remained silent.

"Hush, I'm goin' to give you a chance to get out of here. Do you hear me? I'm on the square, kid. Honest to God, I am. But we've got to hurry. Why don't you answer me? You ain't dead, is you?"

Whoever was addressing him, demonstrated to Mr. Vincent Scott that she was sincere if not exactly grammatical.

"If you are telling me the truth, for heaven's sake get me out of here. I have money. Why, I'll marry you!"

This last statement showed how far gone Mr. Vincent Scott really was. Such a sentiment was ordinarily quite exotic to his ideas of propriety, even if Miss Badmington had run off with an English officer.

The trap-door opened above him, revealing a woman kneeling upon its threshold, candle in hand. When she saw him, she gave a cry of satisfaction and immediately threw him the looped end of the rope. He eagerly grabbed it and hoisted himself to the floor above. The woman, a slight, wan creature with great lonely eyes, seized him by the hand and drew him along a level passage-way. Excepting for the single candle, it was as dark and as silent as a tomb.

"Do you think it is safe? What if a Chinaman—"

"All the Chinks are gone to a big feed, besides there's goin' to be shooting tonight. I can tell it by the way my Sam sort of goes around quiet like."

"What! Shooting? Oh, I say, what day is this?" faltered Scott.

"Saturday."

"What hour?"

"About seven-thirty p.m."

"My God!"

"What's the matter?"

"Get me out of here as quickly as possible. It's a question of life and death!"

They ran up a flight of broken stairs along another subterranean passage. At the end of this was a lone gas jet over a massive door.

Suddenly Scott gave a low cry of terror. The door was opening. The woman turned pale; she was trembling from head to foot. She pushed Scott into a recess in the wall and slipped a knife between his fingers.

"Kill him."

Silhouetted against the lone gas jet appeared the figure of a bulky Chinaman. He steadily approached. Scott felt terrorstricken. He glanced at the woman beside him. She was shaking in abject fear. She almost unnerved Scott, until he thought of Lucie Badmington, then he steeled himself to strike.

The man drew opposite them and stood still as if listening. Now was his chance. Just then the frail woman beside him gripped his arm and placed a finger on her lips. The intruder turned his face towards them and Scott saw that he was blind. Then the man passed on without a word. But there was something in the way the blind Celestial's muscles rippled beneath his silken robes which Scott did not like. Coming to the stairway, the man slowly disappeared.

The woman seized Scott's hand and ran like a scared rabbit for the door. Scott looked over his shoulder and saw the blind Chinaman, dagger in hand, flying after them. He was gaining on them every foot.

They dashed through the door and the woman slammed it shut, shrieking with terror. They could hear the blind man breathing heavily on the other side; then all became silent.

"What's he doing?"

"He's running around through the other passages to cut us off."

The woman dashed ahead and Scott had a hard time to follow her. What he had in strength, she more than excelled by her nimbleness and her knowledge of every foot of the way. At every turn Scott expected to see the blind man leap shrieking upon them. Finally they came to a cellar.

"Right upstairs; go out as quietly as possible!"

"Heaven bless you! Tell me, why did you do this for me?"

"You're one of my own people and I couldn't forget it. I dressed your head and I saw that your hair was just like—"

She broke off in piteous sobs and buried her face in her hands.

Vincent Scott turned and kissed her on the forehead. Then he leaped out into an alley and fled.

It was drizzling and the pavements shimmered with the lights of the street. Crowds were gathering around a burlesque theatre.

"Where am I?" he asked a passerby.

"Eighth Street."

Scott dashed into a drug store to a telephone booth. A clock pointed to three minutes of eight.

"Hello, hello—give me Ardmore 439A."

"Ardmore 439A," echoed across the wires; then a pause.

"Ten cents please."

Scott felt in every pocket. Of course he didn't have any money.

He was frantic.

"Wait a moment, please!"

Scott dashed out of the booth to the store clerk.

"Pardon me, would you mind lending me a dime to phone with?"

"Sorry, ain't got no dime."

He turned to a customer.

"Sir, please lend me ten cents; it is very urgent."

The customer shook his head.

"Hey there, you dirty bum, get out of here or I'll kick you out! This here drug store ain't no Salvation Army meeting."

A big brute of a man shoved him out of the store.

Vincent Scott started to run up Eighth Street for Arch. He would go to Broad Street Station and intercept Butim if he should come in. But just as he was crossing Race Street, he heard a shot ring out through the drizzly night.

Vincent Scott realized all in a flash. The gunmen were on the job.

He dashed up Race towards Chinatown. At the *Far East Restaurant* men and women were trampling over each other in their mad desire to escape. Then followed a throng of Chinese; some in dress suits, others in robes of silk. They were chattering and gesticulating wildly. No police had arrived yet, though crowds were starting to gather.

Vincent Scott ran right up the stairs, knocking down with his fists anyone who got in his way. He ran through the second floor dining-room and into the now deserted banquet hall. A long table was covered with bowls of food, chairs were upset on every side, and over all hung the heavy odor of powder smoke.

At the end of the long table in the place of honor, his hands clutching the tablecloth, lay Vincent's room-mate. A thin stream of blood ran across the table and trickled down upon the tiled floor.

"Butim, Butim, answer me—where are you shot?"

"You, oh you—Vincent! I'm killed—so glad to see you—was worried—here under my vest—take packet of letters—Foreign Office Peking—the Empire must be saved!"

And the spirit of Butim Kulak, the Manchu Baron, left his body to join the shades of his ancestors.

Mr. Vincent Scott delivered the packet of letters at Peking. He travelled incognito, the whole revolutionary organization of Young China upon his tracks; and it was only through the most harrowing experiences that he accomplished his mission. Those who are in a position to know say that the Empire was preserved at least three years longer due to the information contained in those dispatches. But even the heroic efforts of Butim Kulak could not stem the tide of progressive China. As the old must give way to the new, so has the Manchu given way to New China. And it is well.

Several years later, in November, when Hankow had been seized by revolutionists and the Imperial Army was expected any moment from Peking, the firm of Molotkoff, Tokmakoff and Co. closed down. Tea culture and revolutions do not go well together.

Mr. Vincent Scott, Manager of Factory J, stood on the Bund waiting for the river boat to take him to Shanghai. He was in a great hurry, for the river might freeze any day, and, moreover, Miss Badmington of Bubbling Well Road had said that she was willing.

As the boat drew near, Mr. Vincent Scott felt a tap on his shoulder. An officer of the Republican Army was standing behind him—a superior smile upon his countenance.

“My name, Charlie Long—washman—Ardmore—”

“Oh, delighted to see you, I’m sure,” said Mr. Vincent Scott and extended the “glad hand.” When Lieutenant C. Long, wondering at Scott’s welcome, started to seize it, Mr. Vincent Scott landed one on Young China’s solar plexus and followed it with an upper-cut. C. Long of Ardmore lay on top of some boxes of choice Souchong tea, absolutely unaware of their delightful fragrance.

Sikh policemen of the British Concession hurried the threatening soldiery away and Vincent Scott sailed for Shanghai and bliss.

Y. N., '15.

Remorse

O, angel, seeming demon, garbed in pain
Of anguished nights and desperate days,
Who 'neath thy leering mask discovers gain,
Or thinks him wise who meets thy gaze?

For most with sin's narcotic seek to kill
The pain which paves their way to good.
Not seeing that with thine their lives grow chill,
That thine's the strength of sin withstood.

E. M. P., 1915.

All at Sea

BEHOLD a man perched astride a mast in the Atlantic Ocean. A long, listless summer afternoon hangs breathless over the gentle sea. Fleecy, pearl-white clouds lie piled one upon another in foamy confusion, towering up on all sides in glistening purity, and parting at the very vault of Heaven to leave a window open to the blue depths of sky. The sun beams down warmly. The mast dips and rises with the lazy swell. The man's white shirt flaps with every vagrant puff of wind; his trousers renounce existence at the knee, and die a shabby death around the shin; of further clothing he is guiltless. Salt is caked in white crystals on his burnt face. The effect is further enhanced by a bristling three-days' growth of beard. When we first saw the man we *almost* put our hand to our face and indulged in a smile at his expense, but when we noted that his eyes were shot with blood, and that his lips were white and parched and rent with bloody grooves, we suppressed the smile with a tingling sense of shame, composed our features into seriousness, and set ourselves to investigate matters at once.

We decide, in the first place, that the man, with due regard to his position, might well be forgiven if his face does not bear a smile of seraphic sweetness. On closer inspection, however, we are just a bit surprised to find that his face *does* bear a smile of seraphic sweetness. It is quite evident from the nonchalance of his bearing that his future does not weigh very heavily upon his heart. He leans back with his hands on the mast behind him, and idly kicks his feet in the water,—like any tired child. As he paddles his feet he sings in rhythm. Strange as it may seem, he sings "Just as the Sun Went Down." Be not swift in crying judgment, gentle reader. It is undeniably true that the fact of his singing "Just as the Sun Went Down" will serve us to good purpose later on, but nevertheless it *is* a fact. It reminds him of a deep-voiced gentleman whose pathetic bellow he had once coaxed from a cracked record and a rickety phonograph. He had always stood in silent awe while the deep-voiced gentleman sang "One had a lock of br-r-r-o-o-own," and at the tragic climax he had often felt disposed to cast restraint to the winds and shed a tear or two. He now emulates the basso to the best of his feeble abilities, but after he has quavered through the first verse and chorus, the front wall of his stomach clings doggedly to his back bone, and he stops. For a moment a shadow of seriousness flits over his face, and then vanishes before his sunny smile. The sun actually

is going down, he notes. In two hours, perhaps, his solitary companion will sink beneath the heaving waves and leave him alone with the cold and the stars. "However," he addresses himself and space, "a dirge is in order." So he chants the second verse. Again he stops, and gazes curiously around him, his eyes straining beneath an arched hand to pierce the taunting hazes that dim the far horizon. To the north he sights,—something, or perhaps it is only a thickening of the mist,—no! it *is* smoke!

Gentle reader, we ask that in *your* breast may beat the wild heart of our poor vagrant as he watches the northern speck resolve itself into a boat. And may the sea sink beneath you with a sob, and fall leagues and leagues away below, when you realize, with him, that the boat will pass a good ten miles to the east of his own gallant craft. But ours is a man of rare self-composure. We eye him severely for a sign of weakness, and find none. We breathe a sigh,—he ought to have shuddered in the grip of death, leaped to his feet, raved till his voice was a whisper, and fallen exhausted into the sea. Here, indeed, would have been an ending pretty enough, but our man declines to enact it. Steadfastly he eyes the boat,—and dangles his feet in the water. A boat? What is a boat to him? Who would see him in all his frenzy? Besides, the mast rolled on short notice, and he felt quite comfortable in the warm sunlight. Ridiculous to make a fool of oneself even if it *is* in the North Atlantic!

She steams her bulk abreast him,—a home, a palace, a *city at his very elbow* in a waste of waters. A thousand miles away! For a second a frown creases his broad brow. Then he lifts his head, closes his eyes, sniffs the salt breeze, and smiles placidly. He swings one leg over the mast and sits facing the boat, whistling stray snatches while his feet smack time on the water. He sees it all, just as it is,—plump, benign middle-aged people engaged in that stimulating exercise known as promenading, small, animal-eyed brats tearing around the deck in reckless disregard of other people's nausea, and other people's corns. Or perhaps, he thinks, they may be going down to dinner,—silks, gems, and sparkling eyes, mahogany, silver, snowy linen, and the soft strains of an orchestra from the depths of a miniature palm forest. Each lighted porthole flashes a message of happy humanity, of life in all the lustre of joyousness. He looks down at his own feet,—pink, with the soles white from water and cold, and the flesh rubbing off in soft shreds. He throws back his head and laughs aloud. With a smile on his lips he watches the lights of the liner fade dimmer and dimmer in the distance. Away *everything* for the man. He whistles softly. Bend ear and hear.

It is "The Man Behind." His eye is fixed absently on the last speck of light. Slowly, slowly it fades,—and then seems suddenly to stop and burn with even brilliancy, a single bright point against the dark horizon. He blinks and looks again.

"You're a fool," he addresses himself, "it's a star."

So it is, certainly, a star indeed. They are coming out fast, he notices. The sun shows half a crimson disc over the black, pink-flushed waters. He shivers in the night wind and hugs himself. A final glorious crimson shaft shoots over the water and bathes his face in a heavenly radiance. His shoulders droop weakly. His eyes stare straight ahead with a wild wistfulness, as if they already pierced the dark veil that is drawing close about him and picture apparitions of death and eternity. Then he straightens himself, and his eyes lose their tenseness. It is in-artistic, but he cannot resist it: "Just as the sun went do-o-o-o-own," he sings. As the last beam fades his voice falters and chokes, and if we bend close enough we may hear just the suggestion of a sob.

But here let us leave him (with his solitary companion), alone with the cold and the stars.

* * * * *

"Now," you exclaim, "you *have* finished him. This is the inevitable end; the laws of fiction forbid another step. It's all over, and it's rather pointless and heartless, at that."

Ah me, so it should be, all over, and far better that it were. We hesitate,—it would be *so* much better,—but no, it cannot be, for fiction's unpardonable sin is *essential untruthfulness*. Furthermore, we own to a sneaking affection for our man. We want to stand by and watch Fate press her cool lips upon his fevered brow. So, begging forgiveness, we grasp Truth's standard and rush precipitously to the *real* end.

The moon has relieved the sun of his vigil. Fair and full, she shines down from stray wisps of mackerel cloud upon the mast, and upon the mast the man, who has given up the unequal conflict, and placidly yielded himself to be rocked in the cradle of the deep. His hands still grasp the mast, his head is sunk on his chest. Sometimes he sways perilously; sometimes he mutters words without meaning, and makes strange sleeping sounds.

Slipping through the water with a purring ripple at the bow comes a small sailing craft. Three figures hang expectantly over its side. The mast's peace suffers a rude shock. Without as much as opening his eyes, the man rolls off and splashes into the sea.

A long boat-hook shoots out.

"Come in here, ye there," says a gruff voice. The long boat-hook does its work with dispatch, and the man drops on the slippery deck.

Now this turn of events made us glad. We were pleased to watch the giving of the consoling kiss. In our joy we looked up at the moon and read happiness into her usually unruffled features. Whoever said the moon had an inscrutable gaze? See, she smiles.

But when we found out that at the very time she watched the man fall on the deck of the boat, she also had an eye for the tip of the mast of a large liner that sank quietly beneath the waves some miles across the placid sea, and an ear for the shrieks of men, and the sigh in the ocean's surge as it made them graves,—we decided that whoever said that she had an inscrutable gaze might, so far as we were concerned, voice his opinion uncontested.

1915.

My Lady

A moonlight pool of molten gold,
It serveth her for hair.
And all the blue in heaven's wold
Hath in her eyes a share.

The snowy clouds that float above
Learned from her breast to curve.
And Psyche seeking bonds for Love,
Hath made her arms to serve.

The nightingales of throbbing song
In hearing her, repine.
But time no more to me is long;
She's sung that she is *mine*.

E. M. P., 1915.

Pawnshops

WE are not possessed of that precise and intricate knowledge of pawnshops which is so nearly universal in some neighborhoods, nor can we for truth, remember ever having done the least stroke of business with them. We presume, however, that some particular businesses along with certain dishes were better relished when not seasoned with familiarity.

To stand upon the pavement and look in has been enough to resolve notions of some sweep. We count it a blessing to the man whose simple tastes forbid an extra pair of trousers, that he may, with profit, rid himself of them at the nearest broker's, when perhaps unworthiness obscures charity and a sentimental attachment deprives the ragman of reasonable expectations.

Old clothes dangling their uncomfortably pressed shabbiness before a pawnshop door need not be passed by as mere bits of old cloth. Indeed, they are shells in which every crease and wrinkle and perverse pucker bespeak the walk, droop, peculiar deformity or particular normality of their former wearers.

With that easy giver of self-respect, the flatiron, your broker would bring them all to a thoroughly impersonal respectability. But baggy knees will out, and upon a dark breezy day, there is such a kicking of legs and a flapping of arms beneath the pawnshop awning as might lead one to suspect that the shades of old wearers had returned to disport themselves in their familiar habitat.

Of the windows! We like their packed-full condition, their diverse and motley arrangement. You may, at one time or other, have felt a certain devilish pleasure in seeing people of widely separated condition, thrown together and put to the necessity of making the best of it. In the region of inanimates, such a state is in steady continuance within the pawnshop window. Delicate, thin-bodied, meek-voiced Swiss watches in the very midst of coarse, loud-mouthed Ingersolls, is it to be wondered that some have turned their faces down and won't under any circumstances utter a sound? Though to be sure, others face their state brazenly enough and appear quite unconcerned in their movements.

In so far as sympathy, or the begetter of sympathy, sentiment, is applicable to "things" we regret the state of the few rare old sets of silver. In this dusty unsavory window, than which few greater removes from their natural and pleasant state can be conceived, what well-ordered, teeming dinners they recall. How their deep ring on good china and their

gentle chatter with one another lightened the seldom and undesirable silences, for only gluttony would have silence as a dinner companion. How happily would that large spoon seek out the hidden delights of a comfortable pork pie, and what delightful recollections must the forks and spoons have of uncertain lips, and expectant lips, aye, and smacking ones too we warrant you. And that little, prettily rounded spoon, with a name on the handle which we can't quite read, perhaps it fed some baby girl and revealed to her innocent and inexperienced tongue the delicious flavors of food, of which we of more aged palate are wont to be critical.

Those carving knives are not so brilliant or keen as upon days when quivering, they resounded to the bite of the stone, flanking the paternal chair for the roast. We are of the opinion that carvers should be somewhat advanced in years. Generally old gentlemen are long parted from impatience, to these, tasks of the simplest sort hold a sufficiency in themselves and are not belittled with anticipatory tasks to come. They are beyond routine, having learned to see its various parts and translate them into artful, venerable occupations. Your old gentleman carves with more than thoroughness and a proper attention to gravy, he seasons flat perfection with smiles, gossip and a pretty bit of flourish. Unlike your stomach-led young bloods, he will have none of those sly concealments of best cuts till he will have helped himself.

Statisticians would do well to twist their tremendous sums in determining the present state of livelihood of past owners of those many alarm clocks. Their gongs have a capable look and their dials bear an exact and plainly readable demarkation that might easily have helped some close follower after the bed into a comfortable income. Their present state has been reached, we suppose, by that usual crack in gratitudes through which even friends and patrons are often wont to fall. Your young and close student of economics must thrill at the consideration of hours unborn and careers unhatched which these contrivances of tin and glass may contain.

The custom of thoroughly labelling articles in the window, even to personal reminiscences, can only be seen in smaller towns. Subjects for this admirable departure from the ordinary practice are usually those upon which a rather questionable venerability in years and a very honest bit of dust contrive to affect antiquity. Those nice distinctions between antique and pawnshops, such as we have in large cities, are made impracticable in the small town by the slight volume of trade.

In their combination, the quiet respectability of the antique shop covers up most of the rampant commercialism of the other, so that only the three golden balls (a vanity not easily given over), are evidence of its

true species. Perhaps the shopkeeper is faintly conscious of benefitting customers when he compiles his slight biographies and his otherwise unchronicled histories about stock in trade. Perhaps says he, "to sell a chair with a history is like giving a seat cushion at no charge, a very soft cushion, with the astonishing quality that it never loses its down, but rather becomes more pleasant to sit upon as it grows older." We would agree with the shopman. Such deceit has the utility of truth and with glamour from years may even live into tradition, which gives to the simplest mind an easily conceived consciousness of foundation (even if it be so frail as the four legs of a chair) in the past. Who would deny to anyone the pleasure of stepping for a space from out of the present run into something less common, particularly since his transportation, pitiably enough, can in nowise interfere with the bill collector's inscrutable procedure?

But away from these slight shops beset with lazy dust and back to the city, where they need only to hang the golden balls, be it the foggiest of days, and straightway the doors will swing and the windows rattle with the chatter of trade. Nay, even the blind will turn about and with canes tap their paths intelligently; guided perhaps by a sense known only to such afflicted ones, whereby businesses are identified as various cheeses and separately known by their smell, the pawnshop being of the rankest.

It needs one of trade's higher abilities to drive a good bargain with an alert blind man. Personal property to the blind fails of that most reckoned of by dimensions, appearance. Color and fashion (if it pinch not), which we of completer sense manœuvre into the very atmosphere of seasons, and use to celebrate our festivals; these sly and pregnant characteristics are unintelligible to the blind. So that your trader can harp to his purpose only through the primitive attributes, comfort and utility; both of which are unpleasantly commensurable and positive, calling simply for the plodding thoroughness of the apprentice and making useless all those delightful extensions into pretty talk and gesture through which the trader shows his art and is reconciled to disappointments. Also the blind are invulnerable against the sly winks and other eye contortions with which hucksters have ever mixed to seeming fulness their short half pecks, and clothiers stretched their scant yards to good measure.

Nevertheless, in spite of its attraction to those afflicted in sight, and in that slightly lesser organ, fortune, the comfortably fixed respectables have ever inherited an armed aversion toward pawnshops. An explanation of this aversion is, in part, concerned with the approach which personal property makes toward an almost sacred co-part with ourselves.

Appraising and impartial are pawnshop counters and portals, in their every corner there crowds an unkind ether, too coarse for transmission or endurance of secretly nurtured attachments toward our possessions, sentiments worn to the quick by years. All the frail net of dear recollections is torn to mortal threads by sharp-fingered young clerks. So it is that children are snatched from too intent gazings at revolver displays and parents have a care to their own eyes when they pass these shops. Yet here have I been braving that old gentleman's stare till it has ripened into nodded mutterings and, no doubt, decided opinions. If we value our reputation, it were time that we moved on.

R. C. S., '14.

Rondeau

When brooklets play, in June's fair days,
 Their roundelays
 With varying choice,
 Their murmurings sweet, tho' they entreat,
 No notes repeat
 Of thy dear voice.

The golden leaves, whose passing grieves
 When Fall achieves
 The temporal chair,
 No more are missed. How well I wish
 The sun had kissed
 Thy aureate hair.

A just replevin ordains the heaven
 No more to leaven
 The azure skies
 With stolen blue,—the noble brew
 That Nature drew
 To toast—thine eyes!

By nectar thrall, my cup will fall,
 The ullage small
 Will terminate
 When gained the prize, voice, hair, and eyes,
 For each implies
 The ultimate.

H. G., '15

The Worm Turns

PETER MORDLE was one of those indistinct shadows that brave the chills of winter in tan summer reefers, and slip wan and tense of face into pawnshops to investigate the crop of available fire-arms. But Peter differed from the shadow in that his face (though it was wan and tense) was not the composite of damnation and slow death which we placard as "degenerate." His eye looked at you with dreamy vacancy allied with dumb persistency. When you looked a second time you found it still on you, steady, unwavering, expressionless, devoid even of the wistful questioning of a dog's eye. Because he had grown away from this stage he differed from the shadow. There was, furthermore, that something in his look of better days and a ready understanding that exerts such a tug on the heartstrings of kind old ladies. Even now Peter felt a flame of happiness flicker in the depths of his heart,—future happiness,—the happiness of a man standing on a roseate plain with his face turned towards the sunset. Grant Peter Mordle warm food, hot water, and an overcoat (chinchilla; pleated at the back and belted) in place of the battered tan, and before you would stand a banker, or a merchant waxing rich. Deny him these, and he must, to all appearances, remain what he is for the time at least, and meanwhile slip into the pawnshop of Mr. Solomon Jacobs, at 346 E. Makom St.

"Chust step this way," invites Solomon Jacobs, as Peter closes the door behind him and stands irresolute and bewildered.

"Here," he continued with unerring instinct, "iss a fine von,—dwendy-fife calibre, four barrels, only dree ninety-fife."

Peter took the proffered "fine von."

"F-r-r-ench," pursued Mr. Jacobs, resting his heavy bulk on the show-case and eyeing Peter quizzically, "if you vant a gun vot shoots straight and hass a very simple action,—here iss it. I sell lodts of 'em. Ven a man buys von he nefer will use no other."

Mr. Jacobs smiled slyly at this subtle recommendation and searched Peter's face for a sign of understanding. Peter snuggled the revolver in his hand. It was of black steel, flat and tiny. For a long time he simply looked at it. Then he pointed it at the floor and pulled the trigger. The barrel in line slid up and was replaced by another. Peter found the action fascinating. He toyed with the weapon a while, then suddenly turned it on Mr. Jacobs, and smiled a little as the fat hands were raised in defensive terror.

"Don't do that! You know it *might* be loaded!" said Mr. Jacobs, with injured mien.

"Yes, it might," Peter conceded. Personally, he did not believe there was such a thing as the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded fool," but he did not stop to debate the point. He called for cartridges, slipped his pet, unwrapped, into his pocket, and slammed the jangling door behind him, leaving Solomon Jacobs with his elbows on the show-case and his fists buried in the plump depths of his face, whistling quietly and gazing out of the window with an irresponsible coldness in his little fish eyes.

Perhaps the passing brewery wagon *did* conjure visions in Solomon's mind. Who knows? A fish eye won't tell. God bless him for his craft, as *he* may bless God for the battered tans!

We should have drawn a second distinction between Peter Mordle and the indistinct shadow. For his visit to the pawnshop Peter had chosen none other than the first day of Spring. Winter was a season to be cursed,—and endured. But Spring,—that was different. Peter did not want to be happy again. He did not want to feel that light-hearted surge and eager breathlessness that he knew to be the return of hope. All the long Winter one thought had dominated his mind,—the day would be the first day of Spring. This, you may remark aside, was because Peter was a coward, afraid to face the results inevitable from his actions, and so forth. With due regard for the strength of your morality, we are inclined to disagree with you. With his shoulders to the wall, Peter was so far from making headway that every minute brought an appreciable weakening of his back. He could feel himself slipping down, slowly. Soon he would be a crumpled heap at the bottom of the wall, and no one, not even Peter, cared. Here you may press your lips together and say "Quitter," whereby you make known to the world at large that *your* morality is quite a different thing indeed. But Peter had the best of you in the fact, at least, that he was *not* afraid of the night, and there is a law which says that he who wearies may sleep. [

Discomfort and distrust haggled Peter's mind. He distrusted the tiny imp who essayed the obviously impossible by attempting to trundle his hoop between Peter's legs. The inevitable happened. Peter tripped on the hoop, stepped on it, and found it no exception to the rule that makes hoops rise and deal sharp blows on people's shins. The tiny imp turned an anxious, tear-stained face up at Peter, and Peter stifled the impulse to snatch him up and hug him in all his ragged fifth, by smiling, —a little,—and hurrying on. Then again, people looked too happy to be coming home from work. Too many tawdry little sparrows chirped and twittered behind shutter and blind. Every house on the long street

seemed to be graced with a fat Irishwoman, clinging to a window sash, swabbing and rinsing and wailing happily. Far at the end of the street, framed in ragged tenements and grim houses of toil, the sun was setting. All the filth of the city, all the dregs of the sweat and sorrow of Winter seemed to soften in the golden light. This Spring feeling was not to be tolerated. Peter felt strangely light and dizzy, so he stopped where flaring signs and dingy electric bulbs paled in the glory of the sun, and went in to see the show.

Inside it was dark. Peter was only dimly conscious of the stuffy reek of the place, of the dismal rattle and bang of the orchestra, and of the creature in gold fleshlings who shrieked nasally, "Chee, if I only had a feller I could love!" Peter only cared that it was dark. His eyes ached, and his brain danced with a thousand glaring images of the setting sun. He stumbled down the dark aisle, and sank heavily into an end seat. He closed his eyes, stretched his legs, and conjectured vaguely how long it had been since he had last tasted warmth and a soft seat in such bewildering combination. Three days, perhaps, or—, no, he couldn't well say, he—. But Nature had summoned the gentlest of her sisters, and the sister had distilled her drowsy opiate into Peter's brain in spite of the stuffy reek that clamored for attention, and Peter was fast asleep with the revolver clutched weakly in his hand, and the creature in gold fleshlings still proclaiming her wares.

* * * * *

Give it time, and water dropping drop by drop on the head of a man will kill the man. So the tortuous refrain of Bert Jack's celebrated Jew song could have only the ultimate effect of waking Peter Mordle. The electric sign stated that Bert Jack was a Hebrew impersonator of high calibre. Indeed, such was the ease with which he uttered the problematic refrain, "Vell, vat couldt a meassly Heprew do?" that it seemed highly probable that the lips of Bert Jack's ancestors had pronounced these very syllables since time immemorial. At any rate, he continued to hunch his neck, ratlike, into his shoulders, turn his spacious palms up, open wide his eyes, and refer the problem to the consideration of the audience while the man in the corner clanged his cymbal and Bert Jack went through the time-honoured business of starting violently and shrinking within himself. The coarse, throaty tones of his voice battered endlessly at the gates of Peter's sleeping consciousness. Peter stirred and muttered and woke up. From its noise and freedom he knew the crowd to be a night one. He must have slept long—

The revolver clattered to the floor. With a pang he took up the train of his thoughts where it left off. He ought to have been *dead* by

this time. As he stooped forward to pick up the gun, the voice of a little street-rat at his side smote his ear.

"Say, bo, yu've missed most of the show, h'ain't yer?"

Peter looked quickly and caught a glimpse of a mouth of gold and a leaden face enshrined in coils of greasy black hair. He settled himself in his seat and murmured something about "sleep" and "sorry." The street-rat drew herself up with distinction. Peter felt really grateful for the cloying fumes of "Bouquet Hyacinthus" that assailed his flattered nostrils.

While he mechanically slipped four cartridges into the four barrels, Peter suddenly realized that his mind was dominated by quite another idea from the one he *thought* had dominated it. He no longer wanted to kill himself; he wanted to plant a bullet in the voluminous folds of Bert Jack's impossible trousers, in the third white check counting upward from the knee. He wanted it to plow deep in the fatted calf. He wanted to watch Bert Jack's face, and hear his celebrated Jew song choked off. So he slipped the cartridge from the first barrel, gently urged the trigger, and brought the second barrel into line.

Even when it came to manslaughter, Peter had a nice sense of propriety. Far be it from him to shoot regardless of climax and rhythm. The man in the corner would clang his cymbal, Bert Jack would jump, and *then* he would shoot, in perfect time. He held the weapon close to his face and squinted through the glistening first barrel at the third white check. The lilt of the song hammered and pounded in Peter's heart. His head was hot with the surge of blood. The light from the footlights, reflected in the spiral of the revolver's bore, seemed to eat a burning path into the depths of his brain. His heart had outstripped the song, and now beat in double time. He must be getting to the end of the verse, he thought. The check seemed to grow by leaps and bounds till it was lurid and gigantic. He couldn't possibly miss it.

Clang—jump—crack, in perfect time!

Until he heard the sound Peter did not know he had pulled the trigger. It seemed impossible that he could have *helped* pulling it. Then the street-rat screamed shrill in his ear and crumpled weakly in her seat. For a moment absolute stillness, then Bert Jack wavered and fell heavily.

Peter never remembered much of what happened after that. He had a confused remembrance of the orchestra leader who leaped to Bert Jack on the stage, of excited men who stood up here and there in the audience and swore horribly, of others who cringed in their seats and yelled "Murder! Fire!" of women fainting, and children crying hysterically. Then a heavy arm encircled Peter, and he could remember no more.

* * * * *

The next day the "Morning Transcript" delivered itself of the following:

UNPROVOKED ASSAULT

Late last night an actor giving the name Bert Jack was shot and seriously injured by an unidentified man in the audience of the Jewel Theatre, at 23rd and Calem Sts. Mr. Jack is suffering from a deep flesh wound above the knee. Upon being interviewed he asserted that he had only once laid eyes upon the would-be murderer, and that, to his knowledge, the attack was entirely unjustified. The physician in charge of the assailant reports him to be a victim of temporary insanity induced by starvation and exposure.

This is not the first case of similar nature recently brought to light. There seems to be no reason why a criminal who has brought himself into this condition should experience any leniency at the hands of the law. He is a menace to public safety, and should be dealt with as vigorously as the law allows, without respect to self-imposed mental condition.

In a subsequent interview Mr. Jack stated that he is not, as first reported, an actor by profession, but was availing himself of the opportunity held out by Amateur Night at the Jewel to indulge in a little harmless fun at his own expense, and incidentally to amuse his many friends of the Teutonic Association of America, among whom he is said to enjoy considerable popularity. He gave his real name as Solomon Jacobs, and his business that of pawnbroker, at 346 E. Makom Street.

K. P. A. T., '15.

Undergraduate Criticism

Verse

WHERE serious verse appears, the voice of some soul which would express itself in poetry is heard. Whether the talent and skill of the mind succeed in satisfying the desire of the soul or not, the desire is a high one and a sensitive. High ambitions should be preserved, and if sensitive, with especial care. To write prose, ideas are necessary, then plans evolved through cold brain effort, and in working out of plans some inspiration comes. But the neophyte of poesy, with his humble verses, though usually lacking the talents and supreme insight of a real poet has his sensitiveness to outward influences. He works in a medium which does not permit him to be so rudely jostled as his brother artist, the prose writer. His work is all in inspiration, and how hardly may his inspiration be obtained, how briefly and thoughtlessly destroyed!

There is undoubtedly a tendency prevalent amongst the majority of persons to rather smile upon verse as it appears between collegiate magazine covers, to regard it as space-filler, and really very superfluous. There is also a number which look upon it as what it is; a striving for an ideal, the fruit of aspiration, however halting and imperfect its expression sometimes is. It is this number which we would wish to see in the majority, in such a majority that it would be the present scoffers who would be hooted down, rather than that they should be the hooters-down of honest and praiseworthy ambition.

In the college world as in the world outside the writers are necessarily thinkers, and of the writers the devotees of poetic expression are more often the idealists. An idealist is one who looks to truth, loveliness, as his guiding star and would fain persuade the bowed-head plodder look up and also receive of its divine inspiration. Since verse is the medium best adapted to the use of such as he, it should be kept free as possible from imperfection and insincere use. Encouragement and sympathetic advice, not laughter and destructive satire should great amongst us, that group which is paralleled in every community and circle in life, and which guards the pure flame of idealism.

Amateur poetry, undergraduate verse, being the work of beginners, will bear the marks of masters who are no longer beginners. It is later, when the stage of learning is passed, that we must require absolute independence. One cannot expect genuine poetry to swing full-blown from a newly stirred mind, it is a gradually opening flower on the slow stem of time. One nurses the tender shoot of a rose-bush and does not trample it for its insufficiency. True, some weeds may be nursed with the rose-bushes, but we can cut them down later when we are sure they *are* weeds.

Let us sympathize with humble beginnings and, what nowadays is too often scorned, *serious, sincere* effort.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly Lines, by Oliver Wordsmith was the first verse we looked at after writing the above thoughts. Wondering whether we had been too sanguine in interpreting the aspect of undergraduate verse, our mind was immediately put at ease. The lines show careful workmanship and express genuine poetic thought. The *Forest Queen* is a musical, very well written composition. The way in which the forest queen is introduced by a line at the finish of each stanza is subdued and graceful. The first few lines seem to be an echo of something else, but we failed to find confirmation of our feeling and can praise the lines unqualifiedly. *A Lament* is a third piece of evidence that this magazine has reached a high level in the field of verse, and that it justifies very well

the existence of our, at present, pseudo-poets. The *Song of a Thoroughbred* contains a quaint thought, but it does not measure up very well with the rest of the verse. The two lines following make the question of realism stir in its lair.

"Let us speed as in days when you loved me,
And not the new-fangled auto."

The Vassar Miscellany. We are going to take space to reprint a poem from the *Miscellany*. It speaks for itself and who does not understand its speech will not disturb one whit our confidence that verse is "worth while."

E. M. P., '15.

ISEULT WAKENS AT A NIGHTINGALE CALL

Fling, fling full mirth about my misery,—
My sleep in Mark's embraces faint and cold,—
And hide me, rapture-blinded, in the fold
Of my far lover's clasping ecstasy.

Close, close! What madness, what bewilderment!
Why dim that bliss with human pain,
With wild lament! the wailing of the strain
My lover sang to me at banishment?

Love, love, thy voice! No nightbird's witchery
But thine own words are breaking my despair!—
Again thou mock'st the bird—now thrills the air
That first enthralled me to thy minstrelsy.

Hot, hot as tears, thy singing yearns to me,
And now thy harping pleads; across the wold,
Across the darkness, swift as thou art bold
I find thy lips and die of loving thee!

Book Reviews

Disraeli. Louis N. Parker. (*The John Lane Company*).

A WRITER of dramatic criticism in an urban newspaper of recent date has drawn attention to the extremes of our modern drama. He seems to fear that problem plays of such a serious type as *Kindling*, for instance, will drive the theatrical public to desperation, or, what is perhaps much worse, to the frothiest of musical comedy. In sur-

veying the offerings of the closing season he finds on the one hand the hyper-serious drama and on the other the inanely frivolous musical show. Among plays which do not fall into either of these extreme classes, and which may therefore hold out a ray of hope to the despondent reviewer, may be mentioned Mr. Parker's *Disraeli*.

In commenting on this play one could hardly refrain from the usual rhapsodies upon the art of Mr. George Arliss or that new and altogether charming Clarissa, Violet Heming, were it not for a conviction that the dramatic critics have already filched some of Mr. Parker's laurels to make a wreath for Mr. Arliss. One reviewer has gone so far as to call the play a very skillful *oeil-de boeuf* through which the audience might look upon a clever actor.

"Very skillful" is apropos but "*oeil-de-boeuf*" is litotes.

Mr. Parker has given us in *Pomander Walk* a delightful glimpse of old English life; in *Joseph and His Brethren* he has dramatized with signal success the perennially interesting Semitic story; in *Drake* he has produced a drama whose political significance was not lost upon the British Government; and in *Disraeli* his versatility has not expended itself merely for the purpose of bringing a great actor before the public.

The life of Gladstone's great opponent, whose marriage to a countess much older than himself brought upon him much unjust criticism, did not offer a romantic theme to the dramatist; nor does the policy of Imperialism, as expressed in the purchase of the Suez Canal, hold out a delectable promise to the playgoer. Yet out of these apparently barren elements comes forth a drama which holds one's interest from beginning to end.

When, in the third of the four acts, *Disraeli* snatches success from the very talons of defeat by forcing the reluctant bank of England to support his failing plans, one feels not only the forceful cunning of the Jew but also the clever work of the playwright. Mr. Parker shows no less skill in portraying the congenial domestic relations of the *Disraelis* or in bringing out the personal peculiarities of the great prime minister. The necessary heart interest is supplied by the romance of Clarissa, though this romance is very properly subordinated to the political motif.

After having seen George Arliss and his admirable company it is difficult to estimate this drama as a piece of literature rather than a histrionic triumph, yet we feel that *Disraeli* has in it the qualities which will make it a permanent contribution to the dramatic literature of our day.

E. C. B., '16.

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Editorial

A philosopher of note has recently dubbed the twentieth century an age of "visionary achievement" and awards the fairest laurel of success to the "builder from vision." Since visions are in order we shall outline two of our most recent ones and from these take our text.

Back with us then, reluctant reader, back where we may glance at the first pulse beat of time, at the first something which blew in from nowhere, at the first entity which arose from chaos. Behold all alone the Spirit of Human Life blinking on the verge of the precipice which overlooks the Sea of Endeavor. He bears on his brow the dew from the roses of his abstract state and is possessed of a consciousness alone wherein his first sensation blazes like a jewel in gold—this that he senses is a clarion voice which bids him proceed. He knows two things; that he is and that he must advance.

The spirit is of great interest to us as he stands there in that state of unsophistication so rare in our times. He interests us severally for various reasons. The philosopher, however, seems apathetic. He observes as he readjusts his spectacles that the specimen we have given him to

analyse "has nothing on" the normal baby—which latter genus is by no means so rare. Yet here we must muster up sufficient presumption to differ with him, for our Spirit does differ from the baby in one salient characteristic; is without both THEORY and experience, which to preserve the epigram we shall call PRACTICE. The infant we would not allege to be excessively versed in either respect, yet his quasi-embryonic consciousness is vibrant with instinct and instinct, theory and logic, for many of the most successful and unscrupulous of us are synonymous.

"Well," comes the querulous query, "enough of this peroration. What does he do, this Spirit of Human Life, as he stands there blinking on the verge with his nebulae of dreams and of nothingnesses?" We shall surprise you in our answer. *He got there!* Sliding down the jagged face of the cliff to which he clung by his toenails, wearing the remnants of his ethereal pinions from his shoulder-blades and his expression of sublime contentment from his features, he finally embarked upon the Sea of Endeavor in the bark of the Golden Mean. This sounds a bit obscure so we may explain that his successful voyage was due to his very lack of theory and practice at the outset for thus the mean was assured to him between impractical theorizing and the practice which does not instruct. He formed his own theories when he could gather enough premises from past experience to do so and used these theories to analyse each buffeting wave which fortune sent, and by them he always managed to escape. Sometimes he sank, it is true, but ever again he rose until at length he drew himself out in the moonlight of the further shore and sang through his beard of his labors to his son. This son, by the way, was one of the fruits of his labors.

As the old spirit (humanized now, so uncapitalized) sang on of his herculean struggles, which let us hope were not magnified by the retrospect, the son naturally enough grew apprehensive. He asked his sire if the same laborious passage was in line for him, and implied by his tone that an assurance to the contrary would be infinitely preferable. To his own no small chagrin the son learned that even so must he strive if he aspired to the serene self-satisfaction of his father.

When fully aware of this the son's first move was to acquire by filial blandishments the small store of the substance known as "worldly goods" which the old man had by him. He then asked for his father's philosophy of life—preferably in a few simple, well-chosen words. With this request the old spirit generously complied, and being in a voluble mood he so enwrapped the young man in a network of platitudes that the boy said "yea verily" and in saying yea verily resolved to do his utmost to forget. The boy was then led to a precipice similar to the one whereon

his father had done his blinking and bidden to proceed. He moved forward to the very verge but could think of no advice pertinent to his present condition. He did remember unfortunately, one idea most emphasized—"look ahead for the farther shore." He raised his eyes, wavered on the brink and dropped like a meteor to the rocks below where his bones and those of all who follow untried theories eventually lie. The sea did not bemoan his fate.

This first of our visions has spun out abnormally, yet we must now pass to the second in compliance with our threat. Gaze behind you, patient reader, into the mists of sophomore year, into the fragrance of April, into the darkness of Roberts Hall. The time is eight-thirty and the function an examination in Physical Training II. Do you not see the heads of the students throbbing with their content of physiological nomenclature busily poised over a ruby-colored blank book which they proceed to fill with concise and accurate answers? *Do you not*, we ask? At length an aged and bright-eyed alumnus remarks that he cannot see an account of a superincumbent haze; whether of the aforementioned mists of sophomore year or of tobacco smoke he is unable to decide, having had little experience with either. "Why," we hasten to respond, "obviously the former," stung to the quick by such an insinuation.

Now that the mists of sophomore year have yielded apace we can all see the young men taking their examination—a most orderly and inspiring sight. The aged spectator becomes exceedingly interested and puts us a number of questions which we do our best to answer satisfactorily.

"Why are the boys in such perfect order when there are no proctors present? I am sure we should have whispered or done something equally inexcusable in my day if left alone."

That is because of the honor system. Any one of the young men would fear to infringe any one of their self-imposed rules far more than they would fear corporal punishment.

"Why are the boys so interested in their subject? We used to regard examinations in my day as something of a bore."

Their interest is so intense because they are examined upon their knowledge of the Theory and Practice of Gymnastics. They have not only learned to become robust young men through exercise of their muscles, but they also know by name every muscle they have exercised. Furthermore they are all anxious to obtain good marks for their work and they feel sure the papers will be most painstakingly corrected.

"But why," finally queries the alumnus, "are the boys required to learn the theory of physical training? I should think that this could

best be learned through the exercise if they chose a form which appealed to them so strongly." Oh! reader, here is the very prick of the question. The average student of today stands upon the brink of an abyss, call it sea of endeavor, slough of despond or stream of life. He is fortified by admirable tutors with theory which is calculated to help him understand and conquer his obstacles. This result is certainly desirable, yet first the theory itself must be understood and overcome. Abstractions seem frequently quite devoid of interest unless they serve merely as symbols for concrete objects too familiar and minute to be mentioned separately. The absorbing of generalizations concerning the laws of a science which the student does not intend to follow up, seems a useless operation save for the one great advantage that he learns to talk and think intelligently *about* the science if not very exhaustively *upon* it. He ceases to regard the laws as enshrouded in "mysterious vagueness, gloom inscrutable." He learns too from this theoretic study to seize upon the atmosphere of different lines of thought and to "size up" a man's mental stature by the same process.

This analysis of another's temperament leads almost inevitably, it would seem, to the disastrous process of self-analysis. This is the fault we choose to find with theoretic study, that it induces self analysis and the tendency to subjective brooding and this we are told, leads often to a wrong estimate of oneself unless scientifically conducted. The old method which led old men to speak feelingly of their "seeing life" was far different. Here no theory could be maintained unless its usefulness was demonstrated by visible proofs resulting from its practice.

As with the primal spirit so with the April examination—let us try out our theories lest they turn and rend us. Let us not kneel in prayer with the rest of the congregation when the alarm has proclaimed a fire in the adjacent orphan asylum. It seems hardly fair to suppose that the inmates are not as capable of bringing metaphysics to their own rescue as we should be to practice metaphysical experiments on behalf of the inmates.

Informal Contributions

The Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN:

You doubtless remember that sentence from Petrarch—"Books have brought some men to knowledge, and some to madness." I have been led along the latter path and a cushion-walled apartment awaits me unless I "pour forth my soul in gushes." Driven on by the erudite and periodic "exhortation to browse" that enlivens the Latin courses, I have wandered till my brain reeled in the mazes of the Haverford Library. My able suggestions for the management of that edifice were rebuffed without sympathy—each of the despots, that reign there every evening, resembled Milton's "Demogorgon—a tremendous gloom."

The arrangement of books in the library is done with a machine-like regularity and precision that is beyond the ken of the uninitiated. Consider the daring insight that has placed Professor F. B. Gummere's "Handbook of Poetics" among "General Paresis," "First Steps for Little Feet," and "The Gem Story Book." This triumph of literary appreciation led me to my first proposal for the reclassification of our books. Why be bound to the heart-rending complexity of a system necessitating a million little subject-cards attached to every few shelves and expressing topics varying everywhere between "Vice" and "Bible Concordance." Let the subject-card of every shelf bear the word "Miscellaneous"—thus shall we express the classifying spirit of our library. Let him who would understand his spirit in its quintessence, clamber up the iron ladder to the balcony and pass behind the first series of bookshelves. The sight that will meet his eyes defies description—chaos at its *chaoticiest*; books with no plausible *raison d'être*; pamphlets beyond count, unclassified, the "unnumbered dead" of literature; bulletins on such enthralling subjects as "Coast Pilots' Notes on the Bering Sea," "Regulations for U. S. Cemeteries," and "The Gases of Emmental Cheese." Throw them away? Never!

Suppose that you are taking a science course, and desire to look up Naval Architecture. You look through the catalogue—"Naval Architecture, see Ship-Building." After a minute of muttered imprecations, you find "Ship-Building"—and the latest book was published in 1872! Consider yourself a Biology student thirsty for knowledge of snakes—"Snakes, see Serpents"—and under "Serpents," one book, "The Subtlety of the Serpent." That may be readable—and when you have hunted for a pleasant half-hour—of course, the numbers are inside, not outside, the books—you discover that the book is carefully locked up in the W. H. Jenks collection and deals with a purely metaphorical serpent. Cheer up, there's a good article in the Encyclopedia Britannica and we have a fine Sanskrit dictionary. Yet there is one smile amid these tears—in two places above the Congressional Records the legend "Religion" may be read. As Mark Twain said when he found that the dictionary defines carbuncle as a jewel—"Humor is out of place in a dictionary"—and in a library

BIBLIOMANIAC, '15.

Alumni Department

On Wednesday, April 16th, the New York Alumni Association held its annual banquet at the Park Ave. Hotel, New York City. Forty alumni were present. Our New York alumni have always manifested an active and praiseworthy interest in their Almer Mater. What they lack in numbers they more than atone for in spirit.

'96

Mr and Mrs. John Lester are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, on April 1.

'03

C. R. Comman is now assistant cashier of the Ardmore National Bank.

J. B. Drinker is still representing the Mercer Rubber Co., and is also connected with the Universe Mfg. Co., and Sterling Supply Company.

Rev. E. F. Hoffman has been appointed by the Methodist Conference to the Norris Square Church in Philadelphia.

'05

Thomas H. Megear has been appointed General Manager of the Alco Automobile Company of this city. He formerly served in the same capacity for the Longstreth Company.

'06

Rafael J. Shortlidge, has been appointed one of the headmasters of Camp Marienfeld, Chesham, N. H.

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'07

C. J. Claason, ex-'07, of Omaha, Neb., survived the recent tornado without property loss.

Ex-'08

Chas. H. Rogers has recently become connected with the Bird Department of the New York National History Museum.

'10

John P. Phillips was married to Miss Dorothy B. Guild on May 3, at Merchantville, N. J.

'11

E. H. Spencer has taken up his place of residence at the Cambridge Y. M. C. A., Cambridge, Mass., and is still selling bonds for N. W. Hakey & Co.

'12

Arthur Brownlee, who has been teaching school in Kansas, is coming East next winter to take up social work in Newark, N. J.

Walter Steere, who has been with the Rhodes Leather Belting Co., has been assigned the important commission of "breaking in" a territory embracing Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, excepting Chicago.

Albert L. Bailey, Jr. has announced his engagement to Helen Smedley, of Bala.

Of interest to Haverfordians is the new Friends' Meeting at Newark, N. J. The movement was started January 1, and has been highly successful, the attendance averaging over twenty. The following compose the committee in

charge: Chas. P. Valentine, Dr. Henry M. Woolman, Mrs. John Percy, Mrs. Barclay Hutchinson, and G. M. Palmer, '97.

K. P. A. T., '15

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Cowards

DEEPS McCHORD lay idly in the hammock on the front porch. The afternoon sun shone full on his freckled face, and the light wind played in his tousled red hair. His attitude bespoke a profound aversion to the heat of a summer Sunday. One foot was set among the vines of a dusty white pillar and gently propelled the hammock back and forth, while his eyes were fixed vacantly on a certain point of blue sky which seemed loath to divulge any of the golden secrets its exterior promised. Not even the unending succession of grinning negroes and clanging trolley cars which passed before the homestead of the Widow Matilda McChord could raise Deeps from his reverie. At best, Sunday in Millville was symbolized to Deeps in the form of a collar peculiarly jagged about the throat and eternally dust-begrimed. This particular Sunday was more intensely odious than Sunday's in general, in spite of the fact that he was temporarily, at least, guiltless of the article of clothing in question. He thumbed his protrudant Adam's apple and thought hard. "The eighth time," he soliloquized, "she's told me 'no,' and more sot in her mind the eighth time than in the seventh, and much more sot than the sixth. Not man enough, eh? Why, if I ain't——"

Deeps' plaint was cut short by the slamming of the front gate. He started up from the hammock in time to confront a female of Herculean proportions, who had ascended, unbidden, the porch steps, and who now lowered sinfully at him from beneath bushy black eyebrows. Behind the female cowered a pale little man. Deeps stood with his mouth agape.

"This here," said the Herculean female, jerking a thumb over her shoulder, "is John McChord. You needn't stand there oglin' him just like as if you was a sick fish, because you've never seen him afore even if he *is* your uncle. But that's who he is, and——"

"He is, is he?" interrupted Deeps, remembering the occasion of the eighth failure; "he looks to me more like a cucumber that grewed outside the hotbed!"

The Herculean stranger placed her arms akimbo, and devoured Deeps with flashing eyes.

"No-lip-young-man, no-jaw-from-you," she said, lightning-quick, "take me to your mother."

Deeps shot another glance at the pale little man, ventured a giggle, and disappeared into the house. The female seated herself on the hammock's edge and fanned herself airily with her handkerchief, while the little man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "This don't look good," he said at length. The female had her mouth open to controvert his speculation when Deeps appeared on the threshold with the Widow Matilda McChord.

"Maw," he said, "I hate to bring you all suds from the washing to talk to sich ignorant people, but is *that* my dead father's brother?"

The Widow Matilda ran her quick eye up and down the scant length of John McChord. For several minutes she searched his face for a shadow of a memory. Then,

"Deepee, you never saw your Uncle John. He went West before you were born——"

"Oshkosh," supplied the female grimly.

"To Oshkosh, she says, Deepee. When your grandpap gave up the business he left most of the jewelry with your pa. John was never reliable. The old man couldn't put no faith on him, and he went West. He was young, about *that* size, snivellin', and good-for-nothin'. I think that's him."

"And I'm his wife," announced the female with conviction. "If he was snivellin' and good-for-nothin' onct, he's worse nor that now. He's a weasel, that's wot he is. Look at him! Look at us both! Ain't we stewed-lookin'? Ain't he lost all my money in Oshkosh? Ain't we come all the way to Millville to find you? And you stand there a-gapin' and a-screwin' up o' your eyes,—and that son o' yourn,—Lord, madame! he's a curse on creation's face. Ain't he the brick top! Ain't he the unmannerly lout! Well, are we goin' inside the mansion, or are we goin' to stand out here in the sun and jaw for all them dirty coons to laugh at?"

"Why, step in," said the Widow Matilda simply, "it *is* warm, ain't it? Deepee, pull the shades in the libr'y. Now, John, will you set down and tell about yourself?"

* * * * *

While John, with fear and trembling, was laboring through a tale of twenty years,—from Millville, the shiftless drift to Oshkosh, the painful setbacks heaped upon his defenceless head by Fortune (grinning

and vindictive), and the dash back to Millville, Deeps fled the wrathful eye of Mrs. John, and posted himself on the front porch to wait for Bimmie. For she it was who, only the night before, had stirred worm-wood in Deeps' bitter cup for the eighth distressing time. Bimmie was short, dark, and positive. In the morning she sallied forth to the daily combat with the vagaries of the mind of childhood—in other words, she was a schoolteacher. In the evening she returned, tired and happy, to the Widow Matilda's sheltering wing. Deeps awaited her with anxiety. Would the presence of Mrs. John's bulk in the library substantiate her cruel verdict of timidity?

Deeps' mind was once more relieved of further speculation by Bimmie's appearance at the front gate. With a "Hello there," he vaulted the porch railing and ran down the walk.

"Binnie, what do you think!" he shouted. "There's a great big woman in there, and a little man, and the big woman says she's the little man's wife, and the little man says he's maw's brother-in-law. They've come all the way from Oshkosh, and want to live with us, or get money, or something. The big woman,—oh Bimmie, she's awful, she is! She said I was an unmannerly lout!"

Deeps stopped, breathless, to lend the insult its rightful emphasis, but Bimmie seemed unmoved.

"Deepee," she said quite seriously, "don't get off the handle, Deepee. Let's go in and see them. I hope they stay to supper, it's been so long since I've seen anybody interesting."

Deeps gazed in open-mouthed wonder as Bimmie calmly entered the front door and crossed the hall into the library. It wasn't a very nice thing to say, he reflected. As for him, *he* wouldn't talk to such people. Hospitality was all very well, but it paid to draw the line somewhere. He preferred to nourish his resentment in league with the porch hammock, but the supper bell found the more violent of his grievances overruled.

The two transients were firmly imbedded in the bosom of the family. Mr. John McChord was eating beans and bacon, with an eye only for his plate. His better half was lolling comfortably on the table and varying her conversation between needlework and interior decoration.

"*There* he is," she smiled at Deepee, "the poor dear, I thought he might get nothin' to eat if he didn't first swallow his grouch. You know, Deepee, I think me and you could be real good friends" (she leaned across the table with a significant leer); "anyhow, it don't pay to be mummies when we have to live together! Ha-ha-ha!"

Deeps' pleading glance at Bimmie found her solicitous over Mr.

John's third application of catsup. He was very well content to suffer in silence, and when the family had adjourned to the porch for the cool of the evening, he slipped quietly upstairs to his bedroom.

A profound self-pity nourished bitter thoughts in Deeps' mind. He threw open the window, pulled up a chair, placed his elbows on the sill and his ponderous head in his hands, and gave himself up to sombre imagining. Outside it was quite dark. Looking below, he could see work for Monday in Sunday's lawn. Giant branches of the solomn elms loomed towards him in the twilight, their leaves heavyladen with the dust of midsummer. Round a light in the street a dozen moths were fluttering. Deeps watched the people as they emerged from the gloom into the bright arc and then passed on into the night, now two men, talking earnestly, now a handful of negroes, loosely hilarious, now a shirt-waisted couple, head to head and pacing slow.

"I wish I was dead," Deeps muttered, unmindful that he voiced the conviction of afflicted youth. "I wish they would bring me home some night all mangled from stopping a runaway, or—"

The night never heard how sorry "they" would be, for out of the shadow of an elm swooped a black phantom, swung down and up, clattered noisily against the shutters of the window beneath his own, said "Hell!" and fell back again into the shadow. Deeps was turned to stone. From the bristles at the back of his neck his red hair "crept" and quivered upright. Then he echoed instinctively the curse of the black phantom, jumped to his feet, and raced downstairs on tiptoe. "Everybody asleep," he said to himself as he passed the silent bedroom doors, "and the jewelry's in *that* room!"

Stealthily he pushed back the front door. "I'll leave it open so's I can get back quick," he explained, as he jumped to the lawn and slipped around the house.

"God be praised fer that," said a gruff voice from behind the door, "and damn shutters wot tear one's fingers," pursued the black phantom as it emerged from its recess and faded into the gloom of the house.

Deeps sped straight to the suspected elm, essayed its rough bark, and after a deal of furious scrambling and laceration found himself on one of the lower branches with a stout rope dangling fifteen feet away. With peculiar insight he divined its meaning. He would jump for the rope, and the rope would be his safe conduct to the window. Deeps thought the leap looked both difficult and dangerous, and he was on the point of excusing inaction by cursing himself a fool when Bimmie's word came into his mind. Closing his eyes and muttering with melodramatic intensity, "For her," he jumped. Hardly had he clutched the

rope with the grip of death when he crashed through the shutters and shot in the open window. One arm was agitated violently in frantic effort to secure anchorage. Just as it fastened upon something soft and invisible, two arms were thrown about his neck, and in a panic of terror he leaped back from the window-sill bearing the weight of his unknown burden, which shrieked shrill in the night, and convulsively tightened its grip around his neck. The solemn elm received unmoved the impact of his leap and repulsed him lightly towards the house. His burden drummed on his shins and wrought damage indescribable on his face with the fingers of a free hand. Deeps slowly realized that his arm wasn't entirely unfamiliar with the contour of the waist it encircled. The awful truth made itself known to Deeps' tortured brain.

"Bimmie," he said, when they had almost stopped swinging, "would you mind stoppin' the play o' your nails and the thresh o' your feet? My arm's most ready to bust."

"Deepee! Drop me this minute!" (Tightening her hold on Deeps' distorted neck, hysterically), "I couldn't sleep, Deepee. I—I kept thinkin' about what I said to you, and—and I was lookin' out the window when something came shooting out of the tree,—and—and I thought I'd be brave, so I came downstairs and waited quiet at the window, and I thought I'd grab whoever it was, and then *you* came——" Bimmie pillowed her head on the front of Deeps' cotton shirt and sobbed aloud. Then, suddenly stung with the shame of her position, "Deepee!" she shrieked, "drop me this minute!"

"No," said Deeps with simple conviction, "I wouldn't do it for any thing. I wouldn't do it if John McChord was to step up underneath, point a gun, and say, 'Young man, come down.' I got *his* number, Bimmie. He's a thief come to steal maw's jewelry. His wife's a bluff. I ain't afraid of the pair of 'em. I ain't no coward, either. And I won't drop till you say I ain't and promise to marry me."

Painful silence, while Bimmie continues to sniffle—"and my arm's most ready to bust."

"*Young man, come down,*" says a powerful voice from below, "*or I'll shoot.*"

Like a meteor from Heaven dropped Deeps McChord, with Bimmie a satellite trailing from his neck. The owner of the powerful voice received the impact of both bodies and fell prostrate on the grass. Deeps picked himself up, calmed Bimmie's anguish, and directed himself to the dark form of the strange visitant.

"Mrs. John," he said laconically, "serves her right, the big idiot."

Nearby lay a tangled brown mass.

"Wig!" said Deeps in an awed voice, dangling it in the moonlight for Bimmie to see. "It's a man," he continued, running his hand over a bristling head of hair. "Bimmie, this is bad business."

Bimmie was too exhausted either to condemn or approve the business, and only crept closer to Deeps. Deeps' arm found its way about her waist, and the waist yielded complacently. While the moon shone down on the strange trio, the man on the grass stirred uneasily and began to murmur.

"Maria," he said, "damn it all, Maria, look what a mess we've got into! Didn't I tell you that a woman's slopman didn't have no right to turn round and rob her after twelve years of faithful service? Didn't I say that, Maria? And you just put yer skinny arms on yer hips and said 'Coward! Jim, you're a cowardly man wot can't support his family and dassn't pr-rocure money by dishonour-able means! Them's your very words, Maria. So I done it. I ain't no coward.' But Maria, when that red-headed lout clubs me with both feet, then I'm done. I'll lie here, Maria, till he quits stranglin' his woman and phones fer the police. I'll never move a finger till I'm stretched out on the iron cot, but'—here he raised himself on his elbow and gestured solemnly to the moon,— "I ain't no coward, Marie, just as sure as my name ain't—ain't—John McChord!"

K. P. A. T., '15.

The Typhoon

A Play in Four Acts by Melchior Lengyel

ONCE upon a time a Hungarian who hade never been outside of Europe wrote a play purposing to expose the Japanese character. For this task—one which at times has even baffled the sympathetic Hearn—Melchior Lengyel considered a few unsubstantiated notions received from journals and the hasty perusal of a book on *Bushido* to be sufficient. As for personal observation—had he not seen Japanese students in Berlin and Vienna, had he not met an embassy attache at So-and-So's function? Presto! That was sufficient. Therefore Melchior Lengyel, age thirty-six, of stoutish figure, with close-cropped moustache and sleek side whiskers, crystalized a jumble of race prejudice, fear and ignorance, collectively known as Orientophobia, into the *Typhoon*.

But fortunately for Melchior Lengyel, that slightly bald, Hungarian head of his contained other things besides his extensive knowledge of Japan and the Japanese. He was not without experience in play-writing, having already written the *Prophet*, *Grateful Posterity* and other works—pieces not without merit according to M. Rukkay, dramatic critic of the *Peter Lloyd*. In fact interest in the play is kept at a high tension, his dialogues are clever and his scenes dramatic. Where he is familiar with his subjects, M. Lengyel touches us with their emotions and awakens our sympathy by their passionate outbursts. Especially is this so in the character of the dissolute but talented artist Lindner. I should say that seventy-five per cent of the *Typhoon's* success is due to Mengyel and twenty-four per cent. to his choice of subject—a comparatively new one in the dramatic field of today. The play is presented in four striking acts, depicting—so says a sympathetic French critic—"the violent race antagonism between the East and the West, a contrast between the civilizations of the Orient and the Occident—a duel betwixt the white and yellow races."

The drama takes place in Berlin, the time is today. Tokeramo, a noble not only in birth but in intellect and ability, has been sent to Berlin upon an important mission by the Emperor of Japan. In Berlin he falls in love with Helen Kerner, an adventuress. She throws over her former companion, Ernest Lindner, for her new love. She not only loves Tokeramo but respects him for his ability and self-control. Joshikawa, the *doyen* of the Japanese colony, warns Tokeramo to give up the woman for fear that she will interfere with the important mission at hand. Tokeramo tells her that she must go. She realizes that at last she has met a man who puts duty before his love for a woman. Every bit of her combativeness is aroused. Helen Kerner uses every art known to a fascinating woman in order to conquer Tokeramo. At last he cries out:

"Ah! You have ruined me, Helen. . . . I am no longer my own master. You are the stronger. . . ."

He buries his head in Helen's bosom.

Helen, triumphantly, "Ahah—at last!"

It is the old, old story of the vampire and the fool. The vampire now sets about to suck the very blood from Tokeramo.

"Oh! yes—I'm going, but not immediately. It's I who despise you. You are a coward like the others—and you would have been my master—you! Never have I cared for you—I detest you—I've stolen your papers—what do you say to that? You yellow monkey—you ape!"

Tokeramo, with a terrible cry—"Ah!"

Helen, suddenly frightened, jumps backwards—"No, no. I was joking. I love you. . . ."

Tokeramo strangles her.

Tokeramo goes to the phone.

Joshikawa and the other Japanese arrive. The *doyen* says that Tokeramo must be saved in order to carry out the Imperial mission, and calls for a scapegoat. Every one of the nine Japanese present beg for the honor. A young student, Hironari, is chosen, and goes to death, knowing that he will die as a god to those fifty million brown folk toiling beneath the sun and rain in far away, beloved Nippon.

Tokeramo finishes his report and lies dying as the result of overwork and disappointed love. His countrymen are at his bedside. At last Joshikawa says:

"He is no longer Japanese."

Kobayashi, solemnly: "Shades of our forefathers, receive ye the spirit of our brother Tokeramo, who has fallen in Europe. He was strong, he was heroic, he loved his country, receive him!"

The Japanese repeat the formula. When the brief ceremony is over, the doctor phones for the coroner, another Japanese goes out to make arrangements for the funeral, Joshikawa sits down, yawns, and reads a paper; the others chat or play games. Death is nothing. Those who are born must die. . . . The only thing that counts is duty—the greatness of Japan.

Then the curtain falls.

We feel a bit uncomfortable; the orchestra starts up a march from the Mikado and we hurry to get our coats. A tall, loud-voiced American behind me says to his fat spouse:

"Yes, yes—typically Japanese, typically Japanese!"

And I hear a murmur of assent around me. And shouldn't *he* know? To be sure he hasn't been nearer Nippon than Dayton, Ohio; but he has a vague notion that everybody "over there" rips open their stomachs at the least provocation, that the yellow peril is going to seize Magdalena Bay and the Philipipines. He is suspicious of what he can't understand, or rather has not taken the trouble to understand, and so when he sees the *Typhoon* he cries out:

"Typically Japanese!"

The *Typhoon* may be divided in two parts; that which rings true and that which rings false. The theme of love and hatred and of the race prejudice of the West for Japan are things of which Melchior Lengyel had first-hand knowledge. They are handled with skill and effect: they ring

true. For instance, in the first act Tokeramō says to Helen Kerner:

"You are a woman and I am a man. The only thing that stands between us are the customs and traditions of our countries."

This is a sound thought suggesting, though inferior to Kipling's:

*For there is neither East nor West,
Border nor Breed nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face
Though they come from the ends of the earth.*

In another place Helen says to her friend, an actress:

"These Japanese are not like others. There is something about Tokeramō which excites me. . . his voice. . . and even their yellow skin, with its weird odor. . . ."

Therese—"Disgusting?"

Helen—"No, no, just strange. And then this. . . How shall I express it? This freshness of impression, of gesture. . . all so primitive, a little barbarous—savage. It is curious. It amuses me."

Ridiculous though this may sound, I do not think that Lengyel exaggerates the attitude of the West from the East. It is just this mystifying something which Helen Kerner has tried to express which has always held a spell over the Occident whether attractive or repellent.

The second part of the *Typhoon* rings false. Here Melchior Lengyel has attempted the impossible task of representing the contempt of the Japanese for the West and their peculiar ideal of duty. It is one thing for Lengyel an Occidental, to show the Western attitude towards the East; another for him to pretend that he sees through the Oriental mind. A great many people will be fooled by Lengyel's cleverness and the ounce of truth which makes this lie a more dangerous one. To be sure the ideal of the subordination of the individual to the social order is correct; but the unfamiliarity which Melchior Lengyel displays for the essence of things Japanese, though not unnatural, is nevertheless astonishing. I do not marvel that he has named the play, *Typhoon*. Melchior Lengyel has probably never seen a typhoon; nor have many of you. So that when he graphically and not unskillfully pictures one to you in the form of fanatical Japanese patriotism, you of the Occident immediately cry out:—

"What a typical typhoon!" as if you had seen them all your life.

Inaccuracy and impossibilities mark everything Japanese from the program to the drop of the curtain. Of the eleven Japanese names in the play, only two could ever be found in a phone book or

city directory of Japan. Joshikawa's reading a newspaper in the presence of the dead is another inaccuracy as the dead—especially in the case of a nobleman like Tokeramo would be treated with utmost conventionality and respect.

Japanese are evidently expected to get their B. A. from Gilbert and Sullivan's Comic Opera Japan before being accepted as *bona fide* Japanese.

In Act I, Scene IV, all the Japanese gather in Tokeramo's apartments in Berlin. Suddenly at a clap of the hand the lights go out. Down pops an enormous paper lantern from the ceiling. Brocade screens appear from nowhere. The Japanese hop into soft kimonos. And when the sweating electrician in the wings turns on the amber and blue, we behold our serious-minded students and empire building officials sitting on the floor, drinking tea, playing a *geisha's* (!) banjo and of course waving a fan. But that is not all. That the scene may not take on too frivolous an atmosphere, one of the Japanese presses an *electric* button and out pops a great big Buddha. *Typically Japanese!* The whole play is a burlesque, a caricature, but not one that strikes the truth.

Therefore in conclusion I would refute the cry of critics from the *Paris Temps* to the *Philadelphia Bulletin* who greeted the *Typhoon* as a keen portrayal of Japanese character. As such it is rubbish. If there is any value in the *Typhoon*, it is as an exposition of the Western attitude towards and the Western conception of Japan and not as a picture of Japanese character and attitude towards the Occident.

Y. N., '15.

The Other Man

THE MAIN Line Local, due to arrive at Broad Street Station at 10.15 A. M., was steadily leaving the numerous stations behind it and approaching its destination. It was a sparkling cold December morning; a thin layer of snow covered the ground and dazzlingly reflected the rays of the morning sun. Within the train the light, softened by the green plush cushions of the seats, was soothing and restful to the eyes. Indeed an atmosphere of quiet ease pervaded the whole train from the engine to the smoking-car in the rear. There was something deliberate in the way it glided over the rails—a certain refinement of movement which the earlier trains lack. The passengers were nearly all men—gentlemen with a luxurious care-free air about them.

Men who readily and often conveniently forgot the past and have little or no care for the future. Some were intently reading the morning papers; others were chatting together.

At Wynnewood Station a man jumped aboard the train and took a seat in the second car. He unbuttoned his great brown overcoat, threw back its high collar and dexterously removed his fur-lined gloves. He settled himself comfortably in the seat and drew his morning mail from the pocket of his overcoat. He had just begun to tear open one of the letters when a woman sat down beside him. There were numerous vacant seats in the car, but the woman, entering by the front door, had carefully scanned the faces of the passengers and had selected her seat with a definite purpose. The man was surprised at her action, but continued to open his mail. The woman regarded him closely and after repeated efforts finally succeeded in reading the address on one of the envelopes:

Mr. Middleton T. Clarke,
100 Club Road,
Wynnewood,
Pa.

If one could have closely viewed her face, as she read this, he would have noticed a certain increased sparkle of her eyes and an almost imperceptible smile about her small well-shaped mouth—but only for a moment and her face again assumed its quiet, calm, almost sad expression. It soon became evident to Middleton Clarke that the woman beside him was showing a very bold curiosity; perhaps even reading the open letter he had in his hands. He angrily gathered his mail together and shoved it into his pocket, turning as he did so, in order to regard the curious woman. The woman was still watching him closely and their eyes met in a full stare. She looked into his face with a boldness which was strange in a woman who was evidently refined. Her warm dark eyes shone with a faint joy: an inward joy only half-expressed. Middleton Clarke could not bear her unashamed gaze and lowered his eyes. A feeling of shame came over him, which was stronger than his natural curiosity which bade him look again into the depths of her eyes. And why a feeling of shame? He did not know; but such was his feeling. He was bewildered almost to the extent of fear. He nervously drew a newspaper from his pocket, hastily turned over several pages, and began to read the financial news. In spite of himself, however, his thoughts again returned to the woman. The very presence of her body beside his brought a strange restless feeling over him: a feeling of quiet

fear. And yet he thought, "It is absurd—it can't be—just an interesting coincidence." With these thoughts he forgot the woman and became interested in his newspaper.

The train was soon pulling into the shed at Broad Street Station. Middleton Clarke arose from his seat, and politely begging the woman's pardon, stepped into the aisle and made his way with the other men to the front door of the car. In a moment the same indescribable feeling, which he had just succeeded in overcoming, crept over him, and, glancing over his shoulder, he saw the strange woman standing at his side. Once off the train, he began to go up the platform with rapid strides. Without looking back, he knew, by the amused expression on the faces of some men who were lounging on a baggage-truck, that the woman must be in pursuit. The humor of the situation dawned upon him and if he had been in any place but Broad Street Station he would have entered into the spirit of it. But this woman could cause a very embarrassing situation, and at this time and in this place he was sure to be seen by a number of his friends. So, entering the station, he turned quickly to his left into the restaurant and, after hesitating for a minute or two, he made his escape by the Filbert Street exit.

He made no mention of his experience to his wife that evening.

* * * * *

It was not until one week later that Middleton Clarke was troubled by the reappearance of this strange woman. There were but a few days remaining before Christmas, and the large department stores were alive with the active, ever-changing throng of weary shoppers. At the book department in Wanamaker's, he and his wife were selecting some books—story-books for the children. His wife was showing him an attractively illustrated holiday edition of "Robin Hood."

"Dear, how do you think little Jack would enjoy this?" she said.

Her husband made no answer. He saw standing before him on the opposite side of the book-laden table, the strange woman.

"What do you say?" asked his wife, continuing to turn the pages of the book in her hand. And looking up at him—"Why, Mid, what are you looking at? Why do you stare so?"

"What did you say? Oh, nothing—come, let us go."

"But, dear——"

Middleton Clarke led his wife through the crowd, gripping her arm tightly in his excitement. Had he glanced back he would have seen the strange woman, her eyes moist with tears, looking sadly after them.

"Dear, why do you act so? Are you ill?" questioned his wife.

"No, I don't know what it is." He answered truly; he did not know

why. He only knew that the sight of this strange woman brought terror to his heart; a terror the stronger because he did not know why or whence it came, but could only vaguely surmise.

"You are overworked and tired, my dear. We won't shop any more to-day. Let us go right out home," said his wife.

He acquiesced silently.

* * * * *

Middleton Clarke sat at the great banquet table complacently listening to the loud applause which greeted his unanimous election as president of the National Association of Civil Engineers. It marked the climax of his meteoric flight to success and prominence. Scarcely nine years had passed since his graduation at Cornell and his immediate appointment to a position in Mexico. He was one of the corps of engineers which had charge of the construction of the Nacozari Railroad in Sonora. It was here he found the full force of his powers and began that series of advances which had continued during the past nine years. As soon as the business of the meeting was over his one desire was to be alone with his thoughts, so he promptly made his departure—not without considerable difficulty; however—from the throng of congratulatory friends.

As he descended the heavily carpeted steps he glanced hurriedly at his watch and found he just had time to make the 12.15 by walking. At the door of the club he ignored all offers of a taxi and turned up Broad Street. He was eager to get home. How pleased Eleanor would be over this latest and highest success! The night was still and cold. All the city had long since huddled itself indoors for warmth, leaving the streets deserted. A full moon in a clear, cold sky swung near the great city-hall clock.

At Number 24, L—Street, there stands a large old house of brown granite. The steps leading up to the doorway are broad, and heavy balustrades project in front of the two lower windows. On this night there were no signs of life about this structure except for the glow of a light dimly shining through the drawn shades of the two third-story windows. The light suddenly disappeared and the face of the house looked dark and ominous. A dull gloom crept over it and the blind windows looked lifelessly out into the shadow of the street. Presently the click of the door-latch was heard and a woman appeared on the steps. A shawl was drawn tightly about her head and face and her form was clothed in a long dark coat. She hesitated for a moment, and then, descending the steps, began to walk slowly up the street. At the corner the light of a lamp-post fell upon her face, revealing its sorrow and signs of recent weeping. With her head bowed towards the pavement she walked on

with weary, uncertain step, and entering South Penn Square she hurried towards Broad Street.

Middleton Clarke with light, brisk stride was now approaching the corner of South Penn Square and Broad Street.

Fate was planning that the course of their lives should again bring this man and woman together. Some years ago she had planned their first meeting under circumstances far different. The woman had longed unceasingly for the second meeting; to the man it was the one terror of his life.

Middleton Clarke at once recognized the strange woman, and, quickening his pace in order to avoid their meeting, started to cross the street. The woman glanced up and saw him. "Middleton Clarke," she said, "come here."

Middleton Clarke turned and faced the woman.

"Come," she said, "follow me," and turning she began to retrace her steps around South Penn Square. Middleton Clarke followed a few yards behind her. Their footfalls echoing in the narrow street were the only sounds in the still night. A policeman standing on the corner of Walnut Street suspiciously eyed this strange procession. Without once looking back the woman led the way to the house on L— St. She mounted the steps and taking a key from her coat she opened the heavy door and disappeared into the darkness within. Middleton Clarke hesitated a moment on the top step, but the woman called softly to him: "Come in," and he entered, quietly closing the door after him. He could see nothing about him but heard the woman ascending a flight of steps and groped his way after her. Thus he mounted for two flights, feeling his way in the heavy darkness. At the top of the second flight the woman turned to the left and passing along a narrow hallway she opened a door at the end and entered a room. Middleton Clarke stopped at the threshold. After a few seconds the woman struck a match and lit one of the jets of the chandelier in the center of the room.

"Come in and take off your coat and hat," she said. As he did her bidding, the woman threw aside her shawl and cloak and when he turned to face her he stepped back in utter astonishment and seized a chair beside him.

"God!" he cried, "so it's you, Chocita!" Overcome by nervous excitement he sank into a chair, tightly gripping both its arms with his hands. Opposite him, on the other side of the center table, stood the woman, clad in a brilliant scarlet dress with delicate trimmings in black. Her shoulders were bare and her full breast rose and fell gently with her soft breathing. Her shapely arms hung listlessly by her side, one hand

resting upon the table. Composedly she looked at the man. Her whole figure thus standing in repose breathed of her sadness and revealed the complete mastery of her emotions.

Middleton Clarke, still gripping the arms of his chair, stared fixedly into her eyes. Yes, it was she—how could he ever have been in doubt—her eyes—and her dress! How natural it all seemed! With this last thought sensations of the past tingled again in his body. He saw once more the moon-lit garden, with its beds of blossoming flowers; the dark-leaved oranges trees with their golden fruit. He enjoyed the delicate odor of the flowers; the fragrances of the night, and the cool breezes as they lingered among the leaves. Again, as he lay at her feet, worshipping the beauty in her eyes, she bent over him and he felt the warm touch of her cheek on his; he felt her slender fingers listlessly running through his hair, and his old sensuous affection burned within him. And mingled with these sensations he heard the low music of a distant guitar and—her voice. How plainly he heard it! Ah, she is talking. Chocita was indeed speaking.

"Middleton Clarke," she was saying, "you are surprised and no doubt horrified at seeing me here; but don't fear, for I neither desire nor intend to reveal our common secret. You left me at El Paso, you remember, with solemn promises of a speedy return, marriage, and with what fanciful pictures of a happy home! I was light at heart and happy with these thoughts. But doubt soon entered my mind; I began to realize the shame which was soon to mar my life and I suffered much in silence. And then. . . ." Here she paused. A far-seeing look came into her eyes. She was living with her thoughts, feeling again the mother pain and joy in her heart. A slight color came into her cheeks and her eyes lightened with inward joy. Her voice was more gentle: musically sweet when she again spoke—"And then our child was born. Oh, Mid! he was a beautiful baby. He looked so like you that I was happy and my hope and spirit were renewed. But the child was delicate and it was not long before he died, and with him my only comfort in this life. Again my thoughts turned to you and the vain hope of your return. I wrote to you twice, and as you well know I received no reply. The thought of my shame daily became more unbearable and I finally determined upon this bold, desperate plan of coming to you. I secretly left home,—left all behind me for you, Mid. I hopefully made the journey to this city, suffering no hardships, for I was well supplied with money. I first saw you that time on the train when you failed to recognize me or but dimly remembered. I was afraid to speak to you then, you looked so changed, and the moment I had longed

for, I let pass idly by. And then came the day in that department store when I saw your wife and learned at last that you were lost to me."

She paused and lowered her eyes for a moment. Her body gradually lost its repose; she rested both her hands firmly on the table. She breathed rapidly; color mounted into her face and her eyes glistened wildly as she now poured forth the long pent-up passion—her pure love for this man who had ruined her life.

"Only one thing sent me on this wild journey—it was love for you. An undying, all-consuming love—a love which was my life. How your wife must love you!—little knowing that your life is stained. Perhaps not stained in the eyes of the world, for mankind has established a higher standard for woman than for man. Woman must be more than woman—her mission in life is essentially divine and she must nobly fulfill her purpose in all its sanctity. But man can be just man—and often beast—and the world looks on in silence. Man can forget and live down such things, but death alone can remove such a stain from a woman's heart. And now Mid, I leave you to your wife, to your so-called success in life, to your so-called success in love, to your home and children. To you I gave my life and for you I sacrifice it."

With these last words she reached quickly into the bosom of her dress and drawing forth a tiny dagger, she plunged it into her heart.

During the whole recital of this story Middleton Clarke stared into the eyes of the woman before him. At times his mouth twitched nervously, but aside from this there was no evidence of any emotion stirring within him. He saw Chocita strike with the dagger, close her eyes and grip the table, but it was several seconds before his mind comprehended what his eyes saw. Chocita was sinking forward on her knees when he sprang from his chair and ran to her side. As he supported her in his arms her eyes opened slowly and with an effort she spoke these last words:

"Mid. . . . Mid, my dear, I die gladly. I die. . . . of love for you."

For one brief second Middleton Clarke was lost in thought and then, lifting her lifeless body in his arms, he carried her to a bed in one corner of the room and laid her upon it. Without any hesitation he seized a blanket from the foot of the bed; spread it carelessly over her, and, turning indifferently away, crossed the room and picked up his hat and coat. As he drew on his overcoat a cold smile hovered about his lips. He left the room and felt his way safely down the stairs to the front hall, where, as he was groping for the front door, his arm struck violently against something which projected from the wall. With a curse he

felt the object and found it was a telephone. A plan of action flashed through his mind and he carefully lifted the receiver and said in a low voice:

"Hello. . . Give me police headquarters at once."

A smile again came over his face and his voice was steady and business-like when he said:

"Police headquarters? There is a dead woman at 24 L—— Street, you'd better come get her."

He hung up the receiver and finding the front door, went quietly out.

D. B. V. H., '15.

Pastorale

Come, love, let us go where the daisies blow,
Where the daisies smile at the sun;
Where the fields are green with a sea-wave sheen,
And the shaly brooklets run.

Where the deep perfume of the clover bloom
Tints the summer's nascent dream
And the dew wells up in the buttercup,
And things are what they seem.

Or come, dear love, to the woods above,
Where Quaker-ladies nod;
Where heaven's hue in the violets blue
Is the immanent love of God.

O come from the clang and the acrid tang
Of a world that is e'er too near;
And breathe of the breeze in the ancient trees,
And know,—I love you, dear.

E. C. B., '16.

When the Star Fell

IT WAS not as Rose O'Brien that her name appeared in electric brilliance above the entrance of the "Republic," but it was as Rose O'Brien that her sponsors answered for her in the little chapel that stands not far from the place where Pearl St. eddies into Broadway. She was essentially an opportunist. When, at what was rather a late date, in the opinion of the neighbors, she was compelled to fend for herself she took advantage of a chance to enter the chorus of "Pandora's Box." Her voice was fair, her face and figure good, but even these assets would have availed her nothing had she not also possessed a certain adaptability that stood her in good stead. Blessed with attractions quite obvious, she early compelled the interest of the manager, who upon her third day in the cast invited her to lunch, and on the fourth, kissed her as she stood in the wings. Reprehensible as it may be, she did not scream, nor even gather her somewhat abbreviated skirts about her in that outraged terror that should ever go with maidenhood. In the first place she considered it only natural that any man should want to kiss her, and secondly she had a lively realization of the fact that by remaining a passive and even responsive kissee, her chance of permanency for the season would be assured. So true was this proved that at a very early date the presiding genius saw that she received the vacancy in the cast occasioned by the requested withdrawal of Miss Mazie Fotherill. Her success as "Dollie Stevens, daughter of Oliver Stevens, and in love with Archie" was so instantaneous that the part was enlarged and the ensuing season saw her billed at the head of her own company in that well-remembered song melange, "The Rattling Girl." It was then that she became widely known to an admiring public as Rosalie Brand. By this time she could afford to maintain a strict sense of the proprieties, an electric landau, a French maid, and a "mother." She even contributed to the illustrated journals articles upon the Home Beautiful, which rumor states to have been written for her by her press agent, but which were signed in exact replica of the complicated autograph designed at her order by a prominent firm of art stationers.

At this point in her career she met Danny Poole. He was of the type that proves attractive to so many women. If perhaps his eyes were suggestively pouched, his tawny hair curled crisply across his forehead, and his skin, though drawn tightly over the temples, had a glow of healthy pink. Now just as the knowledge of the matinee idol's marriage produces a recognized and depressing effect upon the house receipts, so is

it in the case of a "queen of musical comedy" and it was with rage and apprehension that her manager protested when she announced her coming marriage to Poole. Finding all protest vain she was implored to still appear as Rosalie Brand, but Danny in addition to his many charms was possessed of a jealousy that could be carried to strange lengths. She was his wife, he said, and should be known as such; this he desired to be plainly understood, and it was therefore as Rosalie Poole that she was billed when she re-opened her season in "The Humming Bird." But Rosalie's love was firm, and triumphed even over the fact that her houses were by no means so good as they had been during the foregoing run. So great was it, indeed, that she saw, if not a virtue, at least an excuse for her husband's excessive fondness for alcoholic stimulants. This was a phase of his character which before marriage, as a result of his lack of funds, had been hidden from her, but now that his desires could be realized by aid of his wife's bank account the craving for drink broke forth with terrible intensity. To him money was but the means by which its equivalent in absinthe might become a part of himself.

"The Humming Bird" could not be termed a success even by those most prejudiced in its favor, and the middle of January found Rosalie without a vehicle, and deeply in debt. This and other reasons forced her at last to a decision, so that one afternoon upon returning from a three-day spree Danny found himself, both in metaphor and in reality, out in the cold.

Once more the name of Rosalie Brand was seen upon the billboards; once again the illustrated magazines reflected her (who could not ride), upon her favorite horse; reading her favorite book at her favorite window, and thus once more the star was in the ascendant.

The glamour that again was hers brought as before its train of admirers, and amongst them was Brady. He was fat and called her "girlie." His wooing was barbaric but direct, and consisted of a shower of rings, bracelets, and fur coats, reinforced by the promise of more to come. From the first she realized that his money was all that he could offer, for with his name he could bring her no social prestige or wider sphere. Yet these were things for which she had never aspired and she saw vividly that with the years would come a lessening of her youth and charm and that with these gone she was without her only stock in trade. So it was that at Brady's suggestion she allowed his lawyers to institute proceedings for an absolute divorce, and as she contemplated a future in which those things which had become a required part of her life were assured to her, her sigh was one of relief.

The case came up for consideration at an early date and from the

first it was a foregone conclusion that her petition would be granted. Poole had been notified of the action that was in process and had put in no protest or defense and Brady's lawyers were at last able to say that within the week a decision would be handed down that would make her a free woman. And then it happened.

She was just making up for her Wednesday matinee when the door-keeper brought a soiled note that had been left for her by a boy. She opened it with misgiving, for there was something sordid in its very feel. It was from her husband and simply said—"Come to me for God's sake. Danny," and at the bottom was scrawled an address. Throughout the performance she struggled with herself, told herself that he had no claim upon her, and decided not to go. The play over, she gave her chauffeur the address of the note and alighted before the door of the tenement where Danny occupied one room. A fetid stench pervaded the dingy halls and creaking stairs and a mighty disgust swelled within her as she mounted toward the sweltering tin that was his roof. Arrived at his door she slowly pushed it open and then stood appalled before the sodden thing that once was Danny Poole.

He lay half-clothed upon a palsied bed and one hand was ceaselessly groping, groping along the filthy quilt that partly covered him. His face was almost grotesquely distorted; the left eye drawn far below its normal level and his mouth madly aslant. She felt a hysterical desire to laugh aloud. At last he saw her and attempted to speak, but his effort resulted only in a meaningless jumble of disjointed sounds. She stepped back half afraid, and watched him through her tears. Now, God alone knows whether it was love, or a blessed pity, that, let us hope, is in us all, that swept over her as she stood. An element of both, perhaps, or else that fatalism that is born in crowded streets, but as she looked upon him she felt that in this paralyzed remnant of a one-time man must lie her way. And even as she decided she seemed to see hovering about her in the shadows pale phantoms that jeered and mocked her. The image of Mazie Fotherill flouted her—Mazie Fotherill as she had been when years ago she had been supplanted at the old Republic; and she seemed to see herself as she would be in the future, jaded, worn, and without hope. Then pulling herself together, she approached the bed. "I'll be back, Danny," she whispered, and softly left the room. All the way home that ghost sat beside her and seemed to laugh.

Arrived at the apartment, her maid addressed her. "Mon. Bradie has call jus' now, Mam'sell, an' say he will return in ze morning."

Rosalie slipped out of her coat and crossed to the window before replying. A soft summer wind stirred the branches in the park below, and above a single star shone from an opal sky.

"When Brady calls tell him I ain't home," she said and turned from the window. Saying it she realized all that it must entail and yet—"dauntless the slug horn to my lips I set, and blew. Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

L. B. L., '14.

A Pantheist

To church, to church,
Ye people all.
Hear church bells call!

"And why to church?"
From mossy bed,
A dreamer said.

"My soul to save—
When by the stream,
With God I dream?"

"In fragrant nave,
God's tongue I know
In water's flow.

"I list, till when
Cool sinking sun
Shows day is done.

"Slow rising then,
With swelling heart,
I home depart.

"Tell—where is church,
When by the stream
With God I dream?"

E. M. P., '15.

A Psychic Overtone

A MOOD is a complex emotion. It is an argument for the determinist. It is a time when we feel rather than see the joy or sadness of the world as we have experienced it or aspired to know it. It is a tantalizing passage of the mind that eludes our grasp; for when we have grasped it, it has become a bit of philosophy. The mechanical mind passes it by each time until a habit is formed of passing it by and so the mechanical mind fails to recognize it. The thoughtful mind cannot avoid it. With a knowledge of its treachery and often of its torture the thoughtful mind even seeks it. Above all the mystic appreciates its value. In a way a mood is a time of inspiration, and great poetry is often the result of a mood. Philosophers have been misguided by moods—which do not belong in the compilation of clear philosophic doctrines. One might almost say that a mood is poetry, for a mood expressed in language as rhythmic as the pulsing of a mood would be poetry if anything. It is a great pity that we can only express the reflections that arise from a mood, and never the true nature of it.

A mood may seem to be a glowing insight into Nature. In such a mood we are a part of nature and nature is the universe as we know it. Such a mood may be the result of our knowledge of nature of what we have seen or heard. But it transcends this, and is a unity of all things. It does not even for a moment dwell within the scope of human intelligence. It does not rest on the vision of a waterfall or of the sky at sunset. In a word—it is a seeking; and the fact that we cannot grasp it points out that it is in a realm apart. Where that realm is—we are seeking to find while the mood is upon us. Yet when the mood is over and the time of reflection comes—we always revert to the waterfall or whatever has occurred to us among nature's beauties.

There is a mood of "time" that comes to all who have moods. Under this influence we are often a part of time. Sometimes upon the verge of a precipice into which it seems that we must sometime disappear with time. Again time is a never ending circle in which we are lost for a while, reappear and again are lost—yet never lost entirely. Or we are of time unanalyzable and infinite—simply of time, regardless of what time is. In finding an explanation of this mood, reflection tells us of

"The rich proud cost of outworn buried age." It ever points to the tremendous achievements of time when we think of time as a slow unconquerable power, and the wasting speed of time when we feel that

The bird of time has but a little way to flutter—
And: the bird is on the wing!

These moods, too, have been the inspiration of great poetry—for often we feel that the greatest poetry is of time.

There is a mood of strength and of possibility. All-conquering youth. It is a mood that admits of no opposition. Opposition is the fibre of all life as we live it and so this mood must serve as another world apart. A world where the opposition is transcended before it is met and therefore of progress alone. It is the outgrowth of the life of the "Happy Warrior," upon reflection. Or perhaps we are elated by some offspring of our mind, or the culmination of some other personal effort. In the Springtime it is the fire in our blood. It is the mood of the open road, and this way opposed to the mood of vagabondage when we would wander on forever without a thought, unversed in feeling.

Music, too, is an ethereal mood. To the musician it is the loftiest of all moods. For in it we are completely lost. And upon reflection we find no adequate cause. Music even more than poetry is the expression of a mood. It is the only way in which we can truly express one, and it finds its way only to the hearts of the few. How it expresses a mood we can never explain. The first word; and a mood must vanish, and it is only upon the last word of a poem that one may arise. But the first chord of music and we are lost on the invisible path. Weird harmony is a mood of storms and of tragedy. Simple harmony is the language of a little flower. But words can only destroy.

Yet deeper and far more profound are the moods of pessimism. "The World is too much with us,"—that in a word, is the cause. And it turns out to be necessarily pessimistic, for in the nature of things the world is always with most of us, and we tire of it. It is a mood that is mine.

"When in the sessions of sweet silent thought

I all alone beweepe my outcast state."

The world drives us into ourselves and we are alone, sorry for our loneliness and yet knowing that the world can only hinder us. I quote because my mood is of prose, and the expression I seek is of poetry. For poetry is also the expression of the pessimist so called:

"Getting and spending we lay waste our powers." It is only a mood. We cannot feel it all the time. Day after day men pass to their business. They have no time to think of anything else. And yet these very sad-faced mechanical toys of our own making are the inspiration of our great poetry. They *are* what reflection upon a mood termed:

"The still, sad, music of humanity."

F. M. F., '13

At the Cave of the Naiad

(Based on Odyssey XIII, 102-109)

Knock! wave-fingers, knock once more!

Knock at the door of her cave!

Surely, she answered you before,

When she heard the sound of a knocking wave,

Knocking, knocking, at her cave,

Tapping on her grotto door.

Her darksome hall is hollow as the grave.

Her ear is somewhere near her door.

Knock! Do knock! Just knock once more!

Is she not there? It is not so!

For was it not but yesterday

You saw her tripping to and fro,

Skiping about the edge of the bay,

Playing in the soft sea spray,

Tossed by winds that gently blow,

Upon the rocks where mosses grow?

Yes! It was but yesterday!

Listen! Listen! Yes, she's there!

I hear her long looms made of stone,

Can it be she spins alone?

Weaves her purple robe so fair?

Can it be she's not aware,

That I stand here, all unknown;

While she plies her looms of stone,

Spinning purple threads of air,

Mixed with threads of silver spray.

Threads she found but yesterday?

Come! Naiad, leave thy busy loom.

Leave now thy robe near spun;

Leave now thy bowls and jars and room!

Come! Dance in the summer's sun!

Thy bees will surely hive again,

Thy flowing springs will drink more rain.

Come! Oh Naiad, dance with me!

Dance in the shade of this olive tree!

Hear? Not her! She knows me not!
She knows me not!
(I hear her in her hollow grot.)
Sparkle, sunbeams, while you may.
She knows me not! She knows me not!
Lap tiny wavelets of the bay;
Knock at the door of her hollow grot!
Leap, purple threads of wind-blown spray,
Ere you thread her woven knot!
Farewell! Farewell! I go away,
| Never to return again!
She knows me not! She knows me not!
For Naiad mortal's love is vain.
She knows me not! She knows me not!

H. W. E., '14.



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Editorial

JUNE twilight bathing lawns and the ivy of our buildings in the hopeful sort of tenderness that Gray wrote into his *Elegy*; the voices of merry choristers, lusty when near by, yet at this distance toned down and urged into melody by the all-pervading harmony of evening;—these with a stray june-bug here and there form our setting. But what is our setting to you! That we tell you just how we feel when confronted by this our monthly *what-shall-we-say-ism*, you accept as a clear sign of immaturity. "The editorial *we* is run into the ground," you observe, and justly.

We may not contest the charge of immaturity, yet the mention of our setting we think not irrelevant. How often do the men who are great and wise among us tell us to disregard our settings; our temporary likes and dislikes, and go into the affair at hand relying upon our judgment alone. How many times are we told when we are faintly conscious of "the desire of the moth for the star" or when we snatch brief glimpses of the infinite, or think we do, in the tears and smiles which the pain and gladness of their lots call forth from those about us, that after all these things are but phases of life and life as a whole may be dominated by the will!

There are times, too, when each one of us fancies himself a prince of the realm, of his realm, the realm of his own ideals. When he admits that he is in the midst of such a fancy a general tapping of foreheads usually ensues, but there are always some who can sympathize with him, for they themselves have had similar flights as the result of trivial victories. These victories are not significant to others, but to the man who has won they seem very great indeed, and it is because of this that he indulges himself in dreams. Perhaps the others do not understand how hardly this spiritual setting, so to speak, was acquired, and yet those men who inspire us the most forbid us the simple luxury of these dreams in which we imagine the whole meaning of life to be revealed to us so clearly. Because they can see so much further than we they class the rapture which we feel from our very brief insights, with the water-color sentiment of life; they tell us to forget our settings, to stand upon reason and refine this reason until not a trace of the personal coloring remains.

However anxious we may be to comply with this injunction, it must be apparent that to eliminate all personal coloring is to eliminate the person. The most that we may hope to do is to reduce the number of our moods and dispense with those which profit us least.

When we make use of this indefinite term *setting* it is not to the whole sisterhood of moods that we refer, but rather to that state of consciousness induced by physical environment alone, that has an effect, either prosperous or adverse, upon our actions. The artist tribe and others who feel capable of interpreting these settings so as to inspire and instruct others, go out wilfully in search of them, and esteem themselves most fortunate when an unusual mood has been induced by an unusual setting. The rapid heart beat and throbbing temples inspired by the waltz in a Parisian cabaret, are hailed with delight by the seeker after settings, for he is thus enabled to visualize the hollowness and uselessness of vice; this image enables him to catch his sensation in tangible terms of art for the instruction and delight of others.

The others of us are seldom helped by such processes. The men to whom we talk who have succeeded in business have nearly all the faculty of subordinating these settings to the mental attitude they find most helpful to their work. The faculty of dealing thus with our surroundings does not come naturally. There have been many who would have achieved a greater name had they been free from the distractions of domestic uneasiness and of excessive devotion to their side issues. To trample under foot as many as these distractions as possible seems certainly to be our duty.

Haverford College—as a setting—does not conduce materially to undergraduate aggressiveness. The talk outsiders hear of the beauty of our surroundings and of the serenity of our life here is usually put down as an excerpt from the college catalog, yet we ourselves are aware of its truth only too keenly. To lead the happiest four years of our life here requires so very little effort that we forget the existence of such a thing as a “science of living.” Friends are so numerous and enemies so seldom heard from that we can be reasonably safe from the reaction from the criticism we think to be in order. Yet how very little intra-collegiate criticism there is! Beyond the college gates many of us fall in the habit of talking carelessly about the policies and customs against which we raise no finger in protest within the fold. We assume that the outside world has such an ideal opinion of Haverford that nothing we can do or say can give rise to any unfavorable prejudice. If a little more of the outspoken kind of criticism were passed around in our midst it is safe to say our outside attitude would be improved. The college needs all of this refined sort of advertisement it can get, and we think if the necessary attitude be developed by the honest criticism of each other, the college herself would profit as well as her fair name abroad.

It is to the Haverford setting also that we owe our democracy, for a democracy our life here surely is. The distaste for eccentricities has a tendency to cast us all in the same mould. The loafer feels pangs of contrition for his fallen state and gazes wistfully at the middle bunchers; this is certainly commendable. What we would deplore is that the men of real ability do not exert themselves in proportion to the loafer. Professor Ernest W. Brown in his speech at the alumni banquet stated this loafing on the part of brilliant men to be the greatest defect in our democratic system of education. The instructors are compelled to put forth all their energies in rendering assistance to the poor and medium men, while the man who can do the same tasks as the others with ease may fill out his time as he sees fit. We understand that our faculty intends to act upon this idea in the near future.

[. We run the risk of losing panes from the office windows when we dig up our old term *setting* again, for it has lost the delightful piquancy for which we chose it at first, yet we really think that whatever adverse effects may arise from our flights of fancy and mutual admiration will pale before a suitable amount of good-natured criticism indoors. We scorn the oracle pose, but borrowed thoughts will out despite the pang of conscience.

Book Reviews

Carnival. By Compton Mackenzie. D. Appleton & Company (\$1.35.)

WHEN, next season, Maxine Elliot appears in the author's own dramatization of *Carnival*, those who made the acquaintance of the heroine in the novel will be anxious to determine whether she has lost any of her charm when presented to the public through a different vehicle. Compton Mackenzie, the product of a long line intimately connected with the stage, and himself an actor of merit, was ideally qualified to furnish a background and atmosphere that would be thoroughly in consonance with the characters that he desires to portray. For *Carnival* is essentially a novel of character, a study of the mental psychology and moods of a very human soul. The book may be classed as a result of the movement of the Realists, and yet it has not the unpleasing atmosphere that is so often the chief characteristic of fiction of this type.

Added to this the author's achievement is the greater in that he has taken his heroine, Jennie Raeburn, from the ranks of the Orient ballet, and that doing so, he has made us see her not as a bewildering vision, resplendent in the fictitious glory of the footlights, but rather as a very human woman. Now in the usual treatment of such a theme by a less skillful hand, we would have been made to contemplate either a compendium of all of the virtues or an impossible assemblage of vices. Mr. Robert Chambers, for instance, would have created a best seller in which Jenny would have much French, and some Latin, interspersed with a pseudo-psychology; a psychology that would speak much of "selflessness" and "dedication of myself." Now Jenny does none of these things; rather does she speak in a naively ungrammatical Londonese, and considers Watteau not a painter, but slang. And added to this she has that transcendent courage that lets her speak truth about the Mona Lisa.

Maurice, too, is well drawn—we see him good-natured, impulsive, selfish, weak. A dilettante of the upper middle class, he has the virtues and the faults of his environment and temperament, and, withal, a certain charm that makes us sympathize with, while blaming him. Ronnie Walker is perhaps of all the men presented the most presentable. Of him it suffices to make use only of that much-abused word "gentleman."

The atmosphere in which these characters move and have their being is ideal. The studio of Maurice is indeed a Bohemia, as is also the

dressings room of the Orient and yet neither is the obviously unreal Bohemia either of Trilby or that of the fifteen cent magazine. The home life of the Raeburns is the home life in its sphere that is known to us in another. The intimate life of the family is revealed, a family whose humanity is portrayed by the skillful manipulation of little things.

The tragedy of the action is well sustained throughout the whole work. Starting with the departure of Maurice, we see Jennie in her various moods, the mechanical seeker of pleasure, the militant suffragist, the wife and mother. Particularly in this latter half of the book is it noteworthy. Where there is doubtless much to blame we can only pity. Where there is folly we are made to understand. Noteworthy for treatment are those scenes that depict the birth of Jenny and, later, the death of Mrs. Raeburn. The contrast of the great issues with the little, often trivial commonplaces make the passages vital. That part of the action that is laid in Cornwall brings the tragedy to a head. Jenny is now no longer the Jenny that danced in the Ballet of Cupid, but is Columbine in the Dark. We see her mated to Trewhella, the religious fanatic and beast. We see her alone save for her sister and that little life that is to come. Her child is born and again she experiences some of the old joy, she is the same dear Jenny that danced to the discordant strains of the barrel organ in Hagworth St. Then comes once more Maurice—and the end. And it is the very restraint of this finale that makes us feel its full power.

L. B. L., '14.

Undergraduate Criticism

Plays

THE PRESENT tendency to lay special stress on the theater, and more particularly on the one-act play, is being faithfully mirrored in our college magazines. Too faithfully, one is prompted to say, in observing the *Red Book* aspect of some of them.

The work of actors and playwrights is not only criticized, but in the case of the latter, emulated with varying results. The "Little Theaters" and "Playhouses" springing up here and abroad, for the accommodation of the one-act play, are excellent nurseries for budding talent. It is probable that some college magazines, in their turn, are nursing future

playwrights. Although from some evidence of their nursing one would forecast merely an influx of writers to his Majesty "The Movie."

In most of the plays, however, is much that is good. Closely constructed plots, tasteful dialogue, and atmosphere are all there.

Most, probably all, of the plays are "closet plays"; not intended to be acted. This fact, coupled with the one that they are published in magazines with the purpose "to foster the literary spirit," and so on, necessitates a high degree of literary excellence. Only in this way can a form of composition originally meant to be interpreted by action, make enjoyable reading.

In the play, structure and action are laid more mercilessly before the reader than in the short story. No lost time and movement can be present without being detected, and destroying the impression of the writing. Careful planning as well as rigorously formed dialogue is therefore necessary.

The idea is the germ of the play as of any writing. To embody an idea in a play, short story, or anything else, signifies that one thinks it worth sharing. One does not, or should not, write for the mere pleasure of writing.

The *Nassau Lit.* exhibits an example of this undesirable thing in "Before the Wedding." Here is a theme which can be beautifully developed. But the whole play, far from being beautiful, leaves a disagreeable impression. That may be what it intends to do. But is it worth while? An idea is there which is not worth sharing.

While we are on disagreeable things we may as well mention "Coughdrops and Crime" in the *Williams Lit.* The very first demand of writing is for truth; if truth is not present a clever imitation may sometimes "get by," but not a bad one. To the feeble air of unreality, add a very feeble plot, and fortify yourself by saying "Oh, it is only meant for farce," and such a thing as "Coughdrops and Crime" may be born, live an apologetic life, and be forgotten.

We would beg the anonymous perpetrator of "Vincentius" in the *Gonzaga* to tell us soon the inevitable little Christian moral to his naughty play. May he not exert himself in putting more than one (and one brief) additional act to his masterpiece! Time is too precious to spend of it in finishing any of such prolix installments. We cannot think our haste makes us unjust.

From the *Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania we learn something of the private character and personal views of that artiste of the stage, Mary Garden. The "write-up" is a good one, and conveys "Mary" to us as she is. It adds much interest to a play, as it does to

the reading of a novel, to know the nature of the person upon whom its success depends.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* presents us with an article, "To Purify the Stage." Good!—All manner of thought and influence is necessary to produce and perfect an art.

There now remains to speak of—and to praise—three plays. In the *Nassau Lit.* one; "The Unexpected"; in the *Vassar Miscellany*, true to its usual custom, two; "Eileen of the Island" and "The Little Cake."

The "Unexpected," written about a clever theme, is really delightful. Two men, each expressing a different opinion about the probable action of an individual in a tragic crisis, are confronted shortly after by such crises. Each acts in the way the *other* man had thought natural. The play affords much ground for speculation, and merits the characterization of a genuine play. The brevity of its action confines it to the "closet" class. Its weakest place is in the action of "Blake" upon hearing of his son's death. His calmness appears overdone. But this is merely the speculation it provoked in us, and cannot be called the statement of a fault.

"Eileen of the Island" is chiefly noticeable for its atmosphere. The story is a tragic one and weird. To make the whole atmosphere of a play breathe so strongly of coming tragedy as it does in "Eileen" is indeed an accomplishment. The writer has dallied about at too great length in the first portion of the play, however. Dialogue should be sharply and clearly cut in a play unless it possesses unusual intrinsic merit.

"The Little Cake" tells in a delicate and entirely charming way, of the transition of a girl from her childhood, with its fairy, make-believe existence, to her womanhood—through love. One cannot help but contrast this sensitive little play with the rather harsh and cynical one of "Before the Wedding."

E. M. P., '15.

Alumni Department

ALBIN GARRETT, '64

1844-1913

ALBIN GARRETT is chiefly a strong impression and a remembrance. It has

been said that some faces are a history, others only a date. This remembrance of him is more like a picture seen constantly between 1860 and 1864, in the stirring times of the Civil War, in which all the days seem as yesterdays, and

which President Thomas Chase said years afterward he thought to be among the greatest in the world's history.

While at Haverford, I should say that Albin Garrett was fearless and independent in character. Congenial and ready to talk on any subject, he was underneath this always reserved, and I do not recall his ever speaking of himself. With a keen sense of humor and an enjoyment of satire, his spirit was uniformly high, and although he not infrequently pretended a forcible denunciation of some untoward occurrence, I do not remember his ever being really out of temper with anything or anybody. With a fine constitution, he was always well, and without ever overworking, was a good student. Speaking quite dispassionately, I would say that of virtues he had many; of vices, in the usual sense, none.

EDWARD H. COATES, '64.

Albin Garrett entered Haverford in 1860, when he was about sixteen. Whether it was because he was an orphan, or because it was a natural characteristic, he was old for his years and gave the impression of being unusually mature. He was pleasant and courteous in his manners, though always decided in his views and positive in the expression of them. He was remarkably reserved, and I do not recollect ever hearing him speak of his home life or circle.

He was intensely patriotic, and deeply interested in the Civil War, which was then raging. He was often early at the railroad bank, near the bridge on the Meeting House Walk, to get the morning paper as it was thrown off the train, so that he might learn the latest news from the seat of war. No one could have followed the course of events more closely and anxiously than he.

He was fond of reading, and I remember that he was intensely interested in "Hannah Thurston," Bayard Taylor's first novel, then just published, apparently quite as much from the fact that it was written by Bayard Taylor, as in the story itself.

A good student, though not attempting to attain the highest rank, he was an all-round good fellow, and could always be depended upon to support the best side of any movement.

He was highly respected and generally liked. My own personal intercourse with him was always agreeable, and I have only pleasant recollections of him.

ALLEN C. THOMAS, '65.

I have known Albin Garrett somewhat intimately of late years, having been associated with him in a small way in politics. He was a public man of the right sort, with high ideals, intelligent, courageous, open-minded and self-sacrificing. He was a candidate for Congress-

man-at-large, in the recent campaign, and polled a vote far ahead of his party associates on the ticket. He carried the Haverford standards into political life and is worthy to be remembered for his strong devotion to pure and efficient theories of government.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

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NOTES

It is proposed to hold a Haverford dinner either in Oxford or London the latter part of June or the first part of July. Haverfordians or friends of Haverford planning their foreign itineraries for the summer would do well to contribute, by their presence, to the success of the undertaking. They may write, giving the date, and place most convenient, to C. D. Morley, '10, New College, Oxford, or to W. L. G. Williams, '10, Merton College, Oxford.

Among the alumni taking part in the Alumni Cricket Match on May 3, or attending the informal meeting following it were:—G. Ashbridge '67, H. Cope '69, J. W. Sharp '88, J. S. Stoker '89, J. H. Scattergood '96, A. G. Scattergood '98, F. C. Sharpless '00, A. C. Wood '02, C. C. Morris '04, T. K. Sharpless '09, H. Furness '10, and E. David '10.

On Saturday evening, May 17th,

the Haverford Society of Maryland held its annual dinner at the Hotel Emerson, in Baltimore. Prof. A. G. H. Speirs, '02, was the guest and principal speaker of the occasion, touching upon present conditions at Haverford. R. H. Holme, '76, acted as toastmaster. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James Carey, Jr., '72, vice-president; C. R. Hartshorne, '74, secretary; Mitchell Froelicher, '10; W. H. Morris, '63; Dr. W. R. Dunton, Jr., '89, and Donald Cary, '78, compose the executive committee.

'87

F. H. Strawbridge recently entertained the International Peace Delegates at luncheon at his home on School Lane, Germantown.

'94

Dr. William Comfort is to deliver the Commencement address at Guilford College this June.

'97

Edward Thomas has been appointed to serve for five years on the New York City Advisory Board.

On April 24, Dr. F. B. Jacobs married Phoebe A. Price.

'01

Walter Miller has been selected as the architect for the new Phi Gamma Delta building in process of erection at the University of Pennsylvania this summer.

'02

A son, Ernest, has recently arrived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans.

W. C. Longstreth has severed his connection with the Alco Co., and is with Broke, Stokes & Co., Bankers, 15th and Walnut Sts., Phila.

'06

Mr. and Mrs. Francis K. Taylor are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Esther, on May 20th.

Arthur D. Lowry has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the National Collegiate Association Soccer Committee.

'08

Walter R. Shoemaker was married to Miss Emma Jane Wilson, of Berwyn, Pa., an April 15th last. He is now with J. L. Shoemaker & Co., 159 6th Street, Phila.

George K. Strode has been made Resident Physician at the U. of P. Hospital.

Carroll T. Brown has announced his engagement to Miss Anna Hartshorne. Both are teaching at the Westtown School.

'09

Frank K. Ramsey is a medical interne at the U. of P. Hospital.

Lawrence Moore is serving in the same capacity at the Presbyterian Hospital.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Howard M.

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Mason
and
Clower*

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Lutz and Miss Jenny Lyrd, of Overbrook, Pa.

Gerald H. Deacon has become sales manager of the Robert Gair Co., of Brooklyn, for the South-Eastern section of the United States. His office is in Atlanta, Ga.

T. K. Sharpless has accepted the position of manager of the Buffalo Flour Milling Co.'s mill at Lewisburg, Pa.

Walter C. Sandt has been called as assistant minister of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Communion, at 21st and Chestnut Sts., Phila.

Reynold A. Spaeth has been given the degree of Ph. D. by Harvard University in the department of biology. He will travel abroad this summer on a Fellowship.

'10

John D. Kenderdine and Victor Schoepperle are acting as class agents to collect funds for the Athletic Improvement.

'11

D. D. Reynolds has been elected to the Alpha Mu Pi Omega medical fraternity at the University of Pennsylvania.

'12

Irvin C. Poley, who has taught for the past year at the Cedarcroft School, has accepted a position at the Friends' School, Germantown.

Walter E. Lewis is taking a post-graduate course at Lehigh University. He is chairman of the Fraternity Building Committee.

'13

Elisha P. Kirk has announced his engagement to Miss Alice M. Steere, of Ohio.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Around the World

IT takes about 35 days of actual travel to go around the world in latitude 40° or thereabouts. Six days will take one from New York to London, 14 more will carry him across the Eastern Continent to Japan. Then there will be 10 needed on the Pacific Ocean to Vancouver, and 5 days more will bring him by rail back to New York. Of course the ability to do this will depend on connections, and on railroad trains and steamships running on time. But assuming these facts no especial skill is needed to make the trip.

I would not have any one infer that in our recent trip over this route we made it in any such brief time. In fact we spent 93 days. One week was passed in London, another was scattered along through Belgium, Germany and Russia. We had a full month in Japan, and a week in the Canadian Rockies.

In England we had the pleasure of meeting a little group of Haverfordians, which the energy of Morley, 1910, got together at an informal dinner. Four of those who attended were members of his class. Mr. Wylie, who looks after the interests of the Rhodes Scholars in Oxford was a guest, and every man present made a speech. We found in London a young man who is coming to Haverford as Freshman the coming year. We had the pleasure of attending sessions of the House of Commons and a Liberal Meeting in the suburbs of London. In the latter they got some American advice.

Having had some experience in Russia 25 years ago, when the officials threatened to expel me from the country for unwise reflections on the Government, I was somewhat alarmed that upon entering the country my passport was so long detained; but it was finally given to me, after having spent two and one-half hours in the middle of the night in a dreary custom house at Alexandrovo, on the boundary between Germany and Russia. After that I was discreet in saying nothing that could be tortured into any lack of appreciation of the methods of the Russian Autocracy.

Three days in Moscow give an opportunity to soak in the beauties and history of the Kremlin,—a most impressive mass of churches and fortifications on a hill in the center of the city. It is worth while to visit Russia once, but probably a reasonably short stay will suffice, and the desire to repeat the visit will not be very strong. There is something rather fine in the Russian character. The common people are uneducated but courteous. They have apparently none of the capacity for combination and mutual support which the American working class has. They relentlessly underbid each other, and union prices are unknown; but they are a kindly sympathetic people—and even when they cheated you it was with a sort of innocence which disarmed one's indignation.

It was a long ride of 9 days and nights by the Siberian Railway through Moscow to Vladivostock, which is worth taking once if for nothing else than to note the people that crowd the platforms. As you move eastward the Mongolian element increases in evidence and the Russian type becomes less prominent. There are Tartars and Mongols, Chinese and Japanese. The immigrant trains going both ways are full to the brim of hungry, thirsty, poorly clad people who pour out on the station platform for tea and cheap supplies of food which are furnished at the booths at one end. The country is capable of great development, and is the eastern counterpart of our Canadian and Northwest prairie land. Some day it will be a great wheat producing country, but the inveterate conservatism of the Russian Peasant prevents any effective exploiting of the natural resources. Nevertheless there are large cities growing up of the modern sort. Tomsk has a University of 2,000 students with all the equipment of a modern institution. Omsk, Irkutsk and others are well built cities with the electrical and mechanical attachments we are accustomed to see at home. There is, however, as everywhere in Russia, a great gulf fixed between the comparatively small number of comfortable citizens with all the appliances of civilization, and the vast mass of poorer people who are purposely kept in ignorance and poverty. If history repeats itself there will some day be a great uprising of the Russian people, who will demand opportunities to lift themselves above the conditions in which they have stagnated for centuries.

When you cross over into Japan you find another condition of affairs. The electric energy of modern life is there in full force with a compulsory system of popular education, a great desire to learn from other nations, especially in the way of material improvements, with a sensitiveness to criticism which is the sure precursor of future devel-

opment. Japan will occupy a large place in the coming history of the east. When we were there the Japanese pride had suffered a severe wrench from the California legislation, a piece of work which it seems to me, if necessary, was most unfortunately arranged, and if not necessary, as is more probable, one which has done damage to both countries. Japan has been looking to us as an example in Government and education. We had so often expressed our sympathy for her rapid development and for her efficiency as shown in the Russian War and otherwise that she had come to consider us as her friend. To be rudely and unexpectedly told that her people were not wanted in this country while all other immigrants were welcome was a slap in the face, which she had a just right to resent. The matter will doubtless be fixed up by diplomacy, but a few other such discussions will destroy our influence in that country and the commercial interests and the religious influence of America there.

We found Haverfordians—Mr. Harold Morris, '08, who had come up from China for his vacation and Lloyd Smith, '12, who was also taking his recreation in the high land of the Japanese mountains at Karuizawa. Mt. Asama at this place got up an especial eruption for us, shaking the houses and giving us a shower of sand and ashes which covered the country with dust. As a compensation for this it also gave us some beautiful displays of volcanic energy in the shape of great clouds which were forced out from its apex and spread through the heavens. We were guests of our hospitable friends, Dr. and Mrs. Nitobe, the parents of a member of the class of 1915. Karuizawa is the headquarters for the foreign residents in Japan during the summer months and is more an American than a Japanese city. We had the pleasure of meeting a considerable number of the influential Americans in Japan and talked very freely concerning the conditions of Christianity and civilization in general as the result of foreign influence and effort. It seems to be their opinion that the number of professed converts is no index of this influence. Certain moral questions such as temperance, peace, sanitation and sound dormitories and the developments of the ideal of a higher life for women have largely had their initiative in foreign effort though greatly aided by the Japanese themselves. Many Non-Christian Japanese are perfectly willing to admit the ethical superiority of Christianity and are anxious to adopt the Christian virtues if not the Christian doctrines. In this way, if in no other, the missionary effort is finding itself justified and there are something like 100,000 Protestant church members in Japan at the present time. This represents the work of some 50 years of missionary effort. Equally interesting

was a conference to which an American missionary who had large influence with the government made way for me in Tokio with a number of public men, members of the Japan Parliament, and others. We had a very frank illuminating discussion concerning the relations between the two countries, and the means to be employed to retain the confidence and attachment which had hitherto existed. The most of them could speak English, as indeed all the Japanese college graduates can do, more or less well. Many of them had been in America as students or otherwise and were very well informed as to conditions here.

Japanese public life leaves much to be desired in the way of fairness to opponents and unprejudiced adherence to certain beliefs. The parties do not seem separated so much by principles of government as by adherence to the fortunes of some strong man. This brings in the personal element of politics and the attempt to overthrow an adversary by attacking his character is sometimes too strong to be resisted. So as in other directions Japan is going through a stage of evolution which America and probably all other countries have passed through long ago. She is passing through it however, rapidly and while political troubles are doubtless in store for her, it is hard to believe that a nation that believes in universal education and trained leadership will not rapidly conquer its difficulties and emerge into continuous civilization.

The Pacific Ocean belied herself and gave us a rough, cold passage for half the journey. The *Empress of Asia* on her maiden trip was so comfortable and roomy, the service so good and the officials so courteous that the journey was made as pleasant as is possible. The dates of leaving and arriving are deceptive for on the antipodal meridian an extra day is thrown in, and while the schedule only counts nine days, we were in reality ten days in the passage.

One need not say anything about the Canadian Rockies. Here we had the finest scenic effect of the whole trip. The snow-covered peaks, the glaciers, the water-falls and in some places the fine trees give to western Canada a reputation for beauty which is well deserved. The week there was an ample antidote for the uneasy feeling which we brought from the ocean.

Leaving Haverford on Commencement Day we reached it again, as we had previously arranged, on the 15th of September, and immediately decided that it was the best place in the round world.

—ISAAC SHARPLESS.

A Modern Fallacy

TO anyone who takes the least interest in contemporary art, a visit to any of the great galleries, either of England or of the United States, cannot but come as a distinct disappointment. In other fields of artistic endeavor; in architecture, in literature, and the drama, the man of today is given an opportunity for original expression such as has not been enjoyed since the latter part of the eighteenth century. But notwithstanding this very justifiable liberality along certain lines, a quite cursory study of existing conditions is all that is necessary to demonstrate that generally speaking the modern painter is at a disadvantage in Anglo-Saxon countries.

Let us consider this. In the case of a novel the writer is able to submit his work directly to the public. Critics may say this or that, but in the last event it is the great mass of public opinion that determines success or failure. This final decision may or may not be justified, but in literature and in her sister art, the drama, the public are given the opportunity to choose for themselves. In painting, however, this is not the case. It is not the public, it is not even an unbiased jury of artists with whom decision rests as to what works are to be purchased for permanent exhibition. This decision is in almost every case either in reality or in spirit, in the hands of the Academies, bodies who brought up in the traditions of the great masters and of a later school of *genre* work can see no value in anything that breaks away from the old established canons of color and technique.

As a result our galleries lack vitality and our younger artists are driven to seek encouragement and expression in the broader and more liberal schools of Gallic and Slavonic art. The blame for this does not, however, rest entirely at the doors of the Academies. The great dealers have done more perhaps than any one factor by narrowing the channels of art, through a system of absurdly inflated values. To a certain extent this is perhaps to be expected, for the dealer is a business man. Let us look at it from his standpoint. Under present conditions the dealer will sell a picture by a well-known living artist for, let us say, five thousand dollars, and by exacting the recognized and thoroughly legitimate commission of seven and a half per cent. will clear some three hundred and fifty dollars. On the other hand, the work of a by-gone era need not be subject to any restriction of commission. The dealer can buy a picture, as, let us say, in the case of the "Lady Innes" Gainsborough, which in 1879 was bought for £90, and which was sold in 1911

for £3,780. While of course the first price was absurd, the second is equally so when considered proportionally.

As with Gainsborough, so with others of his period. By keeping them in constant activity an entirely false value is attached to their work, wonderful as it is. Gainsborough's advance cannot but arouse speculation as to the future. Trade as well as nature abhors a vacuum, and a market that depletes must of necessity fill. Who are to succeed such men as Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Hoppner, and Laurence. There are painters now living who by every right of artistic achievement are qualified for succession, but our dealers have decided to bequeath them to the judgment of posterity and turn their own efforts in the direction of some of the lesser known, long-since-dead.

In France and in Spain, this is not the case. The French Academy, dealers, and public have given to such men as Monet, Manet, Degas, and quite recently Chabas the consideration and reward that they deserve. The French art of the last three decades has literally worked a revolution in color, and is even now undergoing a revolt in form and technique. Much has been said both for and against the Futurists, Cubists, and Post Impressionists, but there are very few who will not admit that they are bringing something fresh and vital under our consideration. Of course at present, like the disciples of all new movements they go to too great extremes. In their attempt to build up something that will be lasting they tear down much that is good; they carry their really excellent ideas of color to such extents that everything else is subordinated to the point of annihilation, and in their attempt to compel notice they too often become hysterically incomprehensible, but beneath it all, when the exaggeration of inception has been done away with, there will be found a firm basis of truth. Without a doubt it is a modified form of Post-Impressionism that will be the vehicle of artistic expression of the next few decades.

Would it not be well for our Academies and our dealers to recognize this; the former by a recognition of the fact that much good work has been done since Landseer painted "Dignity and Impudence," that favorite of all inn parlors and rural bed rooms; and the latter by an equalization between the exaggerated fictitious values of old masters and near masters, and the ridiculously undervalued work of contemporaries.

Such a movement would do much to interest the general public in an art which has lost much of its hold through a too great insistence upon the sometimes questionable beauties of a school of emaciated and arrow pierced, Early Renaissance St. Sebastians.

Perhaps some day a benevolently inclined Philistine will bequeath a fortune sufficient to endow and erect a Gallery and School of Modern Art. The students could be empowered to vote each year for four pictures by living artists, not however of their number, and the four so chosen could be purchased by the trustees for the sum of two thousand dollars each, regardless of size. By this means we would be able to secure a truly representative gallery of modern art, and one which as the years progressed would hold its fair quota of the much desired "old masters."

L. B. L., '14.

Two Ships

Two ships went sailing a sapphire sea
In the far horizon's blue;
And I saw them there, in the dream-haze where
The dreams go sailing too.

And the sapphire turned to a sunset pearl,
And the west was opal fire,
And passion surged in a thwarted wave
Like an unfulfilled desire.

Then there burst a star into lonely bloom
In the field where the star-flowers grow,
And on the brink of the vanishing sea
The ships went sailing low.

And the ships they passed and went their ways,
To the north and the south sailed free;
But I guessed what they said as they cleft the mist
Of that dreamy twilight sea.

"Each ship to its haven, each heart to its home,
To every parting its pain;
But voices abide in every tide
And they sing 'Auf wiedersehn.'"

E. C. B., '16.

The Castle by the Sea

THE summer season was about over. Instead of a seaside village teeming with children there were three rows of vacant cottages facing the sea. Amongst the few remaining stragglers were two, Horatio and his little friend. Horatio, however, had to leave on the morrow.

Now that the two were the only children remaining with the exception of three little pickanninies, offspring of the station porter, they had the best of times. They would people the vacant houses with fancy's children, imagine hoodoo Jaspers glaring through the blank windows or venture upon exciting pirate expeditions over forbidden premises. Some mornings they would spend on the old back-water wharf where Captain Copperthwaite, Daddy Cap as they called him, lived the whole year round. On those mornings the two would crawl upon his knees and listen, in rapt attention, to his stories.

Such fascinating stories he told, stories of the whale-fishers in the '60's, stories of the Saragossa Sea where a floating island spun round and round and round. Upon the island grew silver palm trees with dates and figs of gold. About the island raced purple faced monkeys with tufts of crimson upon the tips of their tails. About the neck of each monkey hung a little bell which tinkled as the monkey ran. After he had finished this tale the dear old man would stand up, give each child a hand, and the three would walk round and round and round like the island in the Saragossa Sea.

Today, however, it was different with Horatio, for tomorrow he must return to the big buzzing city. Leaning upon the rail of the old wharf he watched the curling surf pile up and pour itself upon the sand. Many times he had watched it before. Yet it was not the ships nor the sea nor the sands that he would miss, but the wonderful happy summer he had had.

At the height of his reverie he caught sight of his little playmate skipping out to meet him, her two little pig-tails bouncing out behind her as she ran.

"Horatio!" She called.

"Horatio! Let's go play in the sand!" At once Horatio turned from meditation to reality.

"Alright!" He answered scampering toward the broad white beach where the sand was wet and warm and friendly.

To-day was their last day together, and they would be satisfied with nothing but the biggest and finest Spanish Castle. It was to be fashioned

after a wonderful castle in Leon of which Cap Copperthwaite had told them. It was to have portcullis, turrets, parapets and pinnacles, nice sharp ones with little windows in the roof. It was to be surrounded with a moat over which was to be a drawbridge.

It took quite a search to find a piece of drift-wood to serve for a drawbridge, and a longer search still to find a portcullis. Finally just as the sun sank back of the village their castle was complete; fully equipped from top to bottom and peopled with brave knights and charming ladies followed by gayly bedecked retainers. It was a glorious castle just as they had wanted it. Here and there in the little slits of windows they stationed archers with drawn bows while from the parapets of the keep three cannon scowled down upon the surrounding plain.

"Oh! Horatio, look!" cried the little girl by his side. "The tide is coming in to spoil—" She did not finish her sentence. A big tear blurred her vision.

Sure enough the tide was coming in, slowly, slowly, slowly creeping up the beach like some inexorable monster bent upon destruction. The waves curled, edging the mouth of the breakers with a wicked row of teeth, flattening out into a broad tongue, shooting forward with a hiss to their very feet, only to recoil and strike again.

It was a hard struggle to build a dike big enough to back the water. The harder they toiled the more useless it seemed. Even when the swirling water was backed it rose within through the sand to fill the moat to overflowing. Higher and higher it rose covering the drawbridge then filling the gateway.

The two children ceased their dike-building and despairingly watched the hungry ocean grasp their precious castle into which they had built all the vain imaginings of their last day.

"Horatio!" gasped his little friend as half of the courtyard and keep slid into the water.

Destruction came double-handed. The dike burst. The ocean rushed in. The castle was then vanished. Both children stood as if transfixed. They were silent for a moment in the face of their calamity.

Horatio ventured a word as he noticed their drawbridge bobbing back to the breakers.

"There—there goes our drawbridge!"

"Yes," she responded understandingly. "Out to sea." In silence they watched it bobbing, ducking, ducking, bobbing, bouncing out to sea.

The hungry breakers caught the drift-wood churning it in the sand, where it must be hidden for a long while until it should make another drawbridge for some dream-castle of theirs in the future. The

clouds were massing over the ocean as if they too contemplated an attack upon the two little watchers. A red glow swept over the face of the sky magnifying the drifting of the clouds, at the same time permeating the twilight with a weirdness.

Horatio felt a little hand slip into his.

"You go tomorrow, Horatio"?

"Yes, tomorrow." He could not conceal his sadness.

"Come back next summer?"

"I hope so!" he answered, bravely.

"So do I, but I doubt—!"

Horatio burst into her speech—"Why?"

"Because—because,—Horatio we had such a fine castle and now—, She felt with her toes in the sand where the castle had been, through the foot and a half of sea water, "there's not a bit left."

She responded to the touch of his hand in a way that left no doubt of the reality of the moment, yet their castle, the tide and the rising storm were most too much for her simple faith. She doubted if they should ever be drawn together again by another castle of the future.

* * * * *

The last traces of twilight had departed. The ever increasing thunder of the breakers brought proof of an approaching storm. Past the blinking street lights, which flickered in a silly fashion before the many empty wooden houses, hastened the three, Captain Copperthwaite with a charge on either hand.

The wind toyed with the silvery shreds of his beard, but little he cared nor did he know that the next time Horatio and his friend returned to search for their castle of dreams that their search would be as vain as their effort to save their old castle had been. Instead they would find the grave of dear old Daddy Cap where the roaring of the breakers ever told him of that ocean which he had loved, of those mystical islands with which he had filled it and of those two little children, whom he had watched as they had played together that wonderful happy summer many years ago.

H. W. E., '14.

The True Artist

SOME ten years ago a Sunday afternoon in one of our large eastern cities found a young man of twenty-five sitting on the edge of his father's mahogany drawing-room table, puffing luxuriously at a cigarette. He seemed for the moment quite unappreciative of the splendid fittings of the apartment and save for the interest with which he watched the increasing opaqueness of the thin blue strata of smoke, was absorbed in the listless vagaries induced by a hearty meal. Before a bay window at the other end of the room overlooking a small, well-kept garden sat Berrel, senior, as deep in his Sunday supplement as his son appeared to be in day dreams. After some moments the paper was laid aside and the day dreams were shattered by the voice of the elder requesting a cigar. The box was passed and with it the query, "Have you seen Hollins yet?" delivered in the abruptly poised manner intended to preclude the suspicion that the mind of the speaker could have been upon any save the most practical affairs.

"No," replied the other, "but I had a talk with your uncle yesterday, he's on the board of the Institute now you know, and he seemed to think you had better cut out this writing business and go on with your teaching, and I don't know but what I am of the same opinion. He suggested that you take up economics with the charity classes and intimated that there were good chances of getting the chair after a few years' experience. In view of your work abroad along that line I should think the plan would appeal to you." He leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs as his son lit another cigarette from the table and flashed back—"I should think that what you know of my opinion of my uncle would keep you from airing any of his suggestions to me. I could manage the work all right, I guess, but none of his altruistic platitudes can convince me that this offer of Hollins should be turned down for the privilege of talking to a bunch of 'gutter counts.' I'd be obliged if he'd keep his ideas for my welfare to himself."

"Well?"

"'Well' can't you recognize my position? The two plays I published in England brought me in a clean twenty-five pounds and write ups in every review in London besides the entrée with men of real distinction, which in itself would be the making of a man. Do you think I should let an opening like that slip through my fingers and throw it all over to take up with this Salvation. Army scheme for converting the heathen? Charity classes! Why not five out of ten in that crowd know enough to read Mill by themselves and yet you assume that they

can apply the principles if properly expounded. I should think that you at least could grasp my point of view."

"Don't get excited" replied the other calmly, "I realize that you are of age as strongly as you appear to yourself. You have the choice of your career and I don't want you to think I'm trying to keep you from fame if that fame comes naturally and is of the kind that lasts. I have seen too many young sports dabble in poetics at college till they believe they have awakened a dominant genius, flare out in sensational philosophy for a month, and finally sink ingloriously into the ranks of the "has-beens" to think that one deal with a publisher spells success. Nearly every man has one bolt to shoot, but the man who can kill competition must have an unlimited number. If you think you have—go ahead; but if you are in doubt, remember that many a man has led an artistic life without having had much to do with the Muses."

"I've heard that kind of talk from so-called men of the world ever since I entered the Sunday school" said the son, "and ask to be spared. Your generation would sacrifice anything except their own prosperity to keep things as they are—but they can't do it." And then after a short pause, during which his father thoughtfully observed the antics of a sparrow on the window sill, he added, "Let's change the subject and stroll down to the River Walk." The glance which accompanied this invitation bespoke an apology which the other seemed to expect; for he too dropped the insistence from his voice, "Not today, Gus, thanks" and as he turned to leave—"I'd advise you not to turn down the Institute finally, at least until I have had the interview with Hollins."

"Allright Dad" came from the hall before the slamming of the door and soon after the Sunday supplement was forgotten as the man by the window watched his son descend to the street and mingle with the crowd, bearing with him much the same assortment of ideals and fallacies which the father himself had borne at twenty-five. "More conviction than experience,"—he observed under his breath.

* * * * *

"This way gentlemen," whispered the head waiter as he led the way through the thick air of the grillroom to the favorite seat in the alcove, followed, at the respectful distance which those familiar with their surroundings keep between themselves and their director, by young Berrel and a companion. Their order given, John West took up the guidance of the conversation. He had not seen his friend since their parting at Liverpool two years before.

"Have you seen the recent biography of Shakespeare by Sidney Lee?" he asked when the preliminaries were over.

"Just glanced at it" was the rejoinder, "I thought it seemed most dry and tame. Seemed to knock most conclusively on the head, all the wonderland of fancy which has hovered about the "honorable Will" for so long.

"Exactly my opinion," said West. "But after all doesn't the inspiration seem to stick just the same? 'All the authentic information we shall ever have about the most interesting of human beings is there sifted, collated, clinched by apt quotation and careful reference, and arranged in the clearest and most methodical manner,' as I read in a recent review. We know from what Lee tells us that Delia Bacon, Nathaniel Holmes and Ignatius Donnelly are but champions of a lost cause, and that the Shakespeare who really lived was not so romantically dissolute as we had been led to suppose. The personal language and imagery of the sonnets we hear, is due entirely to the prevailing convention and is not, as we used to think, the direct result of the poet's passion for Mary Fitton. We know that he had very little education and probably never saw Europe at all. As you say it does all sound dry and tame, but to my mind this conclusive evidence drives us back to pure mysticism"——

"What do you mean by that" broke in the listener, evidently deeply interested in the turn which the talk had taken—"doesn't it take down your appreciation by half to think that such master-pieces of thought were written in accordance with convention merely to swell the gate receipts?"

"Not at all, I assure you" said West. "I rather feel that every obvious and matter of fact explanation of anything external merely serves to show the great distance between that explanation and the spiritual nature of the work itself; the utter insignificance of all temporal and earthly things compared to the matter these create. To me it is not nearly so wonderful for a God to create something divine as for a man to make something which divinely inspires other men. That is why I studied Sociology and why, as you know, I think more of the man who labors with poor human clay, than the sculptor who works in marble.—But I'm afraid I bore you—pass the matches please."

Berrel pushed the tray toward him and sat for some moments sipping his wine in silence. He had apparently not been bored. At a table between his own and the orchestra stand some flippant women nodded their heads with the inference that the silent man had something on his mind which the champagne could not remove. Finally he raised his eyes and asked—

"Have you seen my father?"

"Yes," said his friend. "I hope you are not offended at the manner in which I chose to express my views, but I have given much thought to that chance at the Institute ever since your father mentioned it, and I hoped you might be able to see my point of view."

"I'm truly glad you have spoken" said the playwright," for you have given me new light which I was unable to see before. Let's get out of here."

The waiter bowed over his change, and after a few words relating to a future meeting, Berrel walked home alone absorbed in thought. As he felt for his key on reaching the house, the door unexpectedly swung open and his father met him with a questioning glance. For answer the son extended his hand and as the two clasped, John West, who had followed unobserved to learn the success of his efforts, stole from the shadow of the porch and made his way to the street with a smile on his lips.

—1914.

The Rounder

I've seen some life an' knocked around
 From New York east to Frisco sound;
 I've seen the Boer in agony
 An' had the "Greasers" after me.
 Oh I've been bad, but sometimes good
 An' I've fooled with sin whenever I would
 An' then I'd pray and help the poor
 In hope to pass Saint Peter's door.
 The Devil's deal! Let's have a hand
 Perhaps our fates are ready planned;
 Hell, anyway I'll take a chance
 With God to pray or Devil dance
 What's the odds!

POSTMORTEM

Oh, he died hard, a prayin' hard
 An' he played game to his last card
 Did my ol' pard.
 But I 'spose at the glisten' gate
 Ol' Pete'll smile and ejaculate:
 "To Hell and wait."

D. B. V. H. '15.

Backwood's Bagatelle

CHAPTER I

OUTSIDE the storm howled with all the fury that a storm should always have. Inside it was as warm and cozy as inside should always be. Red Pete sat at his little cabin on the Sis-Sicky and whittled. His lamp burned overhead and his stove beamed jovially. What cared he for the storm? He was making a lot of shavings. What else he had in mind was hard to tell,—a paddle, a bludgeon, or a butter pat. No, it was getting too small for any of these. A toothpick, assuredly. No, too small for that. There! He's done it. He's kept a-whittling and he's whittled his finger. Up from his stool rises Red Pete. His face glows with the glow of the lamp. His bloody finger is raised on high; he is about to utter a monstrous curse when in the pile of shavings at his feet comes a rustle and a stir. Some black curls came out, then black eyes, and a generally rather black face. It is the fair Céleste. With a graceful swirl she has freed herself from the clinging shavings and stands defiantly before Red Pete.

"Sih, father! Quit your cussin'!"

The eager word trembles on Red Pete's lip. For answer he strides across the room to where the fat maple syrup barrel stands. For several minutes there is no sound but the rhythmic gurgle and swish of throat and tincup. He is fairly crazed with the fiery liquor. Then comes Céleste's voice, clear and shrill.

"Shame, father, to use the goodly Maple Syrup so!"

Disgruntled, Red Pete let the tincup fall to the floor, slouched back to his stool, and started whittling again.

Then the lamp went out.

Red Pete cut himself in exactly the same spot he had carved before. Silently he arose and struck a match savagely on the head.

"Wind must 'a done it," he observed shrewdly.

"Wind it must 'a been," echoed Céleste, crouching lower in her chair.

Since early morning trouble had been brewing in the little cabin on the Sis-Sicky. Céleste was a simple maiden. She had a simple gingham gown, simple leather shoes, simple mind and simple face. Ordinarily she was not a believer in omens, but when Red Pete bent forward to draw on his spiked lumber boot and unwittingly lanced his eye on a knitting needle in her lap, she scented misfortune. That Red Pete, in his surprise, should have unwittingly dropped the spiked lumber

boot on her slippered foot could only be considered in some way aiding and abetting the evil omen. All day the snow had piled high around the little cabin, Red Pete had whittled doggedly, and Céleste had knitted cattishly. Now as night had fallen a sense of impending calamity came heavily upon the two. Sometime back in Red Pete's life—

Again the lamp went out.

In the dark there came two swishes and two thuds. Red Pete sobbed a little sob, rose, and relighted the lamp. In the wall back of Céleste's head quivered a hunting knife. In the wall back of Red Pete's head quivered a knitting needle.

"This is gettin' on my narves, daa'ter," vouchsafed Red Pete, regaining his knife.

"Mine too," agreed Celeste, plucking out her needle and resuming her work.

Then the lamp went out.

With great deliberation Red Pete rose.

"Daa'ter," he said, "it's speerits. Speerits is arter me. I can't stand it no longer. I'm going down the river to Bumton."

So saying, Red Pete secreted himself in furs, fastened snow shoes to his feet, and burst open the cabin door. Before going he turned against the storm, raised a mitten on high, and stretching up on tiptoe, whispered dramatically, "Speerits, daa'ter!"

"Wot did I say about the Maple Syrup?" queried Céleste, naively.

There was a word and a thud. The door slammed, and Céleste was left alone conjecturing vaguely what was in her eye. It was the first Snowball of Winter.

CHAPTER II

Red Pete struck out and down towards the Sis-Sicky. Snow had hidden the river bank, so Red Pete was shortly down and out on the ice. Regaining consciousness, he picked himself up, and, ardor undaunted, plunged on into the storm and the night. (They always do that; you simply can't keep them from plunging. It's the only form of locomotion employed in Klondike and Arctic fiction. Plunging is not always done head first. Sometimes the feet conceive the idea of doing a little plunging on their own account. It's very exhilarating provided pantings are thick.)

While Red Pete was doing all this, his mind was taken back to a certain bright, sunshiny day of years past. Once more he stood in the little clearing where Enorme Hommedieu's cabin was. Once more

Enorme stood with his back toward him, chopping busily. Once more he heard Fifi's clear voice rising musically above the screech of the saw mill in the hollow. Once more he felt that he could no longer stand there and hear Fifi sing for Enorme. No, it could not be. Life must be his. Armed with this conviction, Red Pete's bravery got the better of him. Boldly he crept up behind the honest Enorme, still chopping busily, and happily unconscious of his fate. Boldly he drew his hunting knife, and with a cry of savage triumph plunged it into Enorme's back. It was an easy mark, and his aim was true. Once more he saw Enorme's axe rise and felt it whack him on the head. Once more he was stretched out cold as a stone. Once more he came to life only to find life gone and the cabin deserted,—save for Enorme's stiff, which lay on the dining room table, and little black-eyed Céleste (none other!) who lay in a barrel cradle. She at least would be his to keep. So he boldly gathered her up in his arms and made off with her to the little cabin on the Sis-Sicky. Now he thought of the long years that had passed since these happy events. They had been years of joy for the old curmudgeon. He reflected tenderly how Céleste (dear child!) had once filled his rifle with quadruple charge and plugged the barrel with a bolt. How his heart warmed at the memory! And how his hand warmed when he thought of what followed! And the time when she had put Rat-Biskit in his coffee and he had lain bloated and wretched while she was holding the doctor at bay under a shower of stones. Ah! she was a dear, was Céleste— — But now Fifi's time had come. Fifi had always rankled in Red Pete's mind. All the years she had lived in the peace of Bumton. When she called on spirits to tamper with Red Pete's mind her time was come. She must go the way of Enorme.

CHAPTER III

Scarcely had Red Pete left Céleste sitting alone in the little cabin on the Sis-Sicky, when the door opened once more and in came Jacques. (It isn't half as hard to say Jacques out loud as it looks, but for your benefit, G. Reader, he shall henceforth be Shack.) He is, as your keen mind has surmised, Céleste's lover. There stood Shack, proud, dignified, lofty, towering up in all the glorious strength of his 5 ft. 2 in. Céleste hiccupped, placed her hand on her abdomen, and took a little step backwards. With a triumphant flourish Shack produced from behind his back a long glistening object.

"See, Céleste!" he cried, "my pea-shooter,—the lamp!"—he laughed gaily,—“poor Red Pete, —he don't keep his cabin chinked very well,—my breath is the breath of Seven Winds!”

"But Shack," queried Céleste, with great show of innocence, "what do we do now?"

"What do we do? Go to Bumton to my mother's. Good father Jerome is coming from Bumton to marry us. Why did I get Red Pete out of the way?"

Did Céleste remember that Red Pete was also bound for Bumton? Not on your life! Not when Shack spoke of good Father Jerome. Céleste didn't know, and Shack didn't know, but we, G. Reader, know.

CHAPTER IV

The fourth house from the end of the row that comprised the flourishing town of Bumton was Shack's mother's. This house constituted Bumton's social ascendancy over its rival and neighbor up the river,—Rumton. It stood well back from the street—easily three yards. The entrance was effected through two huge posts and an iron gate. It was hard to tell whether the general impression was rustic or rusty. From the gate the drive—beautifully constructed from a material closely resembling furnace ashes—swept up through unbroken stretches of broken bottles and tin cans to the porte cochère,—that is front door. Here it terminated abruptly, though if one were clever enough to swing wide the massive oaken panel one could see where male feet had continued it at intervals over the magnificent yellow pine floor.

The hour was late, but Shack's mother was still up. Her very appearance excited natural curiosity. Once seen she was unmistakable. Her originality consisted in a unique arrangement of the features. Her nose and chin had early marked each other as bad company, so that while the one sought to escape by curling disdainfully up, the other had retreated ingloriously to a point midway between the eye and ear. For the rest, her hair was dressed in sleek rat-tail ringlets which clung cozily to her otherwise denuded head. The general effect was altogether winsome and exhilarating.

At the hour of which we speak she was busily engaged at her household duties. Butterfly-like she hovered first over three glass jars in the kitchen sink where she was pickling pigs' feet, then over the Wilcox and Gibbs, where one of Shack's old canvas tents was undergoing transformation into a robe-de-nuit, and then over a week-old copy of the *Boston American*, where she was interested in "Was Evelyn Worth Saving?" Finally she hit upon a scheme whereby steps might be saved. Grasping a pig's foot, she sat down at the Wilcox and Gibbs and commenced pickling it with one hand while she balanced the treadle with

the other foot, and re-read Evelyn's claims to salvation. It was while the dear old lady was thus happily engaged that the door was pushed violently open, and who should enter but Céleste and Shack? Almost anyone might have entered but Céleste and Shack, but our first surmise proved correct. It was they and they were in a hurry. They stepped forward as by one accord. Then Céleste's eyes rested upon Shack's mother and she fainted dead away in Shack's arms. Shack wasn't surprised. He let Céleste fall suddenly to the floor. She didn't come to. Then he got some water and bathed her forehead without success. He tried pouring water down her back,—and front. No results. Then he stepped to the sink, selected a pig's foot, and held it close to Céleste's face. The effect was magical; she sat bolt upright.

"Fifi!" she cried, "my mother!"

There! What do you think of that? To remember her after all these years! Fifi was unmistakable. And Shack? Ah, so it must be. He also is of Fifi,—born after she left Céleste with Enorme's stiff in the little cabin in the clearing. Brother and sister, alas!

Scarcely have we time to recover from this shock when once more the door is pushed violently open and a tall, broad-backed man rushes into the room.

"Good Father Jerome!" welcomes Shack, advancing to greet the newcomer.

Father Jerome's face is glowing like a hot stove. He has travelled far on a bitter night, and he is markedly agitated. He opens his mouth, glimpses Fifi, and faints dead away. Pig's foot to the front. Father Jerome sits up, closes his eyes, and, head in air, howls loud and long:—

"Fifi! My wife!"

Yes, it's him. It's Enorme Honnedieu back to life. Red Pete never killed him;—his back was too broad. He recognizes Céleste and accepts Shack as a possibility. The happy family is reunited. Enorme becomes delirious.

"Fifi! Céleste! Shack!" he howls.

"Up the river—ha-ha—from Rumton—ha!"

I met a man,—he was drunk—ha-ha!

He couldn't walk, he couldn't talk.

He chattered and grinned like a monk,—ha!

'Speerits!', ha-ha! 'Speerits!' he said,

'Speerits wot drive a man outen his head,

'Speerits, by Gawd, and I'd sooner be dead!'

From his coat—ha-ha—comes a knife—ha-ha! and plunges it into his froat—ha-ha!

Then closer I bent
 His breaf was spent,
 But 'twasn't a knife! "Twas a —ho-ho-ho-ho, a-a knittin' needle!"
 —K. P. A. T. '15.

In Suit of Truth

Oh I built me a Palace of Lofty Ideals and said "when I make this my
 home,
 My Lady shall come and shall polish the gold and dust the glass panes
 of the dome,
 The Maid with a soul deeper far than the sea and a laugh more light than
 its foam."

Then to purge me pure for this fairy demesne I followed the Beautiful way
 To a mood which the evening spirit had kissed and imbued with the
 secrets of day;
 With a Silence that spoke, with a Sadness that yearned, with a Tenderness
 pensive and gay.

I felt all the ills of the flesh pass away, all the sorrows that wear out the
 soul,
 Yet I smote at the gates of my Palace in vain,—then longed for the fairer
 goal,
 So I followed the charm of My Lady and thought "the best is as good
 as the whole."

But the Lady winced as I touched her hand and bade me mend my art,
 So I journeyed the road of the Tiresome Day with the men of the Aching
 Heart,
 Of the tool-worn hand, of the fevered brow, of the pain, the sting, the
 smart.

Then Peace took my hand and I followed her on to my Dream Palace
 there in the skies
 Where a wonder was spread as when children in dreams catch glimpses
 of paradise,
 For there by my footstool My Lady knelt with the love haze in her eyes.
 D. W. '14.

When Greek Meets Greek

IT all happened at the Thompson's masque ball. Jimmy seemed more than usually attracted by the soft little woman in the red ballet costume and falling in line, as was his habit with the promptings of his emotions, he had managed with great skill to obtain more than his share of her dances. The more he danced the more he apparently fell under the influence of her irresistible femininity, for her delightful acquiescence to all suggestions would have encouraged the most bashful of mankind,—which Jimmy was not.

It was by seemingly natural coincidence that they shortly found themselves in the wonderful little moon-lit garden with its winding gravel paths and orientally fantastic summer houses, and just as natural when they seated themselves on a rustic bench in a secluded nook that there was between them hardly room for a third party.

"Do you know" began Jimmy in a low voice," something has happened tonight which makes me feel differently than I have ever felt before. Something has come to me that makes me feel bigger and more wholesome and has put on the world a new aspect, and a very beautiful one."

He paused, gazing wistfully at his companion. She leaned slightly toward him. Her lips parted.

"Yes" she murmured, "I too have felt it," and in her voice was a world of breathless wonder. "It is rapturous; I could love the whole world, tonight."

Each felt a common bond of sympathy, and the understanding seldom attained through long intimacy seemed in a moment to have sprung up between them. For a time there was silence, yet it was eloquent—as the silence between two very dear friends. Both seemed involved in contemplation of the infinitely marvelous thing which had befallen them.

Jimmy broke the silence. "In my whole life I have never felt so completely happy, so at peace with the universe. I seem to have attained what a week ago I would have said was impossible. Many girls today are material and frivolous, and those who are capable of heights avoid them, at least in masculine company, as though they were unprofitable and disguise their finer instincts as though such were faculties of which to be ashamed. We men enjoy light talk and free laughter, but the deeper and more spiritual phases of life should not go down before the craze for display and amusement. Man and women are complements; neither can truly live independently. Then what can be

finer than the mutual contemplation of the wonders, mysteries, and philosophies and, above all, of that one true essence of the divine—the beautiful—Love; only so are *both* natures and both souls brought into a harmony which helps to swell the symphony of the universe. Ah, “and his voice trembled with emotion,” I cannot tell you what it means to meet a woman who understands, who thrills one and makes him realize his possibilities.”

Breathlessly she had hung on his words and now with a swift intake of breath she murmured, “Oh, how wonderful, how beautiful.” Her soft hand touched his and for a moment she leaned dangerously close to him. A tendril of her hair brushed his face, her breath fanned his cheek and he looked straight into her eyes, large and shining in her ecstasy—her maidenly revelation.

Scarcely could he conquer an almost irresistible impulse to take her in his arms and the effort was plainly visible in the rigidity of his frame.

“Ah,” she breathed, “What would life not be if all men were——”; she bowed her head in her hands and her shoulders shook convulsively. It must have been too much for Jimmy; all his control flew to the winds. Swiftly he leaned forward and taking her hands in his, pressed them to his face. Slowly she raised her head; their eyes met.

“Why all men, dearest,” he whispered “so long as there is one.”

He leaned forward; she lifted her face to his and their lips met, clinging long and tenderly.

“Betty, Betty,” called a voice at the garden entrance. The girl started guiltily, and quickly smoothed her crumpled hair and dress. Footsteps sounded on the pathway near at hand and again the voice, “Betty! Oh, Betty!”

“Here I am, dear,” replied the girl as a tall form stepped into view.

“Come, little girl” said the new comer. “It’s getting late; we must be going home.

“All right, Jack, I’m terribly sleepy,” and jumping to her feet she placed her arm about his waist and with a little mocking grimace over her shoulder at the apparently bewildered Jimmy, disappeared. But that last look at the boy, crumpled up on the bench with his head bowed on his chest, clung in her memory, and for many a day the still small voice within her cold little bosom chided unmercifully.

But what of the poor victim?

He was acting in a manner very peculiar in a deluded “Esmond,” for the couple had no sooner disappeared than he was on his feet executing a most excellent clog and waving a most derisive farewell.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the shrubbery at his elbow and a

second young man stepped forth, holding his sides from silent laughter. At length with a painful effort he controlled himself sufficiently to stammer, "You win; here's the lucre: I didn't think you could do it, but the show was worth the money," and arm in arm, still laughing spasmodically, they followed down the path.

—1913.

Undergraduate Criticism

Social Problems in Print

THE world is a bad, bad world. It is full of vice, disease, and perversion. I shall write an article for our magazine in which I shall set forth the awful things I've seen, and perhaps some one will improve them. I cannot stand them, and must show people what I think of the sin and hate of the one half, and the conventionality and artificiality of the other."

Some such animus must have prompted the gloomy compositions in some of the magazines for May and June. There are only one or two broad, sane attempts at the portrayal, and in some degree, the solution of the conditions of society and the questions which they raise, in those really seeing them for the first time.

Far be it from one puzzled person to question the manner in which others meet their puzzles. On the other hand, may it become farther than it is from some to present their questionings and doubtings to the world, as incipient literature.

The *Atlantic Monthly* would, I presume, take articles on social themes, but they must approach a literary standard. A magazine of religion would take any sincere outpouring of soul. The literary magazines of our colleges do, I trust, lean rather more towards the methods of the former publication than those of the latter.

Truth is supposedly one of the canons of any art. Therefore, pose should be shunned. There is a cynical, and exaggerated style in the treatment used by some writers, that is to us ridiculous.

In others' writing, the picture of a child repeating automatically the virtues of charity and love, in an attempt to scare away the ogres of our complex life, appears irresistibly.

But in one magazine we found a story which was both subdued, well written and sane, with nothing artificial in it, but much of art.

This was the story, "The Virtue of Vice" in the *Yale Lit.* In this story, which is pleasant to read, a question which has come to many of us, is raised. A forceful argument bearing out the writer's point of view is present, and no crudeness is thrust upon us.

In the *College Student* of Franklin and Marshall College there is a naive and highly imaginative description of *Modern Society*. Such fanciful description of our slums and such an impassioned catalogue of the virtues of charity, could hardly be found outside of that particular number except in a camp meeting.

The *Harvard Monthly* as usual acting as a sort of Baedeker to the objectionable parts of the earth, give us a story called "The Boy and Glenvil." Here we have a lofty hint of the sordidness of society in a summer resort, where the protagonist is bored by the "artificial" girls. He is driven from this place which is "redolent of scandal, gossip, vice and all the intrinsic properties of a summer resort." Then he tarries for a while in "God's country" where there is no one to discourage him, and his horse to sympathize with him. As a climax to the misery of life he presents us with the spectacle of some good country people drawn into the vortex of the destructive city. The story has a literary appearance, but its ring is not true.

Although not, strictly speaking, of this school "The Many Dead," from the *Yale Literary Magazine* raises its finger of protest against the law. To be sure the law here is one of nature and not of society, yet we admire the hidden, merciless power of it, and that quality which dramatics has taught us to call its "inevitableness." Let this be our reprint.

E. M. P., '15.

The Many Dead

*Beneath the coiling curtain of the mist,
The drifting shroud of sea and sleeping land,
White breasted, without laboring or list,
The wan waves perish on the parching sand.*

The sickle of the hooded Sower reaps
Full harvest from the fertile fields of life,
And silent 'neath the sudden water sleeps
A multitude untouched by guilty strife.

Unscarred by disobedience to His rule.

Nay rather, without laboring or list,
They paid the full of loyalty. Ah, fool,
To question why! Mad folly to resist!

God, we believe. Help thou our unbelief!

Thy law is just. Thy dead are dead. But yet—
And lo, these innocent made wise by grief
Find comfort in a shattered faith. And yet—

*Beneath the coiling curtain of the mist,
The drifting shroud of sea and sleeping land,
White breasted, without laboring or list,
The wan waves perish on the parching sand.*



Book Reviews

The Inside of the Cup. WINSTON CHURCHILL. *The Macmillan Co.*

PLEASE send book review at once and put a punch in it," wrote the editor. If the punch is not apparent in this review, it certainly is not lacking in the book undergoing the painful operation of being reviewed. Winston Churchill delivers a telling tap to respectable orthodoxy which ought to make its zealous defenders sit up and take notice. In other words, he turns the cup inside out so effectually that gratified heterodoxy will clap its little hands in glee and cry, "What 'che know about 'at?"

Here is a book for that nondescript personage known as the general reader, which offers a solution, palatably disguised as a bon bon of fiction, of the social and religious problems which our day and generation needs must settle. The rabid fictionist may pass on. Here is no toy sword for the assassination of time, nor yet a peacock feather for the stimulation of a jaded emotional palate. Here rather is a thoughtful philosophy; not the strong red meat of Royce or James, but a Corinthian gruel, served up in a golden bowl and garnished with romance, that whom-it-may-concern, alias the average man, alias the general reader, may taste and test. Here is a mirror wherein we may see ourselves in the midst of our Christian civilization,—insatiate and ruthless wealth flanking us on the one hand, despondent and vicious poverty cowering on the other, the church rearing her ancient dogma like a wall between the two, puppets striving after the wind here, and men with lanterns there seeking for truth in broad sunlight.

You may not agree that *property* is the canker that is gnawing at the vitals of our civilization, nor that our whole system of churches and charities is but a class-device for persuading the poor that they should be content in the condition in which God placed them. You may squirm uncomfortably at the idea that the Gospels and the cherished Creeds need a modern interpretation in order to make them dynamic in our age. You may call names—real ugly names, such as heretic and Socialist—at the man who dares to suggest that *you* have a mistaken idea of Christianity and need to go back to the plain teachings of Christ. Or, on the other hand, you may rejoice at a new solution for your difficulties. In either case, "The Inside of the Cup" is a book for you.

When a clergyman in a fashionable city parish awakens to the fact that his church is a mere convention to its members and a zero in its community, that his theology is antiquated and his social work a failure,

and when he has the courage to preach his convictions—something is bound to happen. Orthodoxy will be outraged, names will fly, the minister will be in hot water. And when a writer with the skill of Winston Churchill attempts to present his conclusions on religion and government in the form of a novel, the result must be—some novel!—*le dernier cri* in the problem line.

It would be unfair to apply the canons of the novel to this book, though it would be interesting to inquire whether the American problem novel, so called, may not be a new and distinct contribution to the art of writing. In this book, the novel is evidently merely the vehicle which is to carry the author's philosophy into minds where more pretentious efforts would have no entrance. The long theologic and economic discussions would be out of place in the conventional novel. Here they are the book. Nevertheless, the plot holds one's interest, the love element is, to say the least, ultra-modern and unique, the scenic effects are easily visualized and the characters are so much like you and me (barring, of course, John Hodder and Alison Parr) that we are bored by their bromidism before we begin to realize that we are looking into the accusing depths of a mirror.

For instance, what could be more commonplace than the following conversation, taken from the opening chapter? And yet, if we stop to think, what could be more scathing in its indictment of modern Christian civilization?

"In these days," said Evelyn, "the man who pays his bills is entitled to have his religion as he likes it."

"No matter how he got the money to pay them," added Phil.

"That suggests another little hitch in the modern church which will have to be straightened out," said George Bridges.

"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess."

Is the indictment true? Has the time come for the cleansing of the inside of the cup? Shall the church lead the crusade? And what of you and me?

Winston Churchill has put the question squarely up to us. What is the answer?

E. C. B., '16.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER
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No. 5

Editorial

IF you should chance to stray into our office any one of these balmy October afternoons when the redolence of burning leaves in the drives and the thud of the pigskin on Walton and the reaches of campus enriched by the harmony of shade and sunshine and the fur-tively upturned face of the Rhiny and all the other features of the Haverford autumn to make you feel somehow good, you might be somewhat chilled by the coolness of your reception. Of course, we are always professedly 'glad to see you'—in so far as we prefer your friendship to your enmity—but we are confident that the frigid austerity which pervades our sanctum will deter all save those who come on business, and such do not stray in as you have done.

Yet now that you have entered and found to your no small irritation that renewed industry on the part of the scribblers is the only response to your repeated throat-clearings, the most natural way to cover your embarrassment is to supply from your imagination the welcome which your hosts are slow to offer and leisurely turn the pages of one of the college periodicals on the rack. Unless your selection is unique you

will find among the usual assortment of undergraduate themes some expression of the sentiment that the students of the University of Podunk spring back with alacrity from the summer resort to the Alma Mater and are unanimous in their resolve to make this college year fuller and richer than its predecessors.

If you chance to be one of the large order who have the habit of pigeon-holeing their impressions, who call a man that writes verses for an advertising agency a Literary Cove and one with an income in five figures, unqualifiedly, a Lucky Guy, you will probably ascribe this willingness on the part of students to reassume the college routine to *college spirit*, and think no more about it. But if, on the other hand, you are of a somewhat analytic persuasion you may be tempted to speculate vaguely upon the cause of this college spirit and seek for its advantages or defects.

Perhaps as you thus idly ruminate the first fact which strikes you as significant will be that where a community is successful in all that it undertakes the loyalty of its members is strong and, inversely, that communal loyalty makes for greater efficiency. Since the afternoon is a warm one and not conducive to precise reasoning we may pardon you if you still generalize and observe that this kind of spirit is chiefly of use as it inspires those in authority to their best efforts. You might even ramble on to the effect that monarchies have fallen because the rulers lost sight of the importance of an intimate relation with the governed, and because they allowed the gap to widen between their own interests and those of the mass until their desire to serve the mass became a desire to serve themselves. At this point, Patient Philosopher, if you have followed yourself thus far, you may safely call a halt for the theme has been probed to the marrow. You have implied that college spirit ceases to be of use when those at the fore in the college have a different viewpoint than the mass and that it ceases to exist when they act not for the mass but for themselves.

Quite unconsciously, no doubt, your musings have become distinctly audible and the last turn of your remarks has actually aroused one of the Supply from his chronic torpor who deliberately licks a stamp and replies; "I say do you know I believe you're right about spirit being rot unless everybody feels it the same way, but the reason your monarchy fails is because it looses unity through a lack of representation and so long as a college has self-government there can't be any gap between the rulers and the ruled. Ergo; the spirit is the same with both." The acumen evidenced by this retort is so unusual that most of the scribes lend an attentive ear though they still continue to push the pen along.

"I'm afraid you don't quite get me," resumed the disturber of the peace. "There is no danger of any lack of sympathy between the leaders of *activities* and those interested for, as you say, his election by his co-enthusiasts makes the leader directly responsible to them. I referred rather to the gap which often opens between the class of leaders and the class of followers as a possible cause of hollow college spirit." People from the Outside frequently adopt this lofty tone as a sort of self-defense.

"Well just who comprise this class of leaders if not those at the heads of activities?" queries an insignificant Senior, whom all had believed deeply engrossed in his work.

"Obviously the Seniors" returned he of the didactic manner. "A Senior is or should be a leader not only of college sentiment but, as the Y. M. C. A. handbooks assure us, 'intellectually, morally and socially.' He has not been placed in this position of authority on account of any merit of his own nor is he responsible to anyone else, yet he enjoys privileges and honors which the most deserving non-senior covets in vain. This class is consequently very apt to feel sufficient unto itself and to act upon the fallacy that whatsoever she doeth shall prosper. It is this attitude of the Seniors which I think turns college spirit into a mockery and reduces the most lofty of college ideals into chaff which the wind driveth away." Our tolerance at an end we were about to suggest a walk to the Oven when a querulous Junior most unexpectedly championed the visitor and forced us to a grumbling forbearance.

"As you say," began the Plaintiff, "this aloofness of the Senior Class if carried too far may do much to break up the unity of college feeling. Partly to support the dignity which Seniors acquire from advanced courses and also to prove their intimacy with former Senior classes they seem reluctant to seek for the common ideal of the four classes and develop one of their own in its stead. In spite of the encouragement of pulpit and press the underclassman is ever slow to force an acquaintance with a Senior, and prefers, naturally enough, to make friends with those who meet him half way. So it often happens that the Senior class appears to drift apart.

"But the blame doesn't lie entirely with the senior. As in the monarchy reforms must be instigated by those who are in a position to see the injustice and these are not likely to be in the ruling class. If the misgovernment is not sufficient to warrant a revolt the imperial family seldom hears of any discontent unless they look for it, and this they seldom do. When a parallel condition of affairs occurs in the college democracy the position of the popular party is quite clear. It is

time for them to make a noise. When the soccer grounds committee are all on the first eleven and hence unable to watch the other teams practice, if they appoint senior deputies to select men for the weak positions who in turn select themselves (as has happened recently) the aggrieved lower classmen should call a meeting and hire a band. They should talk to the captain and make him see their side. In the same way the freshmen should protest when the Nominating Committee fails to set the most promising of their number on the bottom rung of the cursus honorum. If lower classes brought their grievances to the notice of Seniors in some such way as this, there is small doubt but that interclass friendships would result and the desired college unity spring forth in consequence.

"The class which graduated last June did much to strengthen the common bond of intra-collegiate understanding. They did not prefer their own to the exclusion of all other society, and went out of their way to show that the passing of hazing was to their liking. 1913 was pre-eminently a class of mixers, yet this social quality did not prevent their men of ability from doing their best work as often happens when this trait is very pronounced.

Now the present Senior class. . . ." The Monologue Artist had paused with a lustre in his eye to lend emphasis to the forthcoming sentences, yet as he did so he allowed his gaze to wander from the smouldering leaves on the lawn and sought the stimulus of his listener's attentive stare. The intruder who had provoked this dissertation had fled fearing retribution. All the others were snoring heavily, their heads on the table, and their manuscript clutched in their hands; only from the rear wall came a dulcet sound as of purling waters where the Supply mechanically licked stamps.

The cessation of his voice brought the scribes wearily to their feet and as they peered at the departed day the lantern of Old Caleb, footing slow, could be seen piercing the shadows of his solitary way. As we left the room the Insignificant Senior insisted on putting the room to rights, and was heard to mutter to himself as he followed slowly down the stairs "Some of these dubs are worth knowing after all."

Alumni Department

WE reprint this supplement to the last Alumni Bulletin in the belief that its contents can not be brought too frequently to the minds of Alumni.

"Reference is made in the annual June report of the Alumni Committee on Athletics, to the progress made in developing the Athletic Fields.

Supplementing this, the committee are glad to report that the Smith Memorial Stand is completed and the old stand removed.

The funds to cover this, viz.: \$5,000, were presented to the College by Horace E. Smith as a memorial to his brother Walter E. Smith.

The Class of Eighty-eight Athletic Field for Soccer or other sports is also completed.

The cost of this field, amounting to upwards of \$1,000, was met by the Class of Eighty-eight.

There is at present about \$3,000 in hand, or pledged, to apply to building the new track, grading Walton Field, extending driveway to fields and parking space, and repairs to Cricket Shed.

No estimates of costs are at hand as yet, but it is evident that at least \$5,000 more will be needed.

Surely with the cost of the stand and the new Soccer Field taken care of, Haverford alumni generally should show their interest and give to the extent of their ability. If your class collector is unknown to you, write to Henry Cope, 1510 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and tell him promptly of your approval of the plans, and pledge to him your subscription or increase the pledge already given, so that the work can be finished as outlined.

JOSEPH W. SHARP, JR.,
Chairman."

Equal in glory to the new grandstand is the new section of Lloyd Hall, which has just been completed. The building is the most recent of Haverford's architectural successes, and is naturally enough the most popular of the college dormitories. It was donated by the Brothers Strawbridge in memory of Justus C. Strawbridge. It is the work of W. L. Bailly, '83.

The Summer School of the University of Columbia was well attended by Haverfordians. The faculty included R. C. McCrea, '97 and R. M. Gummere, '02. Numbered among the students were H. H. Brinton and E. C. Withers, '04; H. Mitchell, '07; C. Brown, '08; J. S. Downing and W. D. Hartshorne, '11; I. C. Poley, '12, and Y. Nitobe, '15.

Haverford was represented by Dr. L. W. Reid, Dr. R. M. Gummere and S. C. Withers, '04, at the Triennial Convention of Phi Beta Kappa, held in New York, the ninth and tenth of September. Other Haverfordians present were Joseph H. Markley (Wisconsin), and W. W. Comfort, (Cornell,) '94

'05

Professor A. C. Thomas spent the summer in England. He has just completed his "History of England" for D. C. Heath & Co.

'85

Dr. Rufus M. Jones spent the latter part of August and early September, lecturing in England.

Augustus T. Murray, of Stamford University, Cal., is spending his sabbatical year in the East.

'92

Christian Brinton is publishing a catalogue of the Swedish Art Exhibit recently held in New York City.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Cadbury, named Benjamin Bartram Cadbury.

'94

H. W. S. Scarborough is a candidate for one of the nine Judgeships of the new municipal court of Philadelphia.

'97

Prescott B. Beidelman is the general agent of the Refrigerator Service of the Great Northern Railway. His office address is 103 Great Northern Railway Building, St. Paul, Minnesota.

A. M. Collins and E. M. Scull, '01,

have just completed a successful hunting trip in Alaska and the Behring Sea.

'98

Walter C. Janney was on August 1 admitted to full partnership in the firm of Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler, 133-135 S. 4th St., Philadelphia.

'00

Robert J. Burdette, Jr., is on the staff of the "Deseret Evening News," Salt Lake City, Utah.

'01

Richard Patton was married at Worcester, Mass., on June 4th, 1913, to Miss Lillian Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Thompson, of Barre, Mass.

'02

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Wood, Jr., of Moores-town, and named Alexander C Wood, 3rd.

'03

Franklin E. Barr is a candidate for Judge in the Municipal Court to be elected in Philadelphia, this autumn.

'04

D. L. Burgess spent the summer

studying German at Highland Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

S. C. Withers has left his position at the Friends' Select School to teach mathematics in a New York High School.

'05

Benjamin Eshleman has resigned his position with the Proctor & Gamble Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is now with the Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co., at Whitman, Mass.

'06

R. L. Cary is engaged in Municipal Research work in Baltimore.

G. H. Graves upon returning from Europe will leave his position as professor of mathematics in the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins, Colorado, and will serve the department of mathematics of Columbia University.

James Monroe has resigned his position with the Public Service Electric to take up with the Link Belt Co. of Phila.

Jesse D. Philips is manufacturing wall paper for Sears, Roebuck & Co. His address is 1012 Spalding Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Roderick Scott has resigned his position on the faculty of Earlham College, and sailed for St. Petersburg the middle of last month to act as Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Walter A. Young, who was last year the principal of Haviland Academy, Kansas, will teach this year in the Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

The engagement has been announced of Roderick Scott and Miss Agnes L. Kelly, of Richmond, Ind.

'07

Walter L. Croll is occupying the position of Instructor in Obstetrics at the University of Pittsburg.

M. H. March has been made secretary of the Bader Coal Co., 141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nicholson, Jr., named Mary Huston Nicholson.

'08

Carrol T. Brown has announced his engagement to Miss Anna Hartshorne.

Edwin Wright and Louise Mason, of Richmond, Virginia, were married on September 1. They are now living at 111 Argyle Road, Ardmore, Pa.

'09

The engagement has been announced of Allan J. Hill, of Minneapolis, to Miss Helen Harrison of the same city.

T. K. Lewis has been appointed to the staff of the Cooper Hospital.

H. M. Lutz has opened a law office at No. 2 Insurance Bldg., Media, Pa.

Reynold A. Spaeth was married at Yonkers, New York, on Monday, August 18th, 1913, to Miss Eleanor Taussig. They sailed the next day on the "Friedrich der Grosse" for Germany, where Mr. Spaeth will spend the coming year in studying.

Mr. Spaeth won one of the Sheldon traveling fellowships at Harvard, last June.

C. B. Thompson graduated last June from the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

R. L. M. Underhill has been awarded one of the Henry Bromfield Rogers fellowships. He will assist in the department of Philosophy at Harvard.

Wm. S. Febiger will be married on October 18th, to Miss Lillian Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Wood, of Bryn Mawr, Pa.

'10

E. Pa e Allison has recently returned with Mrs. Allison from an extensive tour of England following their marriage last June.

Earl S. Cadbury has been transferred by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., from the Philadelphia agency to their home office in Boston, Mass.

W. P. Tomlinson has been appointed to teach German History and Football at Swarthmore Preparatory School.

C. D. Morley has recently returned from Oxford where he was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He is with Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers, Garden City, L. I.

J. P. Phillips has returned from his wedding trip abroad, and will resume his connection with the Goodrich Tire Co. of Akron, Ohio.

Lloyd G. Williams has been ap-

pointed professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at Miami University, Indiana, following his graduation from Oxford last July.

ex-'10

W. C. Green won the Newdigate prize at Oxford with a poem on "Richard I before Jerusalem."

'11

Howard G. Taylor, Jr., and Mary S. Roberts were married at Moorestown, on September 24th.

Arnold Post arrived in England the early part of July, where he will occupy the former rooms of C. D. Morley, '10, at New College, Oxford.

E. H. Spencer has been transferred to the new Boston office of N. W. Halsey & Co. Address 55 Congress St.

Chas. Wadsworth, 3rd, has been made an assistant in Chemistry at Harvard University.

We are glad to announce that the class of 1911 boasts the *largest number* of subscribers to the Athletic Improvements now in progress.

'12

J. A. Cope spent the summer working for the Maryland State Department of Forestry in connection with Johns Hopkins University.

D. P. Falconer has been in charge of a branch office of the S. P. C. C. at Newark, N. J., since the first of last August.

'13

P. G. Baker is in the employ of

the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

J. M. Beaty is studying English at Harvard University.

P. H. Brown continues work in Physics at Haverford.

C. H. Crosman is with the Standard Supply and Equipment Co., Phila., Pa.

W. S. Crowder is studying Business Management at Harvard University.

F. A. Curtis is at work in the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C. He is also taking courses at George Washington University.

F. H. Diamant has entered with A. L. Diamant & Co.

F. M. Froelicher has a position as instructor of French and German in the Park School, Baltimore, Md.

P. C. Gifford served as a reporter on the Phila. *Public Ledger* during July and August. He now expects to take a position with The Creosote Co. of New York.

A. H. Goddard has been working as timekeeper on the construction of the New Bedford City Hall.

G. L. Hadley is engaged in farming near Topeka, Kansas.

N. F. Hall has received a Senior Scholarship at Harvard, where he will study chemistry.

W. Y. Hare is selling for the A. L. Diamant Co., Phila., Pa.

C. E. Hires, Jr., has been made a Sales Manager of the Purock Water Co., Phila., Pa.

R. Howson will study mechanical

Smith,
Mason
and
Clower

TAILORS

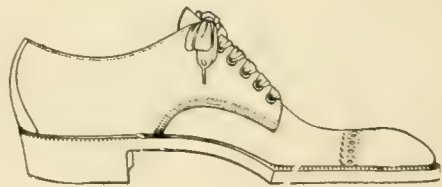
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An improved English model, receding toe, broad shank, low heel effect, in Russia or Wax Calf

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The authentic fashion in "classy" shoes. Acknowledged unequalled in fit and style by men who know.

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engineering at the University of Pennsylvania.

W. C. Longstreth is with James G. Biddle, manufacturers of scientific instruments.

J. D. Ludlam has entered the Harvard Law School.

E. R. Maule is employed by the Whitall Tatum Co., Phila., Pa.

S. W. Meader is with D. P. Falconer at Newark, N. J., employed by the S. P. C. C.

L. H. Mendenhall has entered a business house in New Mexico.

G. Montgomery will study classics at Harvard on the Cope Fellowship.

H. V. Nicholson is teaching at Westtown Boarding School.

H. Offerman will study in the new graduate school of Princeton University.

S. C. Picket is in the assay department of a Life Insurance Company, at Newark, N. J.

J. Tatnall is with Brown, Baily & Co., Phila., Pa.

N. H. Taylor is studying philosophy at Harvard University.

L. R. Thomas is teaching at Westtown Boarding School.

J. V. Van Sickle was awarded a Senior scholarship by Harvard University where he will study economics.

W. Webb is a teaching fellow at Haverford.

E. F. Winslow will continue his Pharmacy at Rosemont.

G. L. Winslow is a student at Cornell University.

J. B. Woosley is a Teaching Fellow at Haverford.

C. O. Young is an Assistant in the Haverford Chemical Laboratory.

ex-'15

Edward W. Kling is in the employ of Haines, Jones and Cadbury Co., Philadelphia.

The New Spring Woolens

are now in stock and await
your inspection.

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Prompt Delivery Satisfaction Guaranteed

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Advertising Haverford

"Thirdly, they (the Alumni) are looking forward to a greater Haverford; to the time when we have 250 or 300 students enrolled. Nothing can bring about this growth more readily than the development of first-class athletics. We have a reputation for a thorough academic training; our high standard of athletics has won us respect; we now need such teams as will win for us larger Freshmen classes of the right standard. The young man in preparatory schools largely judges a college by its standing in athletics. Perhaps this is not the ideal situation, but it is the true one. And, considering the fact that the young man of today has as much to say as his parents in regard to what college he shall attend, it is evident that athletics are one of a college's strongest advertisements."

—Editorial in the *Weekly*, April 7, 1913.

IF athletics are the strongest advertisement of a college, nothing should have been better publicity for Haverford than the Steven's game three weeks ago at Hoboken. A Scarlet and Black team, plucky and well-coached, out-played by heavier opponents in the first half, gritted its teeth and by clean hard fighting pushed the ball over the line and won the day. It was a game such as one loves to watch, and to one seeing Haverford football for the first time for four years it was delightfully typical of all Haverford athletics—a keen fight against odds. When the Haverford team held fast on their own five yard-line or thereabouts, the giant siren of the *Imperator*, setting out to sea just behind them, screamed like the deep-throated applause which size always accords to spirit.

But these pleasant reflections did not occur to the reporter of the *New York Times*, who was there, for he dismissed the game with a scant eleven lines of minion type.

Is it so, then, that athletics is our best advertisement? If we want a bigger Haverford, I think there are better ways of bringing it about than by more space on the sporting-page (though that too we need). And as for "the development of first-class athletics"—first class athletics means ¹clean athletics, and that we have already. Success in

games generally follows the bigger numbers, and not the other way about.

The best way to advertise a college is by the men it turns out. This in turn depends largely on the faculty. And with this in mind, I have an alternative scheme of advertising to suggest. I am highly in sympathy with the present scheme for improving the athletic facilities at Haverford, but when that is accomplished let us turn to things which the college needs even more. An alumnus who is now a university professor and who was himself once a holder of a track H, wrote to me the other day—"A letter from — came this morning begging for \$5 for athletic grounds. Please tell him that I have no money to invest in athletics at present, but will subscribe when they start an endowment for a chair of Greek."

My Advertising Scheme is simply this, that the college adopt some adaptation of the tutorial system as it exists at Oxford. Even on the lowest basis. If you want mere acreage of newspaper space, some such experiment as that would arouse far more abiding interest than the fact that we had beaten Swarthmore N to O at football (though I pant for that as much as any!) Every man and every journal in America interested in education and college affairs would be keen to know about it and how it was working.

That, however, is not the reason why the thing should be done. It should be done because it is probably the ideal method of teaching, and at present Haverford does not *teach* nearly enough. And it can be done at Haverford, because conditions there are nearly perfect for the application and success of the tutorial system. The very smallness of the college, which is such a drawback when it comes to Athletic Advertising, would be the most potent factor in the success of our Intellectual Advertising scheme.

Let me explain briefly how the tutorial system works at Oxford.

Colin Clout, the undergraduate entering an Oxford College, is assigned to some "tutor" (one of the professors), who takes charge of his work and is delegated by the college to see that Colin actually does some work and that he gets something out of it. Their intimacy generally begins by the tutor asking him in to lunch at the beginning of term. Over chops and claret and cigars they will lay the foundations of a mutual understanding. Colin begins to perceive that a man may be older than himself without being either a prude or a bigot. And the tutor, from a somewhat extensive experience with young men, knows how to put his guest at ease. Perhaps they go off for an all-afternoon walk, and his first walk in the Oxford country Colin does not forget, any

more than he forgets his first tramp to Darby Creek and the cider-mill.

The ice is broken, and the next morning they meet to talk about work. It is the tutor's task to find out the joints in Colin's armour of apathy or laziness—to find where his interests lie and how he can be got to throw himself heartily into his studies. He tells him what lectures it would be well to attend (lectures are not compulsory in Oxford), suggests books to begin on at once, maps out a scheme of work for the term, and arranges a time convenient for them both when Colin is to bring in his weekly essay. He assigns a topic for the first essay, suggests readings for it, and they part with mutual expectation.

That is how it begins. If the tutor is worth his salt, and if Colin is in earnest and of an active mind, it may be the beginning of a life-long friendship. Many tutors know their pupils by their nicknames, play golf or tennis with them, spend their vacations together. Mr. Galsworthy in *The Dark Flower* has suggested a possible drawback to this intimacy—The undergraduate may fall in love with his tutor's wife. I wish to cast no slur on the charm of the dons' wives, but this emergency is exceptional.

Colin goes to lectures and takes notes assiduously (with a quill pen if he is an Englishman, with a fountain pen if a Rhodes Scholar); he reads in the libraries, rows on the river, talks at the Union, drinks tea at the Gridiron Club; but the real testing-time comes on that once or twice a week when he slips on his black rag of a gown, tucks a notebook under his arm, and trudges up to his tutor's rooms to read his twelve or fifteen pages of essay. There in the booklined study, with a bright fire on the hearth, he sits down to read and the tutor pulls out his pipe to listen. There he is, man to man, and for very shame Colin cannot palm off anything shoddy or third-rate. It is no use merely scratching down someone else's views. You can't fool an Oxford tutor that way. Colin must have read up the subject and formed his own opinions. His essay need not be clever, but it must be an honest effort. For after it is read comes a heart-to-heart discussion, and Colin must be able to defend and explain what he has said. The tutor criticizes, suggests re-statements, even (if the essay is very poor) may ask Colin to re-write it and send it to him again. And if the tutor is a man who knows his subject and can talk about it, that one hour is worth more to Colin than a dozen hours of lectures.

And then there are the little group-meetings once a week (we in America would call them "seminars") when the tutor will have seven or

eight men up after dinner—coffee goes round, pipes are lit, someone reads a paper and discussion begins, often going on till midnight.

I have often been struck, in reading the biographies of great men, by the fact that almost always the turning-point in their career come when some inspiring teacher took hold of them, gripped them and showed them what study really means, told them what books to read, taught them the meaning and joy of the whole thing. That is my grievance against the American college today—it does not generally do this, or even try to. It does not try to make sure that every student within its walls comes into vital and intimate contact with some older man who can (in Sir Philip Sidney's phrase) "open unto him a fair prospect." It does not insist upon any direct channels of intercourse between students anxious to learn and instructors eager to instruct. Professors "lecture," but they do not *teach*. Who would try to train a football team by merely lecturing to it? Why not intellectual coaches with the same strenuousness as our football coaches. We pick out our best football players and train them to the very summit of their possibilities. Why not do so with the best students?

Teaching, like marriage, is a one-to-one affair. The duty of a mother is not merely to set food before the child, but to see that he eats it. We call the college Alma Mater, but she fails in the first function of Motherhood. The duty of a teacher is not merely to tell the student what books he ought to read, but to see that he reads them—to show him that it is more exciting to read them than not.

Think what a difference it makes to a stranger, arriving in an unknown city, to find a friend who knows the place, and who will take him about, show him the interesting things or at least tell him where to look for them. Here (he says) is a fine view to be had, there is an excellent little restaurant with good cooking and good music, yonder a quiet hotel both clean and cheap. Round this corner a quaint old churchyard lies tucked away, here we save time by taking the subway, and there we transfer for the art-gallery and the theatre, or for my club where I want you to meet my good friend, Mr. Thackeray!

The same thing may be done in the intellectual life. What a difference it would have made, O brother alumni, if some older man, with acres of enchanted ground at his disposal, had shown us the way in and helped us to stake out a claim in the gold-fields of the mind—had gripped us and rapt us out of our silly little putty selves, had not merely told us things, but had encouraged us to talk about our work, had set us to discovering things for ourselves. Why, O why, in all those four precious years, did the thing never happen? With all those priceless possibilities within

reach, why did we never attain them? It is like a man wandering for four years about a flower-garden without once seeing the flower he came there to see. Ought there not to be someone to take him to it? Even the museums nowadays have talking guides who make sure that you see the things you ought to. Has the college nothing to blame herself for? And here we are patting ourselves on the back. "*We have a reputation for a thorough academic training.*"

Let no one pretend that the thing is easy of accomplishment. It is hard, very hard, to find the right men for tutors. They must be men who know their subjects, who are enthusiastic, and have a positive genius for the human relationships. Moreover, since they are to be real *teachers*, and not mere lecturers, they cannot spend all their evenings in research, and they must be paid correspondingly higher salaries. They must be able to dispense endless coffee and tobacco to their pupils, they must be willing to play tennis with them and perhaps be beaten. They must take a real and genuine interest in their students. It is no mean problem to get men of this type. Haverford tried at one time to solve it by importing a series of Englishmen. However it is to be solved, a high salary is one essential. A college professor ought to be judged not so much for the books he writes as for the books he gets his students to read. And he cannot devote himself to teaching if he must write books all the time to supplement his salary. I remember a Williams man telling me what a pang it used to give him to see down one side of a long avenue in Williamstown the palatial mansions of the frat houses; and down the other side the tiny frame cottages of the professors!

That is what the American college needs, more vigorous cross-fertilization between faculty and students. And at Haverford the tutorial system is feasible where it would not be at a larger college. Twenty faculty, 160 students, that means only eight students to a professor. Why would it not be possible to try the experiment on some entering class?—assign each freshman to some member of the faculty (according to the line of study he wishes to pursue or to the direction his tastes lead him) and make that professor responsible for the intellectual welfare of his charges. Thus there would be at least one member of the faculty with whom Colin Clout was on intimate terms, whom he could meet on the campus without mutual embarrassment. And how much Professor Mandrake could do for Clout, '18, in four years!

It is on some such lines as these that the college problem has got to be solved. The present haphazard hit-or-miss way of lecturing to a rabble of men and letting them work or not as they like is too futile. You remember the old jest about being "exposed" to an education.

We want not merely to "expose" men to the curriculum, but to see that they get inoculated. The man-to-man method is the only way. The great problem then becomes not to find students for your college, but to find right faculty. We grade students by what the faculty think of them—why not reverse the process? Why not find out from the students which professors they are getting most from, which professors are a live inspiration? Why should an inefficient and fruitless instructor be allowed to remain year after year, paralyzing the work of a whole department? We get rid of deadhead students—why not of deadhead professors? The latter do the college far more harm.

A few Septembers ago a considerable portion of the Haverford student-body was deeply agitated by the rumor (spread abroad by two diligent jokers) that three huge Scotchmen, terrific football players, all weighing over 200 lbs. in the pink, were about to enter college and shine brightly on the football team. They were (so the story ran) mighty and swift of limb, cunning as serpents, slippery as eels. They were tinctured with Scottish Calvinism, they neither smoked nor drank nor swore, and for four years they would make the Scarlet and Black terrible on the gridiron. Laid end to end they measured 19 feet, stood shoulder to shoulder they measured three yards. Even their names were known—Andrew McGill, Mifflin McGill, Robert Burns McGill, and the President of the then Senior Class, a man wholly lacking in guile, received a plaintive letter from their father begging him to guard his boys (so stalwart in body, so innocent in mind) from the manifold temptations of college life. Boarding the train at West Philadelphia on my way out to college I was told by a member of the team that the young Scotchmen had been seen on Walton Field, and that they had the strength of Gibraltar.

Inasmuch as the famous McGill Brothers were the invention of myself and one other, they have not yet entered college, and we were much pleased at the success of our gentle jest. But I have often wondered since then whether the college would be equally flustered by the prospective entrance of three great teachers into the faculty!

For after all it by its intellectual merits that a college is finally judged, and it is the intellectual touchdowns that are its best advertisement. How many really big men are there among old Haverfordians, who are what they are because Haverford pricked them with "the sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but GO?" And when we have a faculty so generously paid and so generously inspired that they can devote their lives to high-pressure teaching and to galvanizing students into desperate valour in the same way that football coaches inspire them, then we will have more intellectual touchdowns, and we will have a college of 300

men chosen from 1,200 applicants. That will be the true advertising, which will shine like an electric signboard in the darkness of American small colleges.

C. D. MORLEY, '10.

Faith

I have dreamed of faith and the why of faith
By the stream where the mint grows wild,
By the stream where the dirty barefoot child
Sails his driftwood boats
And his paper floats,
And the pungent mint grows wild.

I have watched the ships of the angels blow
In the stream where the mint grows wild,
In the brook where the dirty barefoot child
God-sped his chips,
With childish lips,
To their graves where the mint grows wild.

But the angel-ships have sailed away
From the mint-beds lush and wild.
And the lonely boats of the barefoot child
Sail to and fro,
For weal or woe,
And the mint is growing wild.

And I learned of faith and the why of faith
By the stream where the mint grows wild,
Where a little unkempt barefoot child
Was sailing chips
With the angel-ships,—
And I know why the angels smiled.

E. C. B., '16.

Leaves from a Rhiney's Diary

September 24th.

GOT up early this morning, kissed Ma and Pa good-bye and walked down to the station with Jim and Zekey. They kept telling me what a fine thing it was to be going away to a college like Haverford, said I ought to be a big man down there, and wished they were going with me. I didn't feel so very happy, somehow, and when the train pulled out of Elmyra I had a big lump in my throat. That's the sorrow of parting, I suppose.

Travelled most all day. Changed cars at West Philadelphia and got on a Main Line train. A very kind chap came and sat down beside me. After a few minutes of conversation he said he knew I was a Rhiney by my clothes. He said he was a Junior and would be glad to defend me from the Sophs. when they came at me. I thanked him with tears in my eyes. He was an awful kind-looking fellow named Parker. Before we got to Haverford he was calling me "Joe, old top," and I was calling him Ed. He said that in college there were certain things the Juniors always did for the Freshmen. Among these by far the most important was to provide an occupation. One of the last things that Pa told me this morning was not to be idle, so I accepted eagerly. I was to be Ed's minion. I didn't know what that meant, but not caring to show any ignorance I winked my eye at him and said "Paw-Paw." That was the only thing I knew of that had anything to do with minion. I did not have long to ponder over this point before we stopped at Haverford. Ed got up, jerked his finger at his suit case, and said, "Minion! the bag royal!" By this time I was quite nervous. In my desire to be obedient and prompt I picked up the wrong suit case. Ed. did not notice this, nor I either till we had gotten down to the platform and were mingling with a crowd of jovial college fellows. Then I felt something scratching in the bag. I set it down hastily and said to Ed, "That's your bag of course." Ed. said no, dammit, it wasn't. He opened it and found it was meant for a dog. The dog was very glad to get out in the air. Everybody thought it was a great joke except Ed. and me. They said I'd have to stand for the crowd. I knew what that meant, and I was awful glad to make such a hit with such a fine bunch of fellows, but as Pa had said, if I was going to have any principles at all I might just as well start off the first thing. So I looked as grateful as possible while I gestured with one hand to stop the noise.

"Fellows," I said, "you're an awful fine crowd and I know I'm

going to like you all a lot, but I promised Pa and Ma this morning that liquor——”

At this point I was rudely interrupted by yells and howls. They all said they liked me a lot, and nothing would do but for me to go with them and participate in whatever deviltry they might undertake. We went down stairs and through a dark tunnel,—which I suppose is for the people to use when they haven't got tickets. We crossed the street and came to a place called Harboe's. We all went inside. It was a sort of a cabaret-bar effect,—the place, they told me, where the fellows go for their “beer-nights.” They all made a good deal of a time over me. I was introduced to the proprietor, a little man with white whiskers, whom they called “ole man Harboe.” He looked at me sort of suspiciously and asked me if I was after a “Weekly” ad. The fellows all laughed and said no, this was the HAVERFORDIAN's year. Harboe seemed a little embarrassed at this, and quickly asked what service he might perform me. I said, “Well, I guess we'll have something to drink. What'll you fellows have?”

They all said, “Oh you order, Joe,” so I looked very nonchalant while my brain was working very hard. Finally, I remembered the name of a drink I had once seen a man drinking, so I nodded easily to Harboe and said, “Let's have a round of Tim Hollin's.” He is evidently deaf, because he put his hand back of his ear and said “What?”

“Tim Hollins,” I said with a little vexation. Harboe's face seemed to brighten.

“Chocolate or vanilla?” he asked, groping for a bottle.

By this time I was quite sure the fellows were joshing me, so I laughed as loud as I could, and said, “Well, the joke's on me. Let's have plain chocolate sody.”

Ole man Harboe made the sodies. I sipped mine through a straw. It was awful, but I got it all down. I think old man Harboe isn't as innocent as he looks. The other fellows all seemed to enjoy theirs, so I didn't say anything. When I went into my pocket after my purse I found it wasn't there. I knew I had it when I left the station. The fellows said not to worry, it really wasn't worth while looking for it, it was getting so dark. Ole man Harboe seemed to be the only one who took it at all seriously. He wanted to light a lantern and go out after it. Ed. Parker told him no,—not to do it,—he could charge the sodies to a fellow up at college named Oskar Chase. I said “Very well,” thinking that this fellow Chase must be awful kind-hearted to take on other people's bills that way, but they all said no, he always did.

We left Harboe's and walked on down the street. It was great to

be with such a crowd. We sang a song about a jolly tinker who was waiting for a scrimmage. This led to football. I told them I had played some on my High School team, and I promised I'd come out for the team to a great big fellow who they said was captain and all muscle-bound in the legs. I think his name was Sangaree.

By this time we had come to a cross street where there was an awful smell. I said "What is that smell?" and Mike Kelly (Sophomore and the only real Quaker in the bunch) said, "That's the Ardmore gas tank. You'll get used to it."

I said I hoped so, and quickly changed the subject. Some of the fellows left us at a place called "Merion." They said they lived there. I thought it was awful close to that gas tank, and somehow I pitied them.

We walked up the sidewalk a ways and then jumped a fence in order to walk on the softer grass. I noticed the fellows all headed over to the right, but thought I had picked the shortest course when I suddenly found myself all wet. I shouted "Hey there!" but they said it was only the College Pond. I looked around and saw nothing but cows. However, I suppose they must drink.

Pretty soon we came to a great big building, all lighted up and very noisy. Everybody left me here except the Sophomore Mike Kelly, who said that as he also roomed in North he would take me to my room. We walked down a long hall and went up a pair of iron stairs which made me think of the State pen. in Elmyra. In my room I found my roommate. His name is Bud Thorn, and seems very nice. I have unpacked and gotten everything ready for the college year, which begins tomorrow. I have been writing this now for about two hours, and don't know why I should write so much, but I suppose it is because at the great turning-points in one's life one must somehow record one's feelings. I am now going to keep the Night Watch and then "To bed, to bed,"—as the fellow said who was sleepy.

P. S.

12.10. Am so excited I can hardly write. I woke up hearing a great clamor and started to get up when suddenly I found myself underneath my bed, which seemed to break down altogether. There were a whole lot of fellows here with searchlights. One told me to stand up and another pushed me down. Then they all left. Wondering what the lark was I lighted my lamp. It is now going out,—it—has—gone—out—and—Great Scott! my—bed!

K. P. A. T., '15.

The Buckskin Bag

OLD BILL CUMMINS and I sat with our backs against the "dobe" buildings. We were on the summit of a "niggerhead," the mountain falling away abruptly on all sides. A big moon attended by countless stars swung in the clear sky making the peaks stand out distinctly. In sharp contrast the valley lay below us shadowed in blackness. The office and several smaller buildings clung to the top of the "niggerhead" and a group of miners' huts was clustered on its side. The sound of heavy voices and of poker chips came from the open door at our side.

Bill was thoughtful this evening. He never was a man quick to speak. As he leaned against the wall in idle comfort I wondered at his huge six-foot frame, clear-cut tanned face and grey eyes. He was a man every inch of him. He could rope and ride and handle a gun as no other man for miles around. How I loved Bill that night—loved him with boyish fervor. I watched every movement of his face. He stared fixedly out against the moon, his eyes, usually so full of life and action, seemed touched with melancholy. His pipe burnt out and as soon as he was conscious of it he pulled a small buckskin bag from his pocket and began feeding the caked bowl. I watched him.

"That's a fine 'weed-bag' you have, Bill," I remarked just to make him talk.

He looked slowly out across the valley and sighed lightly, I thought.

"A fine little bag to be sure," he said, "an' a fine story it's got too."

Of course I asked to hear the story, which strangely enough Bill readily agreed to tell and striking a sulphurous match, he lit his pipe and began the story of the Buckskin Bag.

"It was 'bout ten year or more ago, when brother 'Ed' an' me come down into Arizona from Nevada whar we'd been prospectin' round fer a couple o' year with dern poor luck. We finally corraled in the town of Gela in Maricopa county an' as things look pretty fair thar'bouts we outfitted an' fell to prospectin' agin. Fer a year we tracked over them hellish hills with only 'nuf pickin's to keep us livin'. 'Ed' he was fer given up, but I kept sayin', 'Jes 'nother year 'Ed' an' we'll strike it yet.' The spirit of the game had got in my blood an' I'd 'a died huntin' fer gold. The life made me rougher an' tougher an' I fergot all the principles I ever had. But 'Ed' he never was as rough as me, he allers managed to keep dern straight. I allers said 'Ed' was too good to live an' sure 'nuf he was an' died 'fore 'nother year rolled round. This was the way it come 'bout.

We heard from a "Greaser" of an old abandoned "diggin" 'bout sixty miles north of Gila an' we thought we'd take a chance, so we outfitted fresh an' took the trail. But it wharn't as easy as we'd 'spected. It come terrible slow but we stuck an' we dug an' 'cursed our luck but still we dug. 'Ed' had this yar little bag, he ust 'a keep his terbacco in it, but we kep' puttin' our scanty finds in it an' after two months diggin' we hadn't any more an' filled it. So we decided to pull up stakes an' turn back to Gila. When we halved up we'd 'a each had 'nuf to have a week of fun an' I was itchin' fer excitement an' longin' to spend thet dern gold what had come so hard. But poor 'Ed' he never was to get no fun from his labor, at least not in this world. All thet last week he hadn't any more an' been able to drag himself 'round. The work had told on him awful. An' so on our last night at the diggins he was taken sick an' died 'fore sun-rise. I nursed him all through the night an' made death as easy fer him as I could. . . . Yes, I made it as easy as I could fer him."

Bill paused for a few minutes; he was apparently retracing in his memory the events he had just related. Even a heart such as his, I thought, calloused from constant contact with rough life, could not lose all of its tender feelings.

"You see thar warn't nothin' much 'bout camp in a medical way. Well, I prayed fer poor "Ed's soul an' at sun-rise carried him out an' buried him in the diggins whar he'd worked himself to death. It certainly was dern hard 'Ed' didn't have a chance to spend his share 'fore he went over. . . . I packed the things up an' after two days ridin' landed in Gila an' in ten days I'd emptied this 'ere little bag of every last grain of dust in 'er. I've aller kep' it 'cause it belonged to 'Ed,' an' it's all I have 'o hisn to 'member him by. 'Ed' sure was a fine fellow, but he was too good to live."

Bill Cummins knocked the ashes from his pipe against a stone and relapsing into his former silent mood he gazed into the dark shadowed valley below us. I knew Bill would talk no more that evening.

The sound of poker chips still came from the "office." The highest peaks were nearer the moon and the lights in the "dobe" huts on the mountain-side had nearly all disappeared.

"'Bout time fer you to turn in, ain't it, kid?"

Bill went into the office and I to my cot to dream of brother "Ed" and the Buckskin Bag.

* * * * *

Several weeks have passed since Bill Cummins told me the story of the Buckskin Bag. It was noon and Juarez Plaza vibrated in the intense

heat of the sun. Not a human being was to be seen. Not a breath of air stirred the dust or moved the leaves of the young trees.

Suddenly some Mexicans appeared in the door-ways of their shops and hurried towards the Montezuma Hotel. The loud report of a revolver echoing back and forth had awakened the sleeping plaza. In one corner of the bar-room a group of miners and Mexicans was crowding around a small card-table. One of the men stood with a revolver in his hand looking scornfully at the figure of a man lying under the table. There lay Bill Cummins in a pool of blood. There was no confusion. The bartender continued to remove the empty glasses and wipe down the bar. With curiosity the men gazed at the bloody figure on the floor. It was the proprietor who first spoke.

"Boys, guess we'd better make Bill a little comfortable."

A serape was spread over a wooden bench and Bill was stretched out on his back. Burning whisky was poured down his throat and slowly he opened his blood-shot eyes and stared at the men about him.

"Boys, guess I'm done fer this time. Send fer 'Doc', will ye."

Bill's eyes dropped shut and the blood continued to ooze from the wound in his head. "Doc" had already been summoned. When he entered the bar-room the men drew back respectfully. He placed a chair beside the wounded man. Then he took his pulse. Bill opened his eyes.

"It's you ain't it, 'Doc'?"

"Yes, Bill," the doctor was anxiously looking at his watch. His face grew serious.

"'Doc,' — I've got somethin' kind o' private I want to talk to you 'bout."

The doctor motioned to the men and they filed quietly out of the room.

"Well Bill, what do you want to tell me?"

"'Doc,' — guess thar ain't much chance fer me pullin' through, this time, is thar?"

"I'm afraid not Bill. That's a nasty wound and your pulse is very weak."

"Doc,'—Guess thar ain't much chance fer a cuss like me in heaven is thar?"

"The Lord is very merciful, Bill."

"Yes Doc, but He ain't to sinners like me. 'Doc,' did you ever know I had a brother'?"

"I've heard you did. Died up in Maricopa, didn't he?"

"You heerd right 'Doc.' 'Ed' sure was a fine fellow, he'd a done anything fer me, 'Ed' would. I allers said 'Ed' was too good to live.

And 'Doc,' 'Ed' he never died natural like, he was shot in his sleep. I made death as easy as I could fer him, I swear to God I did. 'Doc' 'twas me killed 'Ed.'"

D. B. V. H., '15.

The Boy with a Twisted Knee

There was an old, old sailor
And a boy with a twisted knee
Who loved to play together
On an old, old wharf by the sea.
They played the games of children
In the best of boyish glee
This sailor of sixty and seven,
This lad just half-past three.
For hours they'd play "cat's cradle"
On finger's horny and wee
For hours they'd play together
The game of "seek and see."
But the finest game of the games they'd played
Was the game of the King's Navy.
"I'm Nelson and the English ships,"
Cries the lad just half-past three.
"I'm France," shouts the old, old sailor
"You'll fight for victory:"
"I am Sir Richard Grenville";
This boy with a twisted knee.
For he knew his much-fought sailor
Was the Spanish fifty-three.
They'd fight till the lad was falling
Wounded in his knee,
At once, his aged opponent
Was worsted in naval melee.
This sailor of sixty and seven
By a lad just half-past three
This kind old, old, old sailor
By a boy with a twisted knee.

H. W. E., '14.

The Three

EXCEPTING for the humming of the spheres there was silence in the heavens for the three spirits who sat at the foot of God were listening.

One was a prophet, the second a prince and the third an artizan's son.

Finally Mahomet smote his sword and cried:

"From the sands of Africa to the Vales of Iran do I hear the groanings of thousands upon thousands; for they whom I have taught are sore afflicted crying 'Allah, Allah'—but they see no light. Yet did I do my best, teaching them to go forth and conquer in the name of God."

Then Prince Gautama, seated upon his throne of lotus bloom was stirred from the depths of his meditation and murmured:

"From the sun parched plains of India to the fair Isles of the East I hear the chant of myriads singing 'Hail All Omnipotent Buddha!'—but they see no light. Yet did I do my best, teaching them in the name of God to master self and thus attain Nirvana."

Finally, Christ the carpenter spoke:

"All the multitudes of the West have heard my voice and though they claim my name their prayers grow faint and fainter. In the petty roar of commerce and the clinking of gold their cries no longer reach me. Yet those who have sought me have found the light. I am sore aggrieved."

Then the Prophet and the Sage of Sakya both cried out together:

"If thy children are forgetting thee, then pray answer the cries of ours, for though they grope in darkness they are still seeking the light. And we cannot show them the way—moreover we are very, very weary."

And God from the immeasurable heights of heaven cried:

"It is just."

Hearing this both Mahomet and Buddha fell asleep and Jesus with inexpressible compassion, bowed by the weight of his cross, again settled down to watch through the ages.

And except for the humming of the spheres there was silence in the heavens for the Deity who sits alone at the foot of God was listening.

Y. N., '15.

Marcia

MARCIA EDWARDS laid down her spindle of red silk as the whistle blew the hour of quitting. She joined the line of laborers, men and women, boys and girls, who already filed down the street in a throbbing mass. Another day's work was done and all were glad of a few hours freedom. For the past week I had watched this same incident. It fascinated me in many ways. Most of the moving throng walked home on leaden feet, but there was one, Marcia, who seemed to skip and at times almost to run. While others were sad and serious, tired and careworn, she was glad and gay, smiling and happy. This striking contrast to her companions had first drawn my attention to the maid of eighteen. The day's labor never seemed to sap all her vitality. She lived in a world of her own, a world apart from those with whom she labored, a world which brought her happiness and joy. Surely she must find pleasure in spinning the web and watching the figures complete themselves in the cloth. In this she saw something others failed to do and it was this something that acted as a tonic to her nature.

Then my work of factory inspection forced me to another town for a week, yet so vividly had this face been impressed upon my mind that I longed to fathom the mystery of what made its owner happy while others were sad. Perhaps if I could do so, my work would not be in vain and I should discover something vital for the department which employed me. This was the most interesting of all the types I had seen.

The next week, therefore, found me back in Paterson, and the evenings as usual were spent in watching the workmen as they filed through the gateway. I sought for the vision of my dreams, but sought in vain. She did not go by in the passing throng. For four days I watched and then decided to go through the mill. Perchance I could see her or at least find out what had happened. All forenoon we wandered through the shops inspecting every machine, its workmen, safety appliances and other details, but not one glimpse did I catch of my little black haired and dark brown-eyed lass. Toward the latter part of the afternoon we came to the weaving room with all its banging and clatter. Girls were all around, but *The One* was not to be seen among them. After going over the department, near a window we came to a machine which was not running and the foreman in answer to our glance said, "A girl was hurt last week, only slightly, however, and as yet we have found no one to take her place. She was one of the best workers and of great influence

among all the others on account of her happy, cheerful disposition." Then with a chuckle the grim Irishman remarked:—"She can do more with people than me and I miss her a lot." Here was my chance. Surely this must be the girl. Her injury ought to be examined, so I inquired the name and address, resolved to pay her a call.

That evening I set out to find the house. It was on a narrow side street, a two story brick one, but differentiated from its surroundings by being a little more cleanly and neat. Upon ringing the bell an elderly lady came to the door and invited me in. The room which served as a parlor, was void of any pictures and puritanic throughout. The furniture was of that stiff nature which history and ancestors tell us belongs to those who were strictly religious. At the bareness and dreariness an involuntary chill ran up and down my spine. Then along the hall I heard Marcia coming and as she entered the room a light and warmth seemed to come with her. I noticed that her hand was in a sling. After she had read my card, I told her of my work, of the journey through the mills, and how sorry the foreman had been that she was hurt. Also I told her how she was missed. She was intensely pleased and as we talked her eyes flashed, the same cheerful expression was predominant, even more noticeable in contrast with her injury and the expected sadness. She told me how her hand had been mashed by a lever. "It was entirely my fault," she said. "I oughter been more careful. I was plannin' as usual and warn't watchin' what was goin' on." We talked over several things concerning the mill and its people and as she talked I became more interested in her bright way of putting things. The conversation had been going on about twenty minutes when her mother came to the door and said "Marcia, it's about time for church; are you ready?" Then addressing herself to me she said, "Beg pardon, sir, but ever since my husband died I have always kept the custom of going to church three times a week and Marcia and her brother always go with me. It is a good thing for the children to get into the habit. It keeps them off the street and away from the shows. Marcia is just like her father; she has that same wild streak; loves to be goin' all the time." I saw I was in for a lecture unless I diverted the conversation. While she had been talking I had been thinking how uncomfortable were my quarters at the hotel. Perhaps I could find lodgings here. More than ever had I been fascinated by the girl and wanted to know her better. After the mother had talked herself out, for I have always found it best to allow them to do so, I asked, after I had explained what I was doing:—"Have you a room I could rent?" Never before have I undergone such a scrutiny as that which she gave me, but finally she said, "Well, perhaps I have a room. It is a small back one. Do you want to see it?"

The room, although quite a small one, was much more cleanly than the one at the hotel. Also I could see Marcia nearby at least once a day. It was soon agreed that I move in on the following Monday. By this time Marcia was ready for church and the mother, throwing an old shawl over her shoulders, walked along with her son and Marcia and I followed. For the first time I realized what made the girl so different from others even at the first meeting. It was the whole rhythm of her body; the lithe movement which comes to some as they pass from girlhood to womanhood; the perfection of movement which the tiger at its prime acquires. She seemed to walk on air and scarcely to touch the pavement at all. As we got to know each other better on the way, she talked of things she longed to do. Never once did she mention her work. Hers seemed to be as life subordinated to the dream world of higher ideals in which she lived. As we passed a theater with its gay posters, her eyes sparkled and half aloud lest her mother should hear she said, "I always wanted to see a show. The posters attract me. How I would love to see them dance." At this point her mother looked back and apparently as expected caught her looking at the posters, and in a sharp tone urged her on. Soon we arrived at the church and saying good-bye at the door, left them.

On Monday, I transferred my small belongings to the house. In the meantime another visitor had come; it was Miss Edwards, the sister of Marcia's father, familiarly known as Aunt Mary. I was late that night and for several nights afterward so Marcia and I had only a few casual remarks as she poured my coffee and waited on me. I could see that she was tired for she had gone back to work and also suffered a great deal of pain from her injury, although she never complained. It was not until Sunday that we had another chat. The noon meal was just over. The brother and aunt had left the room and Marcia and her mother were clearing the table. As Marcia passed me I touched her hand to attract her attention. With a start she stopped, returned the squeeze and tingling with emotions looked up into my face. It flashed through my mind then what would happen to such a temperament if it should not have the chance of an overflow soon. Here was a girl with a disposition which only love and sympathy can raise to the highest and make it bloom and flourish, yet she was being restrained and killed by an unsympathetic, unthinking, cold mother. What might happen from some touch of the hand, some word whispered in her ear by the wrong person? She was not the kind that reason; emotions were her motor nerves to actions. 'Tis such girls, as she when love of the right sort is denied, who make the under-world. Such were my thoughts as she stood with tingling nerves and gazed into my face. The depth of her soul shone in her sparkling eyes.

It must have been a moment or two before I could speak again, for at last her instinct made her draw away and the motion awoke me from my reverie. In a whisper, so that her mother could not hear, I asked "Wouldn't you like to take a walk this afternoon?" She nodded her head and replied, "I'd like to go, but mother may not let me. You must ask her." With a backward glance and a smile she passed through the doorway and after a short time I followed. "May Marcia go for a walk with me this afternoon?" I asked. "No," said Mrs. Edwards, "I don't think she had better go." Then Aunt Mary, who had just entered, spoke up, "Oh, sister, let her go; it will do her good to get out into the sunshine. She'll be back in time for supper and church, you needn't worry."

After considering the matter for a while, while I looked her full in the eyes and she sized me up, the mother said, "All right, but be sure you're back early. Marcia will be ready when she finishes the dishes."

I went off to my room to smoke and think. I thought of all sorts of things as the blue smoke rolled in the air. At last I heard a faint knock at the door and upon opening it saw Marcia ready for the walk. I seized my hat and we started off.

"Where do you want to go," I said.

"Let's go into the country, out where the woods are," she replied. So we wandered along the park, up the river walks and finally came to a rock on the brow of a hill. From here we could see the city below us and the river as it meandered by. We were entirely alone with the trees, the birds, the shadows and sunbeams. For a time we sat in silence, then the scene mastered Marcia and she could be still no longer. "Isn't it grand? See that sunbeam there how it dances back and forth among the leaves. Look at the figure it makes on the ground." I placed my hand upon hers as it lay on the rock. As before I felt a similar thrill run through her body at the touch. Involuntarily she leaned toward me and at that instant a tie was made never to be broken. We began to talk of our work. First I told her of mine and what I wished to accomplish, and then she told me of herself. "'Tis three years now since my father died and I have worked in the mills ever since. I wanted my brother to continue his schooling for it means so much for a boy to have an education. So I went to work." For a time she was silent again and gazed off into the distance where smoke was curling from a factory stack. Then she caught sight of a sunbeam coming through the tree and playing tag with some dry wind-tossed leaves. Gradually we had come closer together and our shoulders touched. My arm was around her waist. A mosquito buzzed around my ear and I hit at it. The noise

brought her back to earth again and she continued: "I don't mind the work, however. They are all very nice to me. The foreman doesn't make me rush and besides I have a machine by the window. In the afternoon the sun shines in and I see the beams playing and dancing among the web and watch the threads as they weave together into a figure. They are almost human to me. I sometimes think they have a life for they move so gracefully. I call it the Dance of the Sunbeams, and I often attempt to see if I can imitate it."

As she said this she looked me in the face to see what I thought of it and as I smiled back and went on: "That is the reason I always wanted to go to a show and see the people dance. I was thinking of the dance and wasn't watching what I did when I got hurt, so I couldn't blame them. Wonder if I'll ever see anyone dance the way I see those sunbeams do?"

At last I had found out what enabled her to work through the day and at evening go forth with a vitality greater than her companions. Just at this minute we heard some one coming along the path and, clambering from the rock, we walked home in the sunset. Within the brief time we had become so well acquainted that only a look or touch hereafter would convey a meaning too deep for words. There were sympathetic chords in our natures which vibrated to the same emotions.

During the week I had several talks with her Aunt. Ever since her plea in my behalf, I had considered her my friend, and as I got to know her better, (although she had the same severe expression,) I found she was entirely different from her sister-in-law. Indeed, she was not in sympathy with the treatment of the children, yet I saw she feared Mrs. Edwards to such a degree that she could not speak her mind. I found, also, I could trust and confide in her. I told her of our conversation and the Dance of the Sunbeams. She was as interested in the matter as I had been and exclaimed; "Oh how like her father she is!" After some thinking and planning we concocted a scheme by which we could see Marcia do this dance for us.

It was Friday night of my third week. I came home late that evening and as planned found Marcia and Aunt Mary there. They said that Mrs. Edwards refused to allow Marcia to stay home from church with her, but after much pleading she finally gave in. Marcia went off to put on some clothes which she said were necessary for the dance and we took seats beside the table. Then she said she was ready, and like a flash jumped through the doorway. The lamp shone down on a slim figure dressed in yellow, with red stockings peeping out below. Her long black hair was hanging over her shoulders. With a slow movement

she began the dance and then faster and more intricate she whirled until her sunbeam and shades chased each other down to sunset and slowly faded away. Then she ceased and we begged her to repeat it; her aunt more enthusiastic than I. Supremely happy at our praise she began again, but in the midst suddenly stopped. We saw she was looking at some one behind us, and turning around we saw Mrs. Edwards. She stood with hands up and mouth wide open, so astonished she could only say, "Well!"

Then Aunt Mary did something which made me love her at the time, and I have continued to do so ever since.

"Well, Jane, I suppose you're somewhat surprised, but just let me tell you, you oughtn't to be. If you'd spend half the time in getting to know the natures of your boy and girl instead of trottin' off to church so much and scolding when things don't happen the way you want, why you'd be much better off. That girl's got a lot of artistic temperament in her. I never knew it myself until recently. You've just held it down and to-night it exploded. She's just like her father and dear knows, you scolded and fretted him so much that he died before his time. Now you want to kill Marcia. Let me tell you, you'd better think about letting her come back with me and study." Aunt Mary, thoroughly excited, could say no more. Mrs. Edwards was as much surprised by this outbreak in her sister-in-law as she had been by Marcia's performance. Marcia was sent to bed and, as she passed me, for the first time I saw tears in her eyes. I caught her hand and whispered a word of encouragement and she smiled again. Mrs. Edwards and Aunt Mary sat up late that night and discussed a plan Aunt Mary and I had worked out together.

The next Monday I left for New York. My work in that place was over. I must go on, but the sadness was tempered by the fact that Marcia was soon to follow. Her mother had finally consented to allow her to study with an old friend of mine. I rejoiced in the knowledge that I had aided one person to accomplish her greatest desire and perhaps saved her from a life of horror.

The year rolled by very quickly. I had heard from Marcia several times and she continually spoke of her work. She was making a great success and her aunt wrote, "I could not live without having Marcia around. She laughs me out of all my cranky ways and foibles." So it is with those who follow the way of their sunbeams.

For two years we watched her success. Along with her artistic expression in dancing, she had acquired a rich soprano voice. Never shall I forget the night when she first appeared in the title role of "The

Girl in Blue." I was out in the Middle West at the time and had seen her but once since she had come to live with her aunt. The night the invitation came I packed my suitcase and left work for a week's vacation. Aunt Mary and I along with Mrs. Edwards occupied seats in the manager's box, and the whole evening we were fascinated by what we saw. Never before had she seemed so beautiful. The play was a success and *the dance* was a glory. She was forced to repeat it three times. The flowers handed over the lights were a great joy to us as to her and we still treasure the three thrown to us.

So the third year rolled on. Then came the time when I came back from Europe. For three months I had heard nothing from Marica or Aunt Mary. I sent a telegram stating when I would land, but was surprised to see both at the wharf when I got off. Marcia was dressed in black and her face seemed very white. Her mother had died about a month ago, after a short illness, and Marcia had been her sole comfort day and night; so Aunt Mary told me. She was not going to work for a time. The next evening was a glorious one and we spent it together under the stars along the Hudson. Many things happened to make it memorable, but the best of all is that one year hence Marcia will no longer do the Dance of the Sunbeams for the public. Such is the way of those who follow the sunbeams.

1914.

Villanelle

A dainty little maid are you;
No art could better, that I ween.
You sit demurely in your pew.

No flower of spring, bejewelled with dew,
Has any fairer, fresher shewn;
A dainty little maid are you.

The song-bird there, with plumage new,
To vie with you, must ever preen.
You sit demurely in your pew.

No brush could better place to view
Your hands, whose equal ne'er was seen,
A dainty little maid are you.

O Romance that there might have been!
 The picture's Grandma at eighteen!
 You sit demurely in your pew,
 A dainty little maid are you.

H. G., '15.

Book Reviews

The Untrimmed Lamp. BY JOHN CROWNSHIELD. *Wimbeldon Co.*

MR. CROWNSHIELD is a young man, and moreover, a young man who is as yet little known to the average novel reader; but if we are to take his first published novel, "The Untrimmed Lamp" as a fair specimen of the work that is to follow we may feel safe in guaranteeing him a very broad, if not perhaps a great career. For "The Untrimmed Lamp" is a thoroughly good piece of work, a work indeed of which many an older and more experienced man might be proud.

The characterization, the subtle shading of the individualities, are carried out forcefully and yet with a very evident delicacy. And this is the more creditable in that the theme is one that, by over accentuation of detail, or by a relaxation of the restraint that marks this book from its fellows, might easily become unpleasant, if not absolutely distasteful. Take for instance the character of Ella, who, if the book can be said to have a heroine, must certainly take that place. Treated by one less skillful than is Mr. Crownshield the details of a life of somewhat doubtful virtue would be either cheaply tawdry or absolutely impossible. In this case, however, we are able to read and as we do so to understand many things beyond the bare skeleton of plot. We are shown the economic forces that are brought into play even by our simplest actions, and above all a note is struck of charity and forbearance. As for Vernon, one can not blame him particularly; he is the outgrowth of the prejudices and virtues of his class. He is undoubtedly a cad, but he is an unintentional cad—is even at times actuated by the most altruistic of motives.

If any great fault is to be found with the book it must be sought for amongst the minor characters. The very number of these is in itself a fault, for the reader, lost in the midst of a mob of characters the great majority of whom have not even a remote influence on the action, is greatly liable to be distracted from the main points at issue. Not that

many of these minor personages are not worthy creations—the “boots” at the lodging house is eminently so—but they would be seen better to advantage were they not, as it were, in our way, in so far as they impede the progress of the story.

The influence of the Victorian poets, particularly of Keats and Swinburne, are easily detected in Mr. Crownshield's style. There are passages here and there throughout the book that are startling for their sheer beauty. In that chapter that describes the rain in Kensington Gardens the author has accomplished a onomaptopœdic masterpiece. This very virtue may also prove a fault for even in “The Untrimmed Lamp” we may see indications of loss of control of thought through indulgences of style.

Let us hope, however, that time will do away with these imperfections and that in a few years we may be able to hail Mr. Crownshield as one of the best of that school of younger Englishmen who are doing so much for the fiction of today. And I do not think that we shall have long to wait.

L. B. L., '14.

Undergraduate Criticism

Ideas

THE other day I heard two budding authors on parting for their rooms to do some necessary writing, speak thus: Author A—“I'm going to my room to write.” Author B—“I'm going up and try to get an idea, I have to do some writing too, such-and-such.” Author A (attempting to be epigrammatic)—“By Jove, Ben, I believe that is the difference between us, you get an idea and write, and I write until I get an idea.”

In good old ministerial style, I who was at my wits end for an idea for my monthly ramble, decided to take this bit of dialogue for my text. What was the idea in the composition of the stories, verse, articles, etc., that I had been struggling through, or occasionally been carried through by interest, in the midst of the Exchanges, new and old, that afternoon? Or did all of them have ideas? That they did have ideas of some sort was taken for granted.

Then it was for me to find out so far as I could, what they were, and to praise or blame accordingly.

Beforehand it was to be decided what ideas should be excoriated and what should be lauded. If the idea was to entertain or to instruct

it should certainly be legitimate, (though those which should be entertaining in their attempts to instruct, should not be otherwise than damned.) Some might be meant to cause cogitation, though not decisive in their treatment. They should not be regretted. Others might be scintillating, abounding in gracefully turned phrases, sophisticated, cynical and discouraging. Snobbishly discouraging and not to be tolerated they should be termed. What is cynicism but a snobbishness of the intellect, at least amongst college men? With these who are older it may not be. Weakness of mind, or indifference may be a legitimate excuse for them.

Exploring still further into the material of my text it appeared that all ideas must emanate in a negative or positive direction from the two heads; entertainment and instruction. Cynicism being a negative development of the idea of instruction, and unsuccessful attempts at instruction, negative developments of the idea of entertainment. The negative developments should be, mayhap narrowly, unconditionally damned. The positive ones should be lauded in measure as the idea approaches the ideal. Those which are inspiring because they point to some lofty and noble goal, should be considered to contain the utmost in the realm of ideas. Those which being "commentary on life," comment on those qualities of it which make us glad we are alive, should be welcomed. They are positive. Those which comment on the things which make us unhappy, but which do so in a hopeful manner and one inspiring to helpfulness, are also positive in idea.

Now with the idea of ideas more or less clearly before us let us hold our court. We will not pick up articles indiscriminately, but will choose those which illustrate various ideas. For ourself we hope, by seeing the different ideas as they are developed, to ascertain that sort which is most agreeable to us. At the same time we wish to share with our readers, if there chance to be any, our impulse to think on the relation of ideas to writing.

In *The Magazine*, of the University of Texas, there are three compositions, a sketch, a poem, and a short story by the same person. The spirit of any one expresses that of the others. Let us look at the story, "A Whited Sepulchre." The subject doesn't sound inspiring or fresh, but read on. Absorb the crude atmosphere of a lumbering settlement at "Antelope Gap." Watch a gently bred man, used to the finer things of life, trying to endure a lonely existence amongst the rude men over whom he is manager. Observe the impossibility of any social life other than that offered by shoddy girls and slatternly women. Regret with him the absence of the theatre, opera, congenial friends with whom

to walk and talk. Then when you have become sufficiently concerned be pleased to meet a cheery, hopeful school teacher, whom the youngsters adore and the men (and women too) worship. Not a girl devoid of opportunity we learn later, but a girl from the 'gayest society in New Orleans,' whose parents have died leaving her penniless. Watch his growing interest, her sunniness, enjoy the intimate friendship into which they enter (and above all stifle that word 'trite' they *don't* marry). When the crisis comes, and Kenneth Hall, breaking down with discouragement at his surroundings, is about to hand in his resignation and, 'Sue' is disgusted with him; when Sue's mask of cheerfulness drops, and he sees her difficulty in overcoming a like repugnance to his; when they both decide to go on with renewed courage because she soon regains hers, don't push the story away because it is commonplace. It isn't. The idea of it, or its spirit is helpful and inspiring. Read it and be a quitter if you can.

While we have *The Magazine* in our hands, let us look at "And Family." It has all the sordidness that "A Whited Sepulchre" begins with, but it never rises above it. Circus day in Notreville, Texas, a dun-colored and dusty day, a dreary drive to town by a farmer with his family, and his desertion of his expectant children and weary wife at a grocery store, gets us half way through the tale. Skilfully written, atmosphere perfect, we find no fault with technique. Towards sun-down our farmer returns to his family, drunk, he has seen the circus, tells his wife, "It washent fitten fer a 'oman an' shildern t' go to," and they drive home. Perhaps the idea here is a good one, but we have to draw our own good from it. A cynic will say, "well that's life" and be fortified in his position. A W. C. T. U. lady will say "evils of drink." Let us not praise the idea of this. It is not positive, certainly.

In *The Occident* of the University of California we find a story which in the telling we can not praise too highly. "Core 'Ngrate,' The story of a Neapolitan.' A singer picked from the gutter (not an original idea), a description of his training, and of the goodbye to his sweetheart before he goes to Paris to make his debut, in which she stabs him in the throat for deserting her and the consequent ruin of his career, briefly outlines the story. Much is there which an outline can not show and the story is very positively entertaining. A pleasant rest from high purpose we breathe.

We could illustrate more ideas if we would, but maybe a few will serve as well as many to start us thinking upon the subject of ideas and writing.

E. M. P., '15.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

D. WAPLES, 1914, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

J. P. GREEN, 1914
H. W. ELKINTON, 1914
YOSHO NIHOBE, 1915

E. C. BYE, 1916

E. M. PHARO, 1915
K. P. A. TAYLOR, 1915
D. B. VAN HOLLEN, 1915

BUSINESS MANAGER
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SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER
JOSEPH C. FERGUSON, 3RD, 1914

ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER
ALBERT G. GARRIGUES, 1916

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the first of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the date of issue.

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VOL. XXXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 6

Editorial

ASSUMING that these editorials of ours have a small and select body of readers, we feel that some explanation of the editorial platform is due them by way of compensation. You must have observed that we do not seem happy. We are not, yet the cause of our unhappiness may be unknown to you. Know then that our spirit is torn between two conflicting emotions, the desire to appear intelligent and the reluctance to sermonize. In short, we must appeal both to alumni and undergraduates.

However superficially you consider this position of ours you must admit that it is a painful one. We feel at times that alumni subscribers are not showing us the attention we deserve and proceed forthwith to discuss questions at issue in the student body. We sermonize of course but try to remove the didactic tang by a somewhat figurative form of expression which the penetration even of a Haverford undergraduate can scarce unravel and from which the benighted alumnus turns in despair. Again we turn to the alumni, convinced that we have a message which would be trampled underfoot by the college herd yet not a word of thanks do we get from those thus honored, while we quiver beneath the birch of undergraduate reproach. Man cannot serve both past and present.

Of course what makes this position tenable is the interest which both past and present profess in anything which emanates from Haverford. We feel confident that any sincere attempt to better the college will not be misunderstood, yet this does not make it any easier to accomplish our chief object, which is Illuminative Criticism. Criticism has come to denote rather the destructive analysis of conditions while, more literally, the judgment of the critic should be both impartial and salutary. Criticism of the latter sort accomplishes a two-fold purpose. It not only urges the acceptance or rejection of certain courses of action, but offers matter for discussion in the hope that the policy most fit for survival will survive the battle which follows.

The purpose of any editorial is to discuss the big interests of the majority of its readers in such a way that the position of the magazine as regards these interests, is quite clear. This we have endeavored to do but because most college problems work themselves out satisfactorily so soon as they receive sufficient attention, we have in many cases been content to point out the features of the Haverford system which we think would bear reform. To treat these questions comprehensively they should be discussed from the standpoint of the faculty member, of the alumnus, and of the undergraduate. Obviously we may only hope to voice the most worthy sentiments of the student body.

Because we lack the perspective of those who have watched generations of Haverford men come and go and also the experience of those who have known Haverford both within and without, our remarks can hardly be of interest to either the faculty member or the alumnus, except as they afford material for speculation upon the undergraduate attitude. There is one element of Haverford, however, upon which criticism such as ours should take effect. This is the underclassman. Except in rare instances he has not the vision of the ideal Haverford always before him and can merely catch glimpses of the Haverford Ultimate beyond the horizons of the various activities in which he is interested. His attitude toward college elections and other important affairs is often apathetic and should therefore be attacked by men who have passed through the same stage.

However much you may be wearied by this preamble you must admit the potency of this last statement. There is little doubt but that the students of a college, if animated by a spirit which is both intelligent and aggressive, are the ones best suited to control its destinies. Far-seeing officers and instructors may advise and restrain, but they are powerless to infuse the "pep" into the rank and file which makes for scholastic, athletic, and social success in college and greater things outside. That

this industry is shown by a strict observance of the many formalities of class and college functions the underclassman is usually unwilling to admit, but the fact remains that the most effectively industrious men are of this persuasion. If these premises are logical we may conclude that the sole cause for any unfavorable feature of the college organization is a lack of interest on the part of those most capable of rectifying it. We may also add that the criticism which aims to incite these hangers-back to action is not out of place.

The recent offer of the faculty to meet with students informally is an excellent opportunity for the latter to become better acquainted with the broader aims of the college. When a perfect co-operation exists between students and faculty the ideal college is not far distant.

We have treated at some length the theme of criticism and have even slightly indulged therein; we must therefore out of fairness admit that the magazine which encourages promiscuous criticism should, in all consistency, invite it. We are perhaps as keenly aware of our shortcomings as the reader, but as ever ready to welcome suggestions.

As a means of relieving the board from the great demands that have been made upon it in recent issues, we have announced a story competition for a ten dollar bill. A hearty response is hoped for.

We would likewise urge all candidates for the editorial and managerial positions of the magazine to begin at once to display the requisite talent. In the HAVERFORDIAN as in all else worth while the wormship goes to the early bird.



Alumni Department

JUNE saw an unusually large number of Haverfordians honored with advanced degrees. Below is appended a list of the recipients, with the institution and the degree conferred:—

| | | |
|-----|----------------------------|--------------|
| '94 | C. B. FARR, A. M. | Haverford |
| '03 | H. M. TRUEBLOOD, Ph.D. | Harvard |
| '03 | J. E. HOLLINGSWORTH, Ph.D. | Chicago |
| '03 | R. L. SIMKIN, A. M. | Haverford |
| '09 | T. K. LEWIS, M. D. | Pennsylvania |
| '09 | F. R. TAYLOR | Pennsylvania |
| '09 | E. L. MOORE, M. D. | Pennsylvania |
| '09 | P. C. KITCHEN, Ph.D. | Pennsylvania |
| '09 | J. W. STOKES, M. F. | Yale |
| '10 | C. D. Morley, A. B. | Oxford |
| '10 | L. G. WILLIAMS, A. B. | Oxford |
| '11 | C. WADSWORTH | Harvard |
| '11 | G. H. PRICE, A. M. | Haverford |
| '12 | J. L. BAILEY, JR., A. M. | Haverford |
| '12 | L. B. LATHEM, A. M. | Haverford |
| '12 | J. M. CARPENTER, A. M. | Haverford |
| '13 | N. F. HALL, A. M. | Haverford |

In recent months Haverford has lost four of her oldest and best established alumni,—on Oct 3, William Mellor, '58; on Sept. 27, Dr. Thomas Wistar, '58; on July 31, Pendleton King, '69, and on Oct. 11, Evan Tyson Ellis, '44.

EVAN TYSON ELLIS, '44

On October 11, Haverford lost one of her oldest alumni in the person of Evan Tyson Ellis. Mr. Ellis was the son of Charles Ellis, one of the leading druggists of his time. He entered Haverford in 1840, graduating four years later, and from the College of Pharmacy

two years after that. He then joined his father in the drug business, the firm name becoming Charles Ellis, Son & Co. At the death of his father Mr. Ellis became head of the firm, which position he occupied until his retirement thirty-five years ago. Mr. Ellis was a prominent member of the College of Pharmacy Board, and a charter member of the Philadelphia Photographic Society.

WILLIAM MELLOR, '58

William Mellor was born in Philadelphia on August 28, 1838. In college, he pursued a partial

course, leaving at the close of his Sophomore year. Since then he has been importer, wool commission merchant, and Supt. of Vaults of the Penna. Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities. He was a member of the Historical Society of Penna.

DR. THOMAS WISTAR, '58

Dr. Thomas Wistar was born in Philadelphia, March 17, 1838. He entered Haverford in 1853, and subsequently studied medicine at the U. of P. From 1858-61 he was tutor in Classics and History and Librarian of Haverford College. He served as school director, and later as Contract Surgeon in the U. S. Army in the Spring of '65. For a number of years he was Medical Advisor and Examiner-in-chief of the Provident Life and Trust Co., Philadelphia. He was a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Academy of Natural Sciences, and of the Franklin Institute.

PENDLETON KING, '69

Pendleton King was born in North Carolina, April 2, 1844. Entered Sophomore class in Feb., 1866. He was in turn teacher, Acting Secretary U. S. Legation, Constantinople, Chief of Bureau of Accounts U. S. Department of State at Washington, and at the time of his death was U. S. Consul to Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany.

The Main Line Citizen's Association started the year's work on October 16. The purpose of the Association is to interest the community in civic improvements, policing, lighting, district nursing, play-grounds, law and order, etc.

Haverfordians on the Board of Directors are:

President Sharpless (Vice-Pres.)
Edward V. Hartshorne, '81
Parker S. Williams, '94
Edwin M. Wilson, '94
Richard M. Gummere, '02 (Sec.)

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere was Harvard's representative at the exercises inaugurating Dr. Omwake, President of Ursinus College, on Oct. 7.

'82

Dr. George A. Barton, published with the Macmillan Company in 1912, "The Heart of the Christian Message"—a book which is in reality an outline of the history of Christian thought. He published at the beginning of 1913 with Hinrichs, of Leipsig, Part I of "The Origin and Development of Babylonian Writing," the sub-title of which is "A Genealogical Sign List with Indices." Part II will appear shortly. Its sub-title will be "A Classified List of Simple Ideographs with Analyses and Discussion." He also expects to send to press this autumn Part III of "The Haverford Library Collection of

Cuneiform Tablets." In August last he was elected a "Corresponding Member" of the Société Archéologique de France.

Jesse H. Morgan is in the real estate and loan business at Alva, Oklahoma.

'89

From across the water comes news of the marriage of Franklin B. Kirkbride to Miss Lydia Bell Humphreys at St. Oswald's Parish Church, Grasmere, England, on July 31. After November 1 their home address will be 375 Park Ave., New York City.

'93

Edward Woolman has bought a house at Panmuir Avenue and Buck Lane, Haverford, which he will occupy in the Spring.

T. S. Gates has been elected City Representative in the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Directorate.

'95

On June 21, Henry J. Harris was married to Miss Dora Knight, at Washington, D. C.

'96

On July 22, Homer J. Webster was married to Miss Edith Francisco, at Richmond, Indiana.

T. Harvey Haines is on the staff of the Psychopathic Department of the Boston State Hospital

J. H. Scattergood has been elected by the Board of One Hundred for Common Councils of Ward Twenty-four.

'97

Haverfordians will be interested to hear of the return of B. R. Hoffman, who has just completed an extensive trip to the interior of Asia, including Northern Africa, part of the Sahara, crossing the Caucasus Region and Persia. Mr. Hoffman has been *en voyage* since last winter. In the course of his travels he contracted typhoid, and was for some time seriously ill.

On October 10, the marriage of Walter P. Hutton and Miss Elizabeth Paxon, of Devon, Pa., was solemnized at the home of the latter.

Richard C. Brown is now in the book department of Strawbridge and Clothier.

'00

Friends of Dr. Horace Jenks, who returned recently to this city, will be sorry to hear that he has been forced to return to Saranac Lake with his family because of ill health.

Samuel W. Mifflin has moved his law offices from the Franklin Bank Building to 716 Arcade Building, Philadelphia.

'02

Arthur S. Cookman has been in

the Boston office of Ayres, Bridges & Co., wool merchants, since last Spring. He expects to return to the New York office sometime during the winter.

C. Linn Seiler has been made vice-president of the Main Line Choral Society—a recently organized body with a membership approximating two hundred.

William P. Philips has joined the firm of Seligman & Co., Bankers, in New York.

ex '02

William Hall has sold his farm in Lakeville, Mass., to Frank Conklin, '95, formerly partner of Ristine and Conklin, Phila.

'03

In June H. M. Trueblood was awarded a Ph. D. at Harvard in Thermodynamics. The subject of his thesis was, "On the Measurement of the Co-efficient of the Joule-Thomson Effect in Superheated Steam."

Henry J. Cadbury has qualified for the degree of Ph.D. at Harvard University.

'04

The Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune* of September 22, has an article from the pen of William T. Hilles advocating the retention of the Philippine Islands by the United States. Mr. Hilles, who has been instructor in the University of the

Philippines since February 1910, has returned to this country on leave of absence. He bases his belief upon the facts that Filipinos argue upon purely theoretical grounds, that their cultivation (which is in reality only the veneer imposed by three centuries of Spanish rule) is more than offset by their lack of ambition, and that the present-day generation of Filipinos lacks the education which their children are receiving at the hands of the United States. Throughout the article Mr. Hilbs lays special emphasis upon the importance of furthering educational interests in the Philippines in order to fit the Islanders for self-government.

'05

The issue of *Harper's Weekly* for September 7, contained a very interesting article by Sigmund Spaeth, entitled "The Coming Musical Season in New York."

On Oct. 8, Thomas S. Downing was married to Miss Mary Fox, daughter of Mrs. George Fox, at Mount Airy, Pa.

On Nov. 14, Charles S. Bushnell, of Germantown, was married to Miss Henrietta Ferris Freeman, of Troy, N. Y., at the home of the latter. Joseph Bushnell 3rd, '10, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell will live in Rochester, N. Y.

'06

Donald Evans is publishing a

book of verse this Fall, entitled "Boulevards of Death," which, as he expresses it, consists of "twelve suicide symphonies." He is preparing another volume, "Sonnets from the Patagonian," a post-impressionistic work.

G. H. Graves, after a summer spent in Europe, returns to his position as instructor in Mathematics in Columbia University.

R. L. Cary, of Baltimore, and Miss Elinor Farrington, of Raxborough, Mass., have announced their engagement. Cary is with the Bureau of State and Municipal Research in Baltimore.

On Sept. 21st, Mr. and Mrs. H. Boardman Hopper were made happy by the birth of a son, Harry S. Hopper 2nd, at Merion, Pa.

J. D. Philips is now assistant superintendent of the Sears, Roebuck Co., wall-paper manufacturers, 1012 S. Spalding Avenue, Chicago.

'07

Harold Evans and Miss Sylvia Hathaway, of Germantown, have announced their engagement.

'09

Paul C. Kitchen received the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Pennsylvania last June. He is at present instructor in the English Department at Pennsylvania.

W. C. Sandt, who spoke recently at Y. M. C. A., was ordained last May in the Lutheran Ministry at the Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary. He is now assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion, 21st and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

On October 08, W. S. Febiger was married to Miss Lillian Wayland Wood in the Church of the Redeemer at Bryn Mawr. They will live at Randolph Avenue, Milton, Mass.

T. K. Sharpless has entered the flour and feed business independently, with offices in the Bourse, Phila.

J. W. Stokes graduated last June from the Yale Forestry School, receiving the degree of M. F.

On November 11, Allan J. Hill will be married to Miss Helen Harrison of Minneapolis, in that city.

'10

J. P. Philipps has given up his work with the B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio, because of ill health.

Carroll A. Haines will be married to Miss Marguerite Faust, of Philadelphia, on November 11, at "The Roosevelt."

Walter Palmer was married to Miss Frances Pennock, on October 11, at Lansdowne.

'11

W. H. Gardner is in the Circulation Department of S. S. McClure's Publishing Company, in Phila.

On September 24, in the Moorestown Meeting, Howard G. Taylor was married to Miss May Roberts. Miss Roberts is a sister of Alfred Roberts, '10. The following constituted the ushers: Charles Wadsworth, Caleb Winslow, Philip Deane, Joseph Price, Jr., Lewis Palmer, all of '11, and Alfred Roberts, '10.

Philip Deane has joined the Smithfield Export Co., 1216 Arch Street, Philadelphia, November 1 he is starting on a two years' trip around the world.

William Hartshorne has taken up his duties as teacher and football coach at the Cedarcroft School, Kennett Square, Pa.

'12

Victor Schopperle, Ebenezer Spencer, and Herbert Gallagher are all associated with N. H. Halsey Co., Bankers, the first in New York, the second in Boston, and the third in Philadelphia.

S. S. Morris is with the American Bridge Co. at Gary, Indiana. His address is 444 Madison St., Gary, Indiana.

R. E. Miller is now advertising manager of the Hamilton Watch Co., of Lancaster.

A daughter, Frances Stockton,

was born to Mr. and Mrs. David Murray on September 1.

J. A. Cope has returned to the Yale Forestry School after a summer spent in camp at Milford, Pa.

'13

P. H. Brown will live in Ardmore until December 21st, when his term of office as Secretary of the Intercollegiate Committee on Football Rules will expire, and he will take up his duties as teacher at Earlham College.

P. G. Baker is now with the Westinghouse Co., at Wilksburg, Penna.

F. A. Curtis is with the Augustus Paper Mills, Wilmington, Del.

Since October 20, Charles E. Hires, Carrol Crosman, and Richard Howson have been living together at 4023 Chestnut St., Phila., where they are ready to welcome Haverfordians.

L. H. Mendenhall was married during the summer. He has charge of the Scientific Department of Pacific College, Zenbery, Oregon.

G. L. Hadley was also married during the summer, and is now busied running a 160 acre farm at Valley Centre, Kansas.

'14

A. C. Redfield was awarded a B. S. at Harvard in June.

Early Maryland Haverfordians

The following speech was delivered by MILES WHITE, JR., at the annual banquet of the Haverford Society of Maryland on May 17th, 1913. It is hoped that the matter may prove of interest to those following the history of Haverford College.

"The Early Maryland Friends Who Have Been Interested in Haverford" is the topic concerning which I have been asked to make a few remarks and my remarks will, of necessity, be few, because their number was few.

Haverford opened for reception of students in 1833, but for several years previously the necessary provision was being made for this event.

On December 30, 1830, a Secretary, a Treasurer and a Board of twenty-six Managers appear to have been in office. Of these twenty-six Managers, two were from Maryland—Gerard T. Hopkins, who served until March 27, 1834, in which year he died, and Joseph King, Jr., who retired May 13, 1850, at which time Francis T. King and Richard H. Thomas were elected. The former served until May 11, 1857, and the latter until May 9, 1859. On May 14, 1860, James Carey Thomas was elected a Manager and served until November 9, 1897. On April 10,

1871, Francis T. King, who had previously served from 1850 to 1857 was again elected and served to December 18, 1891. On October 8, 1878, Francis White became a Manager and served until his death in 1904. Francis A. White was elected October 8, 1895, and is still acting.

It will be seen, therefore, that from 1830 to the present time, with the exception of one year, May, 1859-1860, Baltimore has always had one and generally two representatives on the Board of Managers.

Gerard T. Hopkins, Joseph King, Jr., and Richard H. Thomas were unknown to me and I presume to most of you, but all the remaining Maryland Managers were well known to most of us.

Although Gerard T. Hopkins had three sons, Thomas, William and Gerard T., none of them appear to have been students at Haverford. His grandson, Frank N., and several of his great nephews were students there.

Joseph King, Jr., had four sons, all of whom were students at Haverford.

Richard H. Thomas had five sons, all of whom were Haverfordians.

When Haverford opened its doors in 1833, there were twenty-one prospective students present, of whom two were from Baltimore, Francis T. King, who was No. 18, and John D. Logan, who was No.

21. Neither of them graduated; the former left in 1854 and the latter left at the end of the senior year, without graduating.

In looking back over the list of Maryland matriculates it is astonishing to find how few of them graduated. I can not imagine that lack of financial or mental attainments seriously hampered Francis T. Thomas; Joseph and Elias King; James Carey; John B. Crenshaw and James C., Isaac and Thomas Coale; Jesse, Richard, James and Isaac Tyson; Gerard, Samuel and Joseph Hopkins, yet none of them graduated, though all of them were Haverford students for one or more years. Nor is it believable that it was the "religious care over the morals and manners of the students" which Haverford announced in its prospectus it was intending to furnish, which caused this large number of Southern students to leave before the full course of four years had been completed. Can any of you state the reasons?

It has seemed to me that before the Civil War the benefit and need of a higher education were not as apparent as they were at a later date and that, consequently, in the earlier years a larger number than later left before completing the full course.

It has also been suggested that while prior to 1856 a graduate received only a diploma, after 1856 he obtained the Degree of Bachelor

of Arts, and that this caused a greater number to finish the four year course.

Statistics would seem to indicate that this may have had some bearing on the matter, as prior to 1857, of 38 students from Baltimore Yearly Meeting, only 3 graduated, while four of the 19 students between 1857 and 1870 received their degrees.

Prior to 1857, the total number of students had been 396, of whom only 69 graduated, while 105 of the 312 attending between 1857 and 1870 took degrees.

Although John R. Winslow of 1840, Elias A. White of 1841, Caleb Winslow of 1842, Francis White of 1843 and Isaac Harts-horne of 1844, all of whom later moved to Maryland, all graduated at Haverford, yet the first graduate who matriculated from Maryland was James Carey Thomas of 1851 and the second was Lewis N. Hopkins of 1852. E. A. Crenshaw of 1845 was the first graduate from limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

The Institution was closed from 1845 to 1848, and there were no graduates in 1846, '7 and '8; there were, however, no Maryland students there when the school closed in 1845. Three members of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, however, were deprived of the opportunity of graduating,—Jacob and Robert Valentine, of Bellefonte, and Benjamin Crew, of Richmond.

Although there were 26 students

from the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting in the classes of 1852 to 1860, not one of them graduated, and John C. Thomas of 1861 was the third Maryland student to graduate, and his brother, Allen C. Thomas, of '65, the fourth.

N. B. Crenshaw of 1867, and James G. Whitlock of 1869, bring the total number of matriculates from limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting graduating prior to 1870 to seven out of 57 who entered, which is just one-half the proportion of all the graduates of all the matriculates during the same period, 174 having graduated prior to 1870 out of 708 students.

A. M. Elliott of 1866 and Henry Wood of 1869 later in life came to Baltimore as Professors in Johns Hopkins University.

After 1870 the percentage of graduates increased enormously, as most of our matriculates after that date became graduates.

Since those graduating after 1870 can hardly be called "Early Maryland Friends," I will not mention them.

Henry Wood, who afterward moved to Baltimore, was a Tutor and Assistant Superintendent 1869-1870.

In the activities of the Alumni Association, however, our Friends have been more prominent.

Francis T. King was President for three terms—1860, 1861 and 1863. James Carey Thomas held this office in 1867 and Francis K.

*Smith,
Mason
and
Clower*

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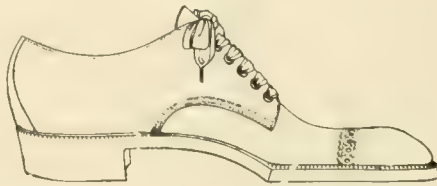
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Carey in 1893, while N. B. Crenshaw was Secretary for more than a decade, beginning in 1889.

Among the Vice-Presidents were A. C. Thomas, 1896; Miles White, Jr., 1880, 1890, 1913; also F. K. Carey and T. K. Worthington.

Allen C. Thomas was alumni poet in 1866 and among the alumni orators were James C. Thomas, 1864; Allen C. Thomas, 1875; Henry Wood, 1881; F. G. Allinson, 1885; T. K. Worthington, 1892; B. V. Thomas, 1894, and Barker Newhall, 1899. Three of these were not native Marylanders.

Taking part in the literary activities of the undergraduates prior to 1870, we find the three Thomas brothers.

James Carey Thomas was Vice-President of Loganian Society and Editor of the "Collegian."

John C. Thomas was Editor of the "Bud"; one of the founders of the Everett Society; Back-stop on first cricket eleven and one of the founders of Dorian Cricket Club.

Allen C. Thomas was Class Valedictorian, Secretary and also President of Everett Society; Secretary and Librarian of Loganian Society. Member of first cricket eleven; Alumni Orator 1875; Vice-President 1896; Editor Matriculate Catalogue, etc.

These cursory remarks about some of our early members I trust may serve to bring out from some of the other members present items of personal interest and pleasant recollections.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Some Japanese Pastimes

ACCORDING to the ways of the East let me begin with a story. Once upon a time there was a beautiful woman, slender and graceful. But there was something uncanny about her, for her eyes were vampire eyes and under her dark, soft eyelashes flashed fires of malice. And the fame of her beauty spread abroad so that a man soon appeared, wooed and wed her. This man was a poor man who worked very hard, and his wife treated him shamefully.

For instance, when her husband with back bent was toiling with his plow, the woman would stealthily creep up from behind and with her claw fingers seize him about the neck and start to strangle him. While he was groaning and writhing in the dust, she would release her hold and smile that weird, strange smile of hers. As the poets would say, her eyelashes flapped ever so gently like the drooping of a raven's wing in distress. And the man, still gasping for breath, would shake the dust and blood from his eyes and look, and when he beheld, his anger would depart. For she was swaying ever so gently and dancing like the green seaweed on the billow's crest. She was so beautiful that the man loved her though he knew that she was a vampire.

By and by, after a long, long time, the poor man began to look at the situation philosophically. Every day when his work was done; which was very hard work to do because his wife was so beautiful and therefore expensive, and because she would prey upon him with her claw-fingers; he would look at the trees and the flowers and at the dumb stones of the river bed which sing only when the winter snows wedded to the sun of spring give birth to the floods; and cry—

"O trees, dance to the breezes! O flowers, blossom and be gay! O dumb rocks, awake and sing your silent songs! You are free, be beautiful while ye may; and I from my burdened toil shall see you and be glad!"

Then the trees answered—

"We are not free; we dance only when the zephyrs blow."

The flowers said—

"We are not free: the sun alone can make us blossom."

The rocks moaned—

"Give us drink, else we sing not."

And the man began to think.

"Alas," he cried, "I surely am no more bound than these."

And whereas formerly he envied and admired the trees, the flowers and the rocks, now he loved them, for there was a common bond of sympathy between him and Nature.

And wherefore this tale? I will tell you. The woman is Japan, that incomparably beautiful country, but also the land where every striking feature means less ground for the plow; the land of typhoons, tidal waves, of two hundred volcanoes and one thousand three hundred and sixty-four earthquakes a year. The husband is the Japanese people, to whom life is one long drudge, and who find solace in Nature about them.

If I should speak of hanging ephemeral couplets beneath the cherry blossoms, the April moon o'erhead, remember the background; that I depict the high lights; and if they seem bright and vivid, they are only so because they are held in such sharp relief by the dark background of hard work and continual self-negation.

Every Japanese undergoes as an individual what the people undergo as a unit from the country. Start with the child. From earliest days, perhaps until past middle life, he is under the power of his parents; the wife is subject to her husband's will, the husband is the creature of his family and the family to social scale—and that again to the government. At the head of all is the Emperor, and even he is subject to the myriad spirits of his ancestors.

The burden of life, the shackles of social relationship in Japan would drive an American to despair. How can the Japanese stand it? What is the balance wheel? Among other things, and large among them, I would answer that it is because they have learned to play.

The enjoyment of nature is the chief recreation of the Japanese. The Oriental conception is different from the Western love of nature. The American loves to get out into the woods, don old clothes and "rough it." He learns the names of animals, of rocks and of plants; he learns how to take care of himself in the woods and to live as the Indians did. In other words, he lets go the conventionalities of civilization and seeks to get close to nature by placing himself in the midst of natural surroundings. The Japanese, on the other hand, keeps all the little conceits of his civilization and instead of becoming a primitive man himself, gives to nature "civilizing" attributes. The great advantage of course of "civilizing" nature is that it may be enjoyed in city as well

as in country, by coolie as well as by nobleman: it becomes a vital part of everyday existence for the everyday man. For instance, where the Westerner would gather in social concourse beneath the glare of electric lights and whirl madly to the beat of music, a Japanese would have his "garden party" to enjoy the cherry or chrysanthemum blossoms. Again where the Occidental would discuss the acting of a matinee idol, the Oriental would talk of a composition created by a master of flower arrangement. And the "Oriental" in this case might very well be a jinricksha coolie, for wealth is not necessary for the appreciation of such things.

Excursions and picnics to view flowers are the most popular out-door recreation of the Japanese. There are ten flowers that fill the calendar from the beginning of March to the middle of November. They are the plum blossoms, cherry, peony, wistaria, azalea, iris, morning glory, lotus, chrysanthemum and the foliage of maples. Each has its individual park, district or province, each claims a certain clientage of devotees and each has its set of legends and traditions.

Thus the plum blossoms in the midst of snow and is admired for its pluck. Its delicate fragrance and gentle bearing appeal to the aristocrat and the scholar. A sprig is more admired than a grove of trees and it is thus pictured with a nightingale against the background of snow-flakes. It is the flower of calm contemplation and of meditation.

Cherry trees are planted in every park, in every temple ground and in many avenues in Tokyo, so that at the beginning of April the whole city is more or less a show of these lovely blossoms. The *sakura* is the flower of the people and is enjoyed *en masse*. The fighting men of ancient Japan claimed the blossom as their emblem, praying that they too might fall as perfect and as unwithered as the *sakura* falls in the breeze.

Through Tokyo runs a river and on its left bank there is an avenue of these cherry trees a mile long. When the blossoms are out, making the shore to those who view it from the river in pleasure crafts a mass of pink, and those who lightly tread beneath the trees feel that they are wandering beneath clouds of loveliness; *Mukojima* (the Yonder Isle) is densely crowded with holiday makers from morn until dusk and the tea houses on the banks and the boats on the river re-echo with music and merriment. There are apprentice boys glad to be free from the abacus, students stalking perhaps arrogantly in sombre dress among the butterfly clothes of children and the dream colors of the women. Then as even approaches perhaps an unknown verse grinder confident of his art bears home in triumph a twig decorated with his production, regard-

less of the humiliation it gives to the object of his song. A tipsy rogue turns a flower-laden branch into a pole to carry his gourd on. But the gendarmes are everywhere and except for their uniforms Mukojima is a long pageantry of the East.

As night approaches, the sellers of toy balloons, of paper butterflies, of miracles of handiwork leave one by one; the tea houses light their myriads of paper lanterns and pleasure craft float lazily along the shore. I hear the voice of song and of the samisen. They are the sound of *geisha* entertaining some opulent merchant and his guests. There is the clapping of hands, calling for wine, and all sounds merry and gay.

But the tea house and the *geisha* are the recreation of merchants whose crowded homes—crowded with wares and the greed for gain are not the home of the esthetic arts.

Let us enter a gentleman's residence. After we have removed our sandals and are introduced, the gentleman of the house will say:

"My daughter, though incredibly stupid and awkward, still is attempting flower arrangement. That her work should be viewed by such honorable guests great pleasure to her would give, so please grant her the favor of beholding."

Then the screens would be rolled back and on the raised dais which is the place of honor—an altar dedicated to beauty—is to be seen a scroll. And on the scroll is the picture of two cranes about to alight. Beneath the scroll and in perfect balance is an ancient weathered vase with a sprig of pine and bamboo so arranged as to make the whole a perfect composition. This is "flower arrangement." How simple! Yes, it has the simplicity of true art, but the ability to create such a composition is to be gained only by much practice and the gift of artistic taste. There is a regular philosophy of flower arrangement and over one hundred schools of this art, which either aim at classic idealism or Nature as their model.

Having caught a glimpse of the flowers and of an amusement of the home, let us slip on our clogs and with Chombeï lighting the way with a lantern go to the neighboring temple. Heathen temples to foreign eyes, especially to those prejudiced people called missionaries, are always a depressing sight. But I challenge even them to speak thus of the temple festivals of Tokyo. There is none of the *greasy-priest-watching-the-shekel-box-while-he-tells-the-beads* idea about it. The bonzes are the hosts, jolly ample hosts, and the guests are myriads of little children in holiday attire who come to see the funny-funny man who dances on the dancing platform, and to buy extraordinary fantasticalities of little toys.

The streets leading to the temple are lined on either side with booths

and at eventide when the temple bells resound the vesper hour and the bonzes in the temples clang their *mokugyo* and chant—

Namu Amida Butsu,

the lanterns begin to twinkle and soon the whole street is a blaze of light; not the chilly, unsympathetic glow of electric bulbs, but of great flaring torches and dancing fantasmal lanterns. And the booths many and varied, draped with fluttering flags and paper screens, seem to invite one to come and spend. And spend you may, buying here and there, and when at last reaching the temple you offer money to the gods, your purse will still be fat for all is ridiculously cheap.

Booths that sell children's wares, such as candy and toys, are popular but by far the most frequent are the sellers of potted plants. There you will see wistarias seventy years old and but seventeen inches high—dwarf trees that look very old and wise.

And in the immediate vicinity of the temple there are shows, cheap theatres and jugglers: also a man who climbs a ladder of sharp swords.

But somewhere in the outskirts of the temple grounds, perhaps approaching the cemetery and away from the glare of lights and the cries of showmen, you will find a crowd gathered around two figures. An old woman, her hair bound with a white kerchief, sits upon a mat, playing a samisen and singing an accompaniment. In front a dwarf with a massive face, a striking face—wise in the ways of the world—sings in a low monotone. In front of the two are flaring torches standing upright in the ground, and with the leaping of the flame the shadows of the dwarf and of the old woman dance weirdly upon the cemetery wall. But excepting for the beat of the three-cornered plectrum the woman is motionless and the dwarf merely nods his head. And the crowd too is motionless—you can hear the least rustle of a maiden's sleeve as she wipes away a tear, for the dwarf is telling the tale of Murasaki, the courtesan, who died on the grave of her lover.

Thus but a few paces away from the sounds of merriment is the shedding of tears. And over all the spirits of the nearby cemetery seem to dwell, for there is something phantasmal, something ghost-like over the merriment of temple festivals. And I do not wonder: for what are these festivals but to please the ghosts of the dead, and the ghosts—for Japanese ghosts are always grateful—come to play with their children and their children's children at the same games they used to play when they were once alive.

Y. N., '15.

The Turn of the Wheel

THERE is a well-known saying that Fortune knocks once, though once only, upon the door of every man. To most the summons is so faint that it passes unheeded, but every now and then someone appears ready to hear and quick to act when his opportunity comes. Then Fortune, fickle jade though she may be to those who hear her not, evinces real constancy in her treatment of the man who proves a ready wooer.

No one, either friend or stranger, would have singled out Charley Davis as a "get-rich-quick." Not from any personal drawback, for Charley was as bright and prompt and in every way "alive" as any young man with ten times his opportunities. The plain fact simply remains that neither you nor I nor any indefinite third person is apt to expect great things from a shipping clerk in a wholesale New York clothing firm. But Charley wasted no self-pity because the circumstance of birth had dropped him somewhere beyond the fringes of gentility; instead he turned up at the fifth floor office of Meyer and Meyer punctually at eight every morning, worked for nine hours rapidly and conscientiously, and on Saturday nights took away his pay envelope with twenty dollars in it. A sum which Samuel Hutzler, treasurer, regarded as an iniquitous expenditure, yet one imperative to retain the services of their most competent clerk. As for Charley's other, more personal, affairs, a few words will suffice. He shared a comfortable room in a quiet neighborhood, 65th Street, to be exact, his roommate, Thompson, being a broker's clerk who was already giving promise of much potential rise in that—to the lay mind—somewhat mysterious profession. It might be mentioned, incidentally, that Davis' hobby (for shipping clerks as well as college students sometimes have hobbies) was not burlesque, or even the hippodrome, but the absorbing topic of women's suffrage, upon the affirmative of which he had even written several articles; these last, however, as he impressed upon Thompson, purely for his own edification.

It was one Wednesday morning in late November that Davis arriving at his desk found with surprise a note awaiting him signed by no less a dignitary than Gustav Meyer, president of Meyer & Meyer, Wholesale Dress Goods.

"Dear Mr. Davis," it ran, "Mr. Kent will attend to your work to-day as the firm desires you to perform a little outside business for them. You are, perhaps, aware that the Katzenstein Company have been for the last week making a decided cut in the price of their No. 2x Gray Cheviot. This they extensively advertise to be the superior of any

Cheviot whatsoever on the New York market, a direct attack you will perceive at our 9 and 13 weaves, both of which we are selling at higher prices than their 2x. Your business will be to visit Katzenstein's in the guise of buyer from Isaac Wetzel, of Detroit, a firm which is considerably in our debt. Say that you have always dealt with us hitherto (which Katzenstein will already know), but that this 2x cloth has been brought to your notice and you desire to know more about it. Note everything that is said and then buy as small an amount as you can without arousing suspicion. If we can prove either to our own or others' satisfaction that the weave is inferior to our Nos. 9 or 13 we have a case by which we can do serious harm to our most dangerous competitor. I may add that a vacancy will soon occur in our European buying department and I am now looking for the man who can best fill it. Your work with us for the last three years has been entirely satisfactory, and this will test you on something requiring more ability than a shipping clerk need possess. Come to my office this evening with your report.

Sincerely,

G. MEYER."

Davis read this through twice, then drew a match from his pocket and carefully reduced it to ashes. "The old man must be deathly scared of getting his own foot in a scandal to write me a private letter," he thought. "There's one thing very certain, though, and that is, that buyer's job is worth a lot more than any trouble I can take on this errand. I'll get out right off so as to make a good impression at this end anyway." Three minutes later he was bound for the house of Katzenstein, with the part he was to play already shaped in his mind.

He reached the store a second behind another man who had arrived from the opposite direction. Davis mounted the broad entrance steps just behind him, idly speculating as to whether the stranger had a promotion hanging on his visit too. As he passed through the revolving doors Davis noticed him take an ornate silk handkerchief embroidered with a large purple "C" from his inside coat pocket and mentally ticketed the fad as one worthy of imitation. Then, as he too passed through the doors, he noticed an envelope which had evidently dropped unnoticed from the folds of the handkerchief. He picked it up and was about to hurry after the owner when his eye fell on the back, across which were a few scribbled notes.

| | |
|--|------------|
| <i>11-26 Katzenstein, New York</i> | 2,000 yds. |
| <i>11-26 Meyer & Meyer, New York</i> | 800 " |
| <i>11-26 Bradley, Kent & Co., Newark</i> | 2,500 " |
| <i>11-27 Cohen & Son, Brooklyn</i> | 1,250 " |

The first two lines were enough for Davis. With a glance at the rising elevator, which was bearing away the oblivious stranger, he turned into the nearby washroom to study his mysterious find. Not much to be gleaned from it, however. It was an empty envelope postmarked Mexico City, October 19th, and addressed to—

Signor Emilio Castillo,
Avenida Independencia 40,
Vera Cruz.

On the back were the four lines already mentioned, and in small, neat lettering at the bottom, the words: SHIP BEFORE NOV. 29TH.

With Davis to think was to act. The one fact that stood out plain and insistent to his mind was that this unknown Castillo—if he it were—was slated to purchase nearly seven thousand yards of cloth in New York and less than a thousand of that sum was to come from his firm. He was out “on trial” for his first important rise. If he could only make this silk-handkerchiefed Unknown realize the advantages that would accrue from making his entire purchase at Meyer & Meyer’s, if he could only — “visions of sugar plums danced through his head” though Charley himself would not have thus characterized his mental state.

The sales office at Katzenstein’s was on the second floor and Charley was already bounding up the stairs when a sudden thought slowed his pace to a walk. He couldn’t rush up to this stranger with a “Here, Mr. Castillo, come right down to *my* store and we’ll give you just what you want.” Likewise it was obviously impossible to let the man know that he had read his private notes. “It’s a case for tact,” he said to himself. “For delicate finesse,” with a broad grin, as he conjured to his mind that favorite phrase of Thompson’s which was habitually used to characterize his own style of play in their regular Sunday pinochle contests.

The large sales office opened off the head of the stairs and at a table near the far end stood Castillo. He was scanning a large book of samples, while a clerk stood at his side, evidently dilating upon them. Davis had not the slightest idea as to what course he should pursue, but he rid himself of the clerk who met him at the stairs head by saying that he had come to meet Castillo there by appointment. “We are strangers in the city,” he added with a cherubic countenance, as he headed down the room.

Dame Fortune, fair lady that she is, was evidently watching the progress of her most recent dependant with a maternal eye, for as he

neared Castillo, the attendant clerk departed to procure another book of samples. It was quite evident to him that this buyer was a fish worthy of the firm's best bait. Even as he left Davis flung himself boldly into the assault, without the faintest idea as to how he was going to carry out his good intentions.

"That's a fine piece of stuff," he began blindly, trusting to this chance banality to act as an opening wedge. The Mexican glanced up, evidently surprised, and for a moment dubious as how to receive the remark. He was a tall, thin man, strongly Latin in feature and, with a little carefully combed and pointed beard. Davis noticed instantly that he had a long, narrow scar running from the corner of his left eye down to that nostril. When he answered it was in a soft melodious, voice and in most excellent English.

"Yes," he said, "for its purpose it will serve well."

Davis glanced at the sample in question for the first time and saw his mistake. It was a stout coarse blue serge evidently intended for a uniform. "Of course for its purpose," he said. "One would hardly care to walk 5th Avenue in a suit of it. But it attracted my attention," he went on recklessly, "because I handle so much of that sort of thing. I'm buying for the North Atlantic fleet here now. Yesterday we took in a thousand yards, and I thought I'd drop in here this morning to see what these people have."

The Mexican shot a keen glance at him. He was evidently an intelligent man, and Davis felt himself warm to his task.

"You don't buy here regularly yourself?" said Castillo.

"Not now," replied Davis, quite content with the opening he had effected. "I used to several years ago, but lately I've found a better place. These people give very little discount for a large order. But you are not a government buyer, are you?"

For a moment the Mexican was silent, then he extended his hand, "I am most glad to have met one who is an authority on uniforms," he said. "My name is Vega and I should be only too grateful to you for any advice you can give me. I am a Government buyer—not for your great country but for your little neighbor, Cuba. We are very proud of our army there and I have been sent to order the new uniforms. In January are our presidential elections and we must have our soldiers neat for it. You know we have more need for soldiers at our elections than do you," he added with a slight bow.

It was a natural enough speech and placed Davis in just the position necessary to fulfil his ambitions, yet for a moment he could not bring his mind to bear on the best way to deliver this well-stocked pocket-

book unscathed to the tender mercies of the Meyer firm. It was all so puzzling—the “C” on the handkerchief, the way the envelope was addressed, and even its postmark. He had taken for granted that Castillo was this man’s name and it comes as a shock to all of us when our theories are suddenly disproved. But the business instinct was predominant. Mexican or Cuban, Castillo or Vega, this man was a purchaser, and if he could bring that gigantic order intact to old Gustav, he might as well start in selecting his European wardrobe right away. It was therefore without appreciable pause that he replied: “Well, Mr. Vega, Katzenstein’s is the only place in New York for dress goods, but for military cloth I’ve never found anyone better than Meyer & Meyer on E. 25th Street. They handle more than all the rest of the New York firms put together, and if you are buying any quantity at all they will make you a discount worth having. I’m going down that way to see about my own order this morning and would be glad to introduce you to them. We can go as soon as you’ve seen your clerk, if you want to.”

“I think in that case I won’t wait for him,” said Vega. “I had planned to place my orders in lots and the firm you patronize was one I intended to buy from, but to me time is important and if I can get what I want through you, sir, I am very much in your debt. Perhaps it would be as well to avoid explanations by leaving before the man returns.”

They descended the stairs together, Vega explaining to the importunate head salesman that an unexpected business call prevented the completion of a sale just then. The few squares to 25th Street were quickly traversed, and just an hour since he had started on his mission Davis re-entered the salesroom, this time accompanied by the personification of a European commission.

“Oh, Mr. Cohen,” he broke out, with a prodigious but furtive grimace to fat little Joey Cohen, the firm’s best salesman. “Oh, Mr. Cohen, this is Mr. Vega, buying for the Cuban army; show him some of those military serges you were praising so to me the other day, will you?”

“Certainly, Mr. Davis, certainly,” replied Cohen without a moment’s hesitation. “The samples are this way, Mr. Vega, if you don’t mind coming over. Will you look them over again, Mr. Davis?” But that worthy had no intention of remaining any longer within the portals of the Meyer firm that morning. A headline he had seen in the elevator boy’s newspaper while coming up was causing him much mental perturbation, so pleading as excuse the shipment of his purchases, and promising to return shortly, he left Cohen to learn the story as best he might; losing no time himself in getting to the elevator.

The owner had turned the page, but Davis knew where to look and in a moment he was scanning the foreign despatches for the little paragraph he had noticed before:

CUBAN ELECTIONS POSTPONED

Havana, Nov. 25th. *It has just been announced that owing to the death last week of General Enrique Simon, who was to be the Liberal candidate for the presidency in January, Congress in special session last Friday postponed the elections until the 25th of March. This step is generally regarded as having been taken to pacify those Liberal leaders who claim that Simon was poisoned by members of the Catholic party to leave a clear field for their candidate, Signor Francisco Marez. No light has as yet been thrown upon the manner of Simon's death, though it is generally accepted as due to natural causes.*

The matter was assuming considerable interest in Davis' eyes. The fact that anyone holding as important a commission as Vega should not be informed of a change in the election date as soon as a New York daily was strange enough, but when the news had been held back from the newspapers for five days the matter became almost inconceivable. Was the man an impostor? It was a smooth tale about the Cuban army, and if he could get away with the amounts noted on the envelope it meant a goodly haul. People do not conceal their indentities without some reason for it and, granted that Vega was really an alias, it looked exceedingly like a swindle. Davis began to feel sure there was something shady about the mysterious stranger and if so it was decidedly up to him to find out what. To entirely neglect his mission and on top of that introduce a suave, well-mannered crook to his firm would scarcely be the best way to impress old Gussy with his fitness for that European job. Still he had time to think it out. Six thousand yards of stout serge is a commodity which lends itself to bulk and there was no danger of Vega decamping with it in a suitcase. Deep in thought he walked out of the building, and realizing that a New York business street at noon is no place for quiet self-communion he boarded the first surface car which passed him, the all-important paper still tightly clutched in his right hand.

The car was nearly full, only one whole seat being empty, and into this Davis slid, smoothing the paper on his knee for another reading of the incriminating article. With characteristic neatness he had folded the sheet into its original form so that it was on the first page that his eye rested. It was but natural that the column on the Mexican situation

should have attracted him. Still it was without special interest he read,

HUERTA RECEIVES LIND IN PRIVATE AUDIENCE

Mexican Dictator Reported About to Resign

He had skimmed through it that very morning, but somehow it seemed more realistic now. He began to feel an intimate personal connection with Mexico and all things Mexican. Glancing hurriedly through the first column he turned to the second page, which was devoted mainly to details of skirmishes between the rebel and governmental forces. Nothing of interest there, he thought—wait though!

WARD LINER ARRIVES FROM VERA CRUZ

The arrival of the "Tampico" in port yesterday was of especial interest in view of the large number of American refugees on board. Many Mexicans also are coming to reside here until events in their native land assume a more normal course. The most prominent among yesterday's arrivals is Emilio Castillo a wealthy business man of Vera Cruz and an ex-mayor of that city. Castillo has also seen active service during the present disturbances and his face bears the scar of a newly healed saber cut received in a skirmish with the Zapatists in the South. It was rumored on board that he is bound on a special mission to President Wilson from Huerta, but this he smilingly refused to discuss. "I shall certainly be in New York for several days before I go to Washington," was all he would tell our representative.

The car proceeded slowly on its route, its quota of passengers changing and rechanging, but Davis sat motionless by the window with his eyes fixed sightlessly on the crowded street. He felt himself to be on the brink of some strange discovery. In his head he turned and shifted the various events of this eventful morning, trying to find some logical view-point where every fact would be applicable, every conjecture reasonable and the final explanation pad out the interstices between the bare fragments of fact which fitted so poorly together.

No one who wants to get any where ever takes a surface car in New York, and true to the tenets of its species, this one pushed clumsily on, stopping by jerks, starting with creaking protests and only too glad of the chance to rest when any obstacle obstructed its straight and narrow path. There is an end to everything, however, and at last the polyglot strata of lower Manhattan was left behind and the Battery reached. The general exodus at this terminus recalled Davis to his surroundings and he left the car hurriedly. The tangled web had straightened itself out for his nimble wits. Of all the millions concentrated right around him he

and one other alone were in possession of a stupendous secret. Put to use it would be worth untold riches. His opportunity had come, and he meant to use it to the best of his ability.

On the Wednesday noon when the events so far narrated took place, Thompson was patronizing the restaurant where he usually fortified his inner man for the long afternoon's work. He had just settled down to his accustomed seat when glancing towards the door he saw his roommate approaching. It was an unheard-of thing for Davis to stray so far from his work during business hours and only one explanation for the phenomenon occurred to his matter-of-fact mind.

"Sit down, Charley," he said, "glad to have you here instead of the old boy who usually sits opposite. But tell me, what are you doing up here this time of day? You're surely not canned?"

"Not yet," Davis replied with a grin,—“at least not to my knowledge. Still lots of things may have happened since I left the store, judging by what's been pulled off already this morning. Just bring me a cup of coffee,” he added to the waitress.

Over the little side table Davis poured forth his morning's adventures, placing the facts and drawing his inferences as he had worked it out in the street car. It was not a short tale and he was no expert narrator, but from the very start his auditor paid the most flattering attention. As he finished Thompson leant across the table and grasped his hand. "It's the only possible explanation that will fit the facts, old man," he said. "The way we stand with Mexico, all that military cloth, the position of this fellow Castillo, the rumor about his mission. Why, Charley, it's as plain as daylight. Look at all this bluff of Huerta's about resigning. Isn't his motive to distract attention from some final trump card he's about to play? We've got to work it darn carefully, but man, we can put the thing through for a million apiece."

Mexican securities had, for manifest reasons, been more or less the proverbial white elephant round Wall Street during the weeks which succeeded the departure of Ambassador Wilson from that troubled country. It seemed, however, as if at last the pendulum had reached its lowest point and, come what might in the way of rebellion or anarchy, railroad and mining securities must take an upward trend. Rumors were rife that this was about to occur and every day towards the end of November, the floor of the stock exchange was jammed with a feverish excited mob—such a crowd as can only be found there after some great financial depression. Mexican securities had fallen low enough to be within the grasp of everyone, and a turn for the better would mean a fortune to be won for the snap of a finger.

It is stale history now, but we all recall the terrific sensation when the late afternoon extras appeared Thanksgiving eve. Huerta had definitely resigned and his cabinet was disbanded. The Chamber of Deputies had sent a petition to old Porfirio Diaz to act as executive *ad interim*, and conventions were being arranged to nominate the nation's popular candidates. Carranza in the North and Zapatista in the South were laying down their arms, and from Yucatan to the Rio Grande every Mexican was preparing to reconstruct his crippled country. Doubtless, too, you remember the effect in Wall Street. Everywhere one gigantic struggle to buy!—buy!—buy! The only difficulty was to find someone who would part with Mexican securities. Here and there, however, you could spot a few wiseacres who shook their heads and "waited for the morning," and as an outsider you would probably have classed young Thompson among these last. He was making full use of that inexplicable system by which the initiated find it possible to sell stock over which personally they have no control. It had to be done carefully, for it was one of those times when the investor's intentions are balanced on a knife edge, and the breath of an evil rumor will sway the scale towards a panic as well, or even better, than the verification of bad news. Thompson, however, was master of the situation. A share here, and a share there,—everyone going with such seeming reluctance that its purchase always appeared a triumph of personal guile to the enthusiastic recipient.

And so it was all Wednesday afternoon. Thursday, of course, was Thanksgiving Day, so 'change was closed, but the confirmation of the reports in the morning papers served to drive all scoffers from the scene and to send the most cautious old speculator to bed wondering how much he could afford to invest on the morrow. Friday, you recall, started with somewhat of a reaction. There were some uncanny tales flying about, and those are disagreeable shadows for the careful investor. Still there was nothing definite and on the whole securities continued to gain. Some of the more cautious and fore sighted sold, but they were in a lucky minority. The greater number were satisfied to hold what they had and just hang around to watch developments.

Thompson didn't go back to Wall Street after lunch. With Davis he took the subway up to 65th Street, and the two of them settled down to straighten out their accounts. It was a long and complicated task and dusk was falling before the figures were all tabulated on the sheet before them. Davis tipped his chair back and whistled softly. "Well, Jerry," he said, "either we're ruined for life or else richer than ever I dreamt of being. That envelope said the stuff had to be shipped before to-morrow. I truly hope we'll know definitely how we stand by then."

He went to the window, raised it and looked out. It was quite dusk and the lamps were lighted in the deserted street below. A cold breeze blew from the South, and as Davis looked in that direction, towards the still brightly illumined skyscrapers, the faint call of a distant newsboy just reached his ears.

"Extry! Extry! Mexico declares War upon the United States."

F. M. M., '15.

Songs of the Night Wind

The wind is sweeping the cloisters of night,
Bare cloisters, enfrescoed, a-glitter;
And the wind with a Berserker savage delight
Is singing his songs to the heart of the night,
Grim carols of wildness and winter:

Scald-song and saga,
Death-song of Dane,
Woe-song of women,
War-song of thane,
Want-song and weeping,
Storm-rush and rain!

The soft sweet stream of the warm moonbeam
Fills night with more glory than noon-day,
And the shimmering gleam of the trees as they dream
Is a whisper and more of the fancies that teem
In the lyrical lilt of the wind-lay:

Chanson de trouvère,
Echo of Spain,
Whisper of love-note
Tingéd with pain,
Nature's grand chorale
Of waxing and wane!

E. C. B., '16.

The Veiled Lady

I AM the "I" of the diplomatic story. I make it my business to run other people's businesses. When the Minister of War confers in secret with a mysterious negro from the Balkan States I am always behind the screen with chloroform, revolvers, and a dictograph. When the prime minister's wife loses her greatest tiara, I always find it in the pipes of the washstand. When some Wicked Lady steals the plans of the new fortifications I always pursue her across land and sea to the rendezvous in Shamokin. Unlike my contemporary, Sherlock Holmes, my greatest successes have concerned women. Modesty puts a seal on my tongue, but in looking over my record in the 14th District Police Station I find that none of my exploits have betrayed so completely my craft and ingenuity as that of the Veiled Lady.

It was a brisk day in the early winter of '13,—one of those rare days when a suffusion of warmth and color pervades the nose, and the body is filled with spirits (whether good, bad, or indifferent,—it matters not), that I chanced into that rare hostelry—the Balaview. As is my wont in cases of extreme emergency, I walked to the nearest dive-in, sat down, and set myself to Looking Them Over in Peacock Alley.

One of Them caught my eye in particular. She was a lady of rare beauty but for a single detriment,—she wore a heavy veil. Let me hasten to make clear my point. She wore it a la Harem,—like cigarette ads.—tight across the bridge of her nose and effectually concealing what lay beneath. Naturally enough, being of such supreme beauty and extreme *veil*, she excited considerable attention. Every time she passed the dive-in where I crouched I could feel my heart beat faster. Simultaneously a faint, clinging aroma assailed my nostrils. It was *not* Bitter Almonds,—it was Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia.

At this point my observations suffered interruption. At my side I heard a sound which was neither a cackle nor a whimper, but which combined the essentials of both. Turning, I was thunderstruck to see seated beside me a familiar figure. It was the Secret Service Agent. Just as I had always imagined him,—there he sat. It was the identical man I had seen in the identical chair at the identical time just one week before to the day. He was tall, bony, thin-faced, shrewd, and periodically uttered his whimper-cackle. I think he was trying to attract the attention of the Veiled Lady. Whether he succeeded or not I never determined, for it suddenly flashed through my mind that the Capitalist must be near.

Him too I had seen at the identical time just one week before to the

day. I had seen him shuffle over and sit down beside the Secret Service Agent. Raising my eyes, I was not disappointed. There he was,—short, fat, bull-necked, heavy-jawed, thick-lipped, evil-eyed, frock-coated, and high-hatted. Under his arm he carried a heavy roll of paper,—plans, doubtless. Even as I watched him he commenced to shuffle over to where I was sitting. Every step he took struck deeper terror to my heart. Should I *sit* my ground as befitted my station, or should I rise and offer him the seat which seemed to be his?

In all of the great crises of my career, I have found that the best thing to do is not to do anything. Once when Highland bandits marched me to the edge of a precipice and commanded me to jump off I simply stood still. They pushed me. Once a Parisian adventuress cornered me in a dark room with a revolver and hissed, "One move and I'll shoot." I'm sure I didn't move, but she shot me just the same. So it is that I now am always armed for just such emergencies. From one pocket of my overcoat I pulled "The Child's Garden of Verses" and commenced reading eagerly, while in the other I experienced a fine thrill of bravery when my fingers closed around my trusted buttonhook.

Meanwhile, the Capitalist seated himself on my right hand, so that I was between him and the Secret Service Agent. I kept on with "The Whole Duty of Children," and presently the Secret Service Agent rose, passed me, and sat down beside the Capitalist. The latter seemed a trifle surprised and said gruffly, "What'd yah move for, George?"

George winked narrowly.

"I thought I smelt a rat," he said in an undertone.

Pocketing my book, I turned about and said with charming candor, "Not a rat, sir, but Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia, whom you see passing yonder."

At my mention of the name (doubtless an international catchword) both men jumped as though shot. She now had passed to the extreme end of Peacock Alley, and stood by the Engineer of the Revolving Door. While George motioned me to silence, the Capitalist, with surprising agility, raced down Peacock Alley on tip-toe, struck a vicious blow at the lady's aigrettes with his papers, gathered her up in his fat arms, and in less time than it takes to tell, stowed her away in a taxi and spun off up Broad Street.

My rule in such cases is always to proceed with extreme caution. Consequently I held my peace for fully five minutes before turning to consult George. What was my surprise to find that he had gone! I began to search about me for a clue. I am happy in the possession of sharp eyes, and before long my search was rewarded by finding a bit of

crumpled tissue paper such as chocolate caramels are wrapped in. Unfortunately, it had no message on it.

I was about to give the adventure up as lost when a tall man with blonde whiskers rushed excitedly up to me. He said he had seen the whole affair, and, with the assistance of a score of men, was ready,—both by Jove and on his honor,—to see it through to the end and rescue the Veiled Lady at all costs. It seemed he knew the ways of the Capitalist and where he lived. I was struck by the blonde whiskers and liked the man, except that he kept calling me “Sleuth old top.”

A call for candidates in the grill- and bar-rooms brought forth a great crowd of men all eager for the cause of beauty in distress. It was a problem to pick and choose, and Blond Whiskers suggested that the rescue crew be limited to say twenty members, and that the chosen few, by the payment of the nominal sum of one dollar per head, should organize themselves into a company. As he said this his left eyelid was seen to flicker considerably, and the sophisticated knew that of course the dollar business was merely to exclude rounders.

Blond Whiskers collected the money. From that time on he seemed to assume the lead. He apportioned us off to several taxis, and directed the driver of the first from the front seat. I think I shall never forget that ride. After fifteen minutes we all were lost except Blond Whiskers and one of the taxi drivers, who said he thought he'd seen one of the saloons we passed once before somewhere.

After a half-hour it began to get dark and very cold. A little man in the corner started telling us about his home in Narberth, so we used him to keep our feet warm. Finally we pulled up at the door of a large square house in the outskirts of the city. It was a lovely locality, and I must confess that when I saw all those fine men pile out of the taxis and crowd around me it made me shiver a little. However, I remembered my buttonhook and kept up as bold a front as I might at the same time that I took the precaution of holding my back as close as possible to the substantial form of Blond Whiskers. Thus organized, we climbed up a flight of stairs and stood in a group around the front door.

Blonde Whiskers rang the bell. No one came. My men showed uneasiness, so I got out “The Child’s Garden” and read sorrowfully:

“Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.”

This proved unnecessary, for at Blond Whiskers' third ring the door opened an inch and a nose was thrust through the aperture. Blond Whiskers requested that the company be admitted. The nose regretted, politely but firmly. Then Blond Whiskers did something which made me shudder. He grasped the nose between his thumb and forefinger and hissed:

"How much coin do you want? Bazooma, katzing!"

These last words evidently constituted some sort of password, for Blond Whiskers and the nose entered into an animated whispered conversation. Finally Blond Whiskers turned and said wearily:

"This menial of the household whose nose I grasp can only be influenced by money. It will be necessary for each of you gentlemen to pool the nominal sum of five dollars."

You could have heard a feather fall when I passed my hat around to amass the necessary one hundred dollars. They were a bunch of sports all right.

The nose let us in and disappeared magically. We found ourselves in a large room provided with a small stage at one end and seating capacity for quite a fair-sized crowd.

There seemed to be nothing to do for the time being, so I requested my men to be seated, mounted the stage, opened the book to the song called, "Rain," and read:

"The dough is falling all around,
It falls from you and me,
And when we're through, God wot there'll not
A copper penny be!"

I would have continued, but the lights in the hall suddenly went out, and the curtain at my back rolled up. I stepped to one side of the stage to give my men an unobstructed view of whatever might take place. A white placard had on it the legend:

"PISCATORINE"
THE SHARK-LADY

At the back of the stage a screen was pushed slowly aside by an invisible hand. There sat the Veiled Lady,—without the veil. She was the Shark-Lady.

She had no chin.

How she lost it I never asked her,—misfortune, I suppose.

She was beautiful, but her mouth was in her neck.
The Veiled Lady!

Then the curtain fell slowly. In the hall there was a moment of painful silence. Then the howl rose which always put me in mind of a West Virginia lynching I had once seen. I was thinking of that pitiful body dangling in the breeze when I heard a familiar whimper cackle at my elbow. Turning, I saw George had removed the blond whiskers, and now beckoned me with a handful of five dollar bills to an open door.

"Come on, Sleuth, old top, the car's ready."

We found the Capitalist and the Veiled Lady snuggled in the fur robes. As we sped away in the frosty white moonlight we heard a great clamor from a point immediately in the rear, but (believe me or not) the Veiled Lady produced a bottle of Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia and gurgled sweetly, "Here's to luck in Pittsburgh!"

K. P. A. T., 1915.

At Parting

Sweet were the full-blown roses as they lay
Cool on my pillow; sweeter far thy kiss
That touched my eyelids at the break of day;
Sweet, very sweet, our languors and our bliss—
Mother of Sorrows, was it all for this?

Oft in the perfumed mazes of my hair
Thy head has lain for hours of delight;
Mine were you then, and none was by to share—
Day is for man, but woman's is the night.
Mother of Sorrows, was the bond so slight?

Many the maids thy road will lead thee past,
Many the doors thy feet will linger nigh:
Thou wert my first and thou shalt be my last.
Thou wilt be far and wilt not heed my cry
Mother of Sorrows, Love ever lives,—and I?

L. B. L., '14.

The Priests of Brahma

ON the Great Highway of Eternal Fixity, in the Yellow City, there stands a building called the House-with-the-Blue-Tiles.

It is on the outskirts of the great city, and is passed every day by thousands of peddlars and merchants who have come in from the country to exhibit their wares at the market of Lu-tsz. The house stands in the centre of a garden, where choice and rare flowers grow, as well as healing herbs for the use of the doctors. The hedge has a wicker gate made of willows boiled in oil. A gravel path runs from the gate to the door of the house, and the large red flagstone that ornaments the beginning of the walk has on each side two immense vases where water lilies grow in profusion. In the center of one of these vases is a small Chinese shoe made of iron.

The House-of-the-Blue-Tiles, placed some twenty feet from the highway, is a typical house of the suburban districts. Paper screens, gorgeously painted with pictures of horsemen, flowers, swords, dragons and flags, in purple, red and yellow, hang at each side of the framework of the door that gives entrance to the verandah. Further back the two rooms, one on each side of the porch, have windows covered with parchment, supported by willow twigs. There are no ornaments on these shades.

In the period of Renewed-Promises, in the month of the Rice-Harvest, the owner of the House-of-the-Blue-Tiles rented the villa to a stranger. No one knew where the new-comer had lived before, and he did not seem inclined to be communicative. He paid his bills promptly at the beginning of the New Year, and lived in quietness and peace, alone. The neighbors, having their own cares, did not inquire into his, so he lived thus for two years. At the confectioner's, where he bought candied melon and citrons, and at the oil merchant's, he had given his name as Chang The-Green-Dragon. It was satisfactory and sufficient.

The sun beat down with its usual heat on the travelers, and caused them to mutter. There had been a steady stream since daybreak, for the next day was to be a festival in honor of the Emperor's birthday.

Through a narrow slit in the parchment-shade, Chang The-Green-Dragon looked out upon the passersby. Now and again he would be interested as some ravishing female passed, the green or pink silk dress showing her beautiful form as well as the dignity of her social position. He had been indolently gazing thus for almost an hour, when suddenly his body grew rigid, his brows contracted in a frown, and his hands gripped tightly on the wooden laths of the window frame.

Outside two men had passed together, each wearing the black gauze cap of scholars. Around their waists, holding in their loose gowns of coarsely woven cloth, were belts of skin. Chang knew they were heavy with gold and poppy-seed, and perhaps with poison.

As they passed, they glanced quickly at the House-of-the-Blue-Tiles, where Chang was even now looking out at them. Their quick and all-inclusive glance fell at once upon the parchment window, and then swung gradually each upon the other. Nor did they alter their pace. Chang had hastily withdrawn when they looked in his direction, but not quickly enough for the two promenaders to fail to catch the glint of eyes that watched. He saw their almond slits of eyes contract, and the rigid line of their lips shorten with satisfaction.

So he put on his hat and slipped forth, crossing the street and watching the scholars from a distance for some few hundred yards. Then he turned into a shop, where he remained some time, buying oil and wicks, long pipes, and some black pellets of pressed poppy-seed.

When he came back to the House, he met the two scholars near his gate. They stopped opposite him, and holding their clenched hands together above their eyebrows, bowed low to him. He courteously returned the greeting and looked steadily at them, alternately.

The taller of them addressed him, as spokesman for both.

"May the sun ever shine on your gables, O most worthy," he said, and smiled, sarcastically—Chang observed.

"I bow down," replied The-Green-Dragon, shortly.

"Will the most noble receive us into his honorable house?" continued the scholar.

"You will brighten my walls. Come," said Chang, and he led them inside. They sat on soft mats of sweet-grass, and Chang brought tea and rice-cakes, with which he served them with hospitable care.

While he served he had tried to keep his fingers on the under side of the dishes and cloths. When he sat down, he did not eat, but placed his hands within the folds of his loose sleeves. The guests apparently did not notice this slight breach of etiquette in failing to eat with them, in the attentiveness that Chang supplied them with his fare, and chattered to them on the topics of the day. But unexpectedly one of them held forth his hand to Chang with something held between the long, slim fingers. Courtesy required that Chang take it, so removing his hands from the sleeves, he held them forth, as a cup to receive water. His fingers were covered with black silk gloves to the third joint. When his guests saw, their eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly with satisfaction. Chang's heart, at sight of their faces, gave a great bound, and remained

between his collar-bones. His eyes widened, and his feet arched within his shoes.

His guests were rising. When Chang gathered his composure and rose, they bowed formally together. The greater, who had acted as spokesman before, put one pink-shod foot forth before the other, half-aggressively, and said: "Illustrious sage, we will come again. I am called Lao-Tan." The other, who had a walking-stick with a vivid purple band a foot wide around the centre, grasped it with his hands at each end, holding it before him, and said, "I bend my body to your hospitality, O gracious One. I am called Liu." Then they went out.

When they had gone, Chang fell to the floor, covering himself completely with his flowing robe. Then for a while he alternately beat his forehead and his knuckles on the flooring. He lay there a long while, muttering and murmuring. Then he opened his eyes, sat up, and took from his pocket in the folds of his dress, the present Lao-Tan had given him. When he saw it, his blood ran like liquid ice into his extremities and his brain was afire.

The gift was a gold coin of the Mountain Empire with a hole in it, tied by human hair to a withered human finger. The nail was eaten away by disease.

Chang had recognized the names Lao-Tan and Liu. They were the head priest and his first assistant, from the Monastery-of-the-Rock-in-Heaven, in the Mountain Kingdom in the south. It was one of the most holy of the Brahman monasteries.

According to the Brahman creed, he who steals gold from a Brahman will be born again with diseased nails.

CHAPTER II

Chang answered the imperative knock at his door that night with serious misgivings. It had been a long day for The-Green-Dragon, that he had spent in reading and writing. When he swung back the door, he drew back from the yellow glare of a huge lantern thrust into his face. It was Wong, the night-watchman, and Chang breathed a sigh of relief. He had come to escort Chang before the Ward-Elders, who wished to see Chang that very hour. It was unusual, Wong admitted. Chang asked leave to prepare himself suitably for the night air, and told Wong to look into the bowl of the vase where the water lilies grew, for the iron. Wong went to the gate and Chang went inside.

Chang was absent a long time, and Wong was beginning to worry. Just as he was beginning to have visions of punishment of boiling oil, and glowing twigs, for failing to find Chang, the latter came down the

path. When Wong saw him coming, he took his hands from the folds of his dress, where he had been keeping them warm. The water in the vase had been cold.

They walked down the deserted highway, past the little pagoda where the gong for striking the hours hung, and turned into a side street. They walked almost a li, then they came to an imposing building decorated with many lanterns hanging on poles. Before the entrance were two immense stone ogres, used to frighten away the evil spirits. Chang was almost sure he saw two forms disappear in the shadows of the shrubs near the entrance as they went along the path.

An officer, his face covered with black lacquer, stood at the door, and took Chang away from the watchman, inside the building. It was the Temple-of-Law-and-Justice. Chang had never been within before.

Now he looked around him wonderingly. Great doors stood at each end of the long hall, and one behind him, where he had entered. A screen of yellow silk, embroidered with swords and torches and legal quotations, stood before each door, and kept the cool air and any curious passersby, without. Before each screen stood a great bowl of oil, with a burning wick. A subtle perfume of joss-sticks filled the room.

Opposite the main entrance that Chang had come in, was a long counter. It was curiously carved with figures of flowers and birds and stained with black lacquer. A blue cloth embroidered with gold ran the length of the counter, as a desk covering. And leaning upon it were the five elders, acting as ward magistrates. Their red silk gowns stood out in bold relief above the blue cloth, and their small black eyes roved under their gray eyebrows like those of rats. Behind them was a panelled wall, and ten feet from the ground was a fresco running around the walls, six feet high. It was carved in the shape of men and women in punishment, with the swords of executioners over their heads, with boiling oil being poured on their feet, and with cords being knotted about their necks. It was gruesome and always had an effect on those brought to justice.

At one end of the long desk stood the public executioner. He was clothed in mail, with a metal helmet over his head. His face was also covered with black lacquer, and he wore in addition a red mask over his eyes. He wore short boots, that seemed to have spots of rust on them. Perhaps it was only Chang's imagining. At the other end sat the clerks, with the great law volumes, who would take the testimony.

After a ceremonious waiting, the chief elder raised his eyes, and pulled at the few scraggy hairs of his beard. Then he spoke. The clerks began writing.

"O Chang The-Green-Dragon, you have lived alone, not letting men of the Yellow City know your habits nor your purpose in life. Why have you chosen to thus live in poverty of association?"

Chang did not hesitate in his answer. He looked fearlessly at the elders as they were looking at him, and replied:

"O Grace-of-Heaven, I am a student. I spend my time with my books and writing, in the company of the thoughts of those who have lived before me."

The elders pondered, and whispered among themselves. Their scanty mustaches bristled with excitement.

"Chang The Green-Dragon," proceeded the chief elder, "merchants and shop-keepers have noticed that you keep your hands within your sleeves, when you are not using them to pick up articles under the cover of cloths. Why do you have this custom, O Chang?"

"O Correct-in-Justice, I do so because the oil and unwrapped articles I buy are unclean, and the covered articles are often dirty. I have made a vow never to touch anything that is not clean."

"Put forth your hands," commanded his judge.

Chang hesitated, then held them forth suddenly. There was hardly a ripple in his face of change of countenance.

"Why do you wear the black gloves?" demanded the judge accusingly.

"O most fair blossom of wisdom and justice, is it then a crime to wear black gloves, to keep the hands clean?" Chang asked composedly.

"No. But he who never shows his hands to public view must have some reason other than those of religion. Officer of the Ever-Enduring-Law, put his hands above the brazier of Health-for-All."

Chang stood motionless, with his head held high. The black-faced officer brought the brazier, and held the gloved hands above it, while he chanted the prayer that brought the Fire-God forth, and kept the officer immune from the evil spirit of disease.

"O Chang The-Green-Dragon," spoke the judge, "you are believed to be a leper. If you have been concealing leprosy, the honor of the law decrees that your head shall be separated from your body by the executioner. Officer, remove his gloves."

The judges leaned forward expectantly. The clerks laid down their brushes and the executioner fingered the hilt of his big sword nervously.

Then the gloves were taken off. There was a gasp from all, and Chang thought their eyes stood forth like those of crabs. The first joints of his fingers were gone—warm blood dripped upon the flag-stones.

With the lack of evidence the judges let him go. As the officer pushed him outside, Chang distinctly saw two faces profiled among the frescoes above the elders' bench.

CHAPTER III

In the hour of the Pig, two forms entered the House-of-the-Blue-Tiles. They stayed far into the hour of the Rat. The ordinances forbid lights at this hour, but Wong, the Watchman, wet his hands in the lily vase after they had gone, and was satisfied.

Every night for a week, the two figures entered the house. And Wong never had to complain. Often he found tea and cakes beside the vase. And the light always went out a short time after.

One night he saw more light than usual in the House-of-the-Blue-Tiles. He knocked at the door, to warn them that others might see the light. He had no answer. He went in. Passing to the central room, he stopped, aghast.

In the middle of the room, a huge circle of fire burned with a bluish tint from a metal disk like a round canal. Wong strained his eyes, and then his jaw dropped in astonishment and terror. At first he was sure he saw devils, then he recognized a face. An oft-repeated murmur sounded above the roaring of the flames. Wong ran out, terrified. He roused the neighbors.

When they came back, they threw sand and dust and wet reeds on the fire. Everybody was very energetic, and soon it was out. There were three forms lying in the circle, that was not much larger than a prisoner's pillory. A great slim sword was run through all the bodies, near the hearts. One was dead. None wore clothes.

The dead man was Chang The-Green-Dragon. The others—strangers—were barely alive. Their hair was singed off in great patches, and their bodies were blistered from the heat.

One moved, and murmured. They leaned close to hear his words.

"Nirvana-Nirvana. Karma is fulfilled," he said with an effort: then he gave a great convulsive gasp and lay still.

The other opened his eyes for a moment. Wong bent over him. He choked, and then as he closed his eyes, murmured:

"Om mane padme hum."

Which being translated means,

"O the Jewel in the Lotus, Amen."

It is the sacred prayer to Buddha.

* * * * *

Outside a gong sounded the completion of the hour of the Rat.

H. G., '15.

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No. 7

Editorial

DURING recent years our undergraduates have been pampered to such an extent by alumni and other well-wishers that nothing short of a continual yo-yoing and signing of appreciative testimonials can in any way fairly express a proper sense of indebtedness. This is a fact more or less acknowledged by everybody. At present the Haverford undergraduate gives evidence of this sense of indebtedness on every suitable occasion. This commendable attitude of his is perhaps largely owing to three handsome presents which nearly all of us have been here to receive and to which all of us point with such pride as illustrating the loyalty of Haverford alumni; the Infirmary, New Lloyd, and the Smith grandstand. We had not such convincing proofs of this loyalty before the appearance of these gifts and so formerly, perhaps, some of us who felt the need of these additions to the Haverford plant felt that the bequests would be forthcoming, not from the bounty of Haverford's sons, but from the fertile bosom of their alma mater. So when the word was passed about that the infirm, the overflow of students, and the fair ones of our choice were all to be splendidly cared for at the expense of certain alumni, not all of us were keenly aware of the difference. We had felt with the firm assurance which only a Haverfordian under-

graduate can feel that we would in due time get what we needed, but whether the college, so lavish with benefactions, or the much enduring alumnus paid heed to our demands the result was much the same. This attitude, although perhaps culpable, passed unrebuked until those who refine our policies feared that it might degenerate into an absolute indifference toward favors from the outside. To reform this disposition the undergraduate was frequently enjoined to proffer the thanks which he so undeniably owed.

The foregoing bit of recent history has been reviewed, no doubt illogically to explain the prevailing absorption of the undergraduates in the material features of Haverford life. We may not, of course, hope to make our terms of appreciation as vociferous as the generosity of alumni warrants. We do appreciate, however, and if not audibly, are showing appreciation of the additions to the equipment by a constant use of the privileges which these donations afford. The analogy is strained but it does seem that this New Haverford may urge indulgence in the joys of dormitory life, in sympathy for the weak and ailing, and in strife for athletic laurels to the exclusion of the gentler arts. We do not imply that no well-appointed college ever won laurels in the arts nor preach an aesthetic devotion to the Muse, but wish merely to record the fact that the Haverford of five years ago was more active in dramatic and literary work than the present.

The present demand in these activities does not so immediately call for a few men of recognized ability as for a whole hearted and sympathetic support by the entire college. When a football team puts up a plucky fight against odds it wins the unstinted approval and admiration of every man in the four classes. How differently are the efforts of any artistic organization received! It is true that without the criticism of art there would be little art in criticism, yet need this fact be urged to atone for the number of thoughtless and destructive observations which are passed upon our dramatic and literary productions by those who are incompetent to appreciate, or too lazy to search for, the real merit they contain? In past issues we have extolled the value of criticism at some length, but we have been careful to insist that criticism should be based upon firm conviction and suppressed if not elementally constructive.

Our dramatic club—the Cap and Bells—is at present concerned with this very problem of undergraduate indifference. Its members are somewhat at a loss how to select a bill of sufficient literary merit for a college production that (in spite of this literary aspect, as it were) may be “put across” to the carelessly critical audience which the prospect of a full moon and salad-on-the-lawn invariably draws forth. Nothing

short of the old Junior play rough-house seems to make the appeal to this particular audience which the amount of time and energy expended upon it should make. Whether the leniency of any Board of Managers ordains that a dance shall displace the Junior show or not, the necessity for the active support of our dramatic club still remains. We are often reminded that we as part of the college shape the destinies of the football team, that it is our team to make or to break as we see fit. Why does the *Cap and Bells* depend less on every student? Why does it not succumb even more easily to indifference? From the nature of the case it is far easier to be of some assistance to those who try to make Haverford dramatics what they should be—either by engaging actively in the work or through intelligent suggestions—than it is to stimulate the football team with an occasional *yo yo*. For the very reason that those who tread the boards are not schooled to meet the opposition that is the essence of football, they are the quicker to show the effect of unjustified knocking.

There are some men in college who strongly favor the resumption of the musical comedy, such as was produced in 1910 and 1911. While admitting that this form of drama is more enjoyable to the company than the more classic type, experience has shown that at Haverford the attempt to stage a musical comedy is unwise. Any such offering must inevitably be compared with the *Mask and Wig* show and must just as inevitably lose in that comparison, because of the few men at Haverford who are capable of writing the "book" and composing the music.

There is no *raison d'être* for college drama unless it finds an acceptance which sufficiently compensates for the necessary expenditure of time and labor, and in this the Haverford musical comedy has failed. Aside from the fact that a college production should evidence some literary attainments, dramatic ability should be shown which compares favorably with that of the professional and in the field of musical comedy this attempt is absurd.

During the present agitation of the dancing question let us not close our eyes to the fact that the *Cap and Bells* has been conferring a favor upon Junior classes by offering them their services, and not *vice versa*. Juniors in the past have sometimes received these services with rather more of condescension than true appreciation. Last year the club received from the Junior class \$300 and one-half of the additional earnings after all bills had been paid. This amounted to \$7.00. Since the expenses of decorating the gymnasium are approximately \$150, it seems hardly fair to suppose that the club could not do much better independently, for its need of funds is imperative. The Juniors are not sponsors for the *Cap and Bells*.

The need then is for actors of ability and for reputable plays which can find appreciative audiences. The club is eager for suggestions.

We burn to take issue with the same critical attitude as averse to the other literary activities of the college; to inquire why the old Everett and Logonian debating societies are now no more than a name and treat-of such like themes, yet our time has run and the pleasure must be foregone.

We extend hearty thanks to the many who answered the call for short stories. The final choice was made with the proverbial difficulty but after much discussion the palm was awarded to *The Turn of the Wheel* in this issue.

Undergraduate Criticism

The un-Gentle Reader

FROM time to time in one magazine or another a tearful protest appears against the lack of interest in the magazine amongst the undergraduates.

Maybe this interest is invoked as tribute due the publication from college spirit and loyalty. Seldom is it invited because between the covers of the magazine will be found an exciting story, a clever farce, or an illuminating article. If *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, or any other of the best periodicals of the country contained "stuff" written to fill the month's number, thoughts expressed to satisfy a writer's mere desire to see his thoughts in print, and nothing written with a further purpose, do you think we should be persuaded to purchase them? Do you think interest in them could be provoked by the plea that patriotism requires us to support our country's periodicals?

Would it not be patriotic to ignore them until their composition should be altered to include material written to claim our interest, which we would simply need to be told of to read?

It is material of the latter sort which fills our country's periodicals. It is such stories we read, appreciate, and tell others about. Consequently we hear no complaints from these editors of the lack of interest in literary matters upon the part of their public.

From a survey of eight of the best magazines of the last month or two which have come to us, we find no warrant for believing the majority of them suffer from lack of undergraduate interest and support. This majority is evidently supported by the student body as it is largely composed of contributions from those outside the editorial board.

Their advantage over those which are pleading for support is clearly not alone due to superiority of college spirit and loyalty. The stories and articles in these magazines are of a broader interest and more cosmopolitan stamp than those in the less favored minority.

We do not champion any sacrifice of literary ideals—where these exist—for the satisfaction of the supposedly un-Gentle Reader; but we do advocate some thought upon the matter of interesting him in our literary effluvia, and so in the vessel which contains it.

It might not be too great a condescension to read the stories in some of the national magazines whose circulation insures their contents as of common interest. We could learn from them what will cause the hard-hearted undergraduate to sit up and recognize our existence. When they work along the broader lines of interest instead of expressing exotic and immature fancies, these organs for developing talent will be doing something real and vital and will not need to issue such calls for sympathy as might proceed in senile wrath from a neglected octogenarian in the chimney corner.

No sacrifice of literary standards is entailed. The requirement is for addition, not subtraction; a breathing in of life, vitality to what is else a mere form. Moving pictures arouse more interest than stereopticons ever did, and there *are* artistic "movies."

Not one of the signed articles in the *Goucher Kalends* for November is by a member of the editorial board. Surely this magazine has support. Its reading matter is real and commands attention by striking vital notes. A hint in the editorial section that no interest is manifested in the magazine by the student body would be unbelievable. The first article in the number, "Woman's Education and the Regeneration of India," would command instant attention not only in Goucher College, but in any group of women,—not to say men, in this feminist era.

"The Heart of a Yellow Man," a skilfully written story involving a Chinese reformer, outcast for his political activities, arouses interest by its very title at a time when the East and Easterners concern every thinking person. Nor is it heavy. Hints of gambling, waywardness and wandering are there, but not repulsively revelled in as in more amateur stories. It contains the element of buoyancy and finish which always pervades the *Kalends*.

"Extracts from a Journal" is a diary from April 18 to June 7. It tells of German customs as seen by an American girl student and brings in a love affair; the devotion of one of the men students to the journalist. This affair is handled, as we can conceive any wholesome American girl handling it. The extracts fairly breathe reality.

Under "Sketches" is a story which would not be out of place in any current periodical. Cosmopolitan, true, and moving is "Heimweh." A quotation from the beginning will give one an idea of the calibre of the story. In one sentence its characters are introduced and made to live. "They were gathered in the hotel parlor; the mine owner and his gentle wife, the woman with reckless laugh, the lad who had blundered and was too proud to go home, and the man with the narrow chest." The man with the narrow chest carries the story. Each week these people had gathered so, and each week one had discussed some topic. This week it was the man's turn, and he says "a little about God's country"—home. So beautifully does he speak that each of his hearers is moved by the picture he draws and their wanderings are re-directed. The man had had neither home nor parents since early childhood.

Such magazines never need call for support.

E. M. P., '15.

Book Reviews

MILTON'S KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC (a dissertation presented to the Faculty of Princeton University in Candidacy for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy). By Sigmund Gottfried Spaeth. *Printed by R. Wagner Sohn*,—WEIMAR.

"How slight, after all, is our acquaintance with the inner workings of a soul such as Milton!" Finishing Dr. Spaeth's "dissertation" we listen in expectant wonder for the music of the spheres which was so real to our celestial Bard, or our ears seem to hear the "noise" of organ, lute and every delightful instrument, sounding in perfect harmony. Their conductor, Milton, looms—a colossal mind—interpreting their soul and showing his own as never before.

A new appreciation and understanding of music has been acquired, and a light thrown upon it in its mystical and poetic significance. This we owe to Dr. Spaeth's scholarly and thorough study of Milton's conception of music and its share in the nature which has made Milton not merely a man's name.

Dr. Spaeth says: "Editors and commentators, as a rule, have been content to give an explanation of the technical terms used by Milton, and even in this limited field many details of musical significance have been overlooked. It is the object of this dissertation, therefore, to supplement the work of these scholars by searching out every possible reference to music in the writings of Milton, and to focus the entire array of material

upon the man himself, in the hope of casting some light upon his character and personality." This Dr. Spaeth has done with completeness and understanding.

In the light that Dr. Spaeth has cast upon Milton we see him more clearly as a poet in the truest meaning of the word. "But to the Greek mind 'poetry' was essentially 'song,'" says Dr. Spaeth, bringing out the identity between the Greek conception of poetry and Milton's. To the creation of poetry of this kind Milton brought a science and theory of music which was extensive and exact. The mention in his poetry of any musical instrument is for the effect of the sound which that instrument produces through the quality of its tone, every instrument having a tone of definite quality. He brought into his poetry musical tones and values which include more than song.

Milton's conception of harmony, of the music of the spheres, of the very souls of musical instruments, and the indwelling spirit which expresses itself in song by the mechanism of the vocal chords; all these are brought to light in this study of Milton's knowledge and theory of music.

Page after page could be written of the poetic mysticism revealed in the theory of harmony which Milton imagined, of the music of God's perfect creation, and the discord that was struck by man's first disobedience. As many more could be written on his idea of the grossness of mankind which precludes him from hearing and feeling this harmony and music; the result of his disobedience. "If we, like Pythagoras, 'bore pure, chaste, snow-clean hearts,' then we should undoubtedly apprehend this sweetest music, and all things should 'return immediately as if to that golden age.'"

We have here no pedantic, dry description of music and Milton, but an interpretation of the music of Milton, and incidentally of the Milton in music created by Milton's theory of music.

E. M. P., '15.

Alumni Department

LAST March the "People's Rights Association of Delaware County," a good government body, was organized to "secure reliable public officers, prosecute delinquent officials, prevent and punish corrupt and dishonest public contracts and practices, and in other ways to promote efficient government and general interest therein. Dr. Isaac Sharpless is a vice-president; J. Passmore

Elkinton, '08, is secretary, and the executive committee includes Dr. Don C. Barrett, and T. Chalkley Palmer, '85.

The New England Alumni Association is planning to have luncheons in Boston similar to those held by the New York alumni. Haverfordians at Harvard, as well as such transients as find themselves in the "Hub," will be made welcome.

'72

On November 15, Dr. Francis B. Gummere was enrolled as a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, in the Department of Literature, at a session of the Academy held in Chicago. Dr. Gummere has also been re-appointed a member of the Overseers' Visiting Committee of the Graduate School of Harvard University.

'73

Alden Sampson is preparing for immediate publication with Mofat, Yard & Co., N. Y., a book entitled *Studies in Milton*. The table of contents comprises the following subjects: "George Fox and Milton," "From Lycidas to Paradise Lost," "Milton's Confession of Faith," "Certain Aspects of the Poetic Genius," and appendix, "The Bust of Milton." The frontispiece is from a wood engraving made by Timothy Cole from the clay bust in the Master's Lodge, Christ's College, Cambridge. Dr.

F. B. Gummere has been reading the proof of the book.

'76

Dr. Francis G. Allinson, Professor of Greek at Brown University, Providence, is preparing for the new Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann, London; the MacMillan Co., N. Y.) an edition of *Menander*,—Greek text and translation, according to the plan of the series. This work will include not only the plays recently discovered in Egypt, but also the significant parts of the fragments previously known. The book will be in press in a few months.

'82

Richard Mott was recently runner-up in the Atlantic City Invitation Golf Tournament.

'93

Clarence G. Hoag, of Haverford, is preparing a book for publication. In the *American City* for April there was an article by him entitled, *The Representative Council Plan of City Government*. The July *Equity* contained another article,—*Effective Voting*.

'94

Dr. W. W. Comfort had an essay entitled "Adenet le Roi; The End of a Literary Era" in the *Quarterly Review* (London) for April, 1913. The substance of a Commencement address delivered at Guilford College is printed in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for October.

'95

Samuel Bettie, Jr., is the Boston Manager of the Detroit Steel Products Co., Detroit, Mich., with offices at 141 Milk St., Boston.

'98

Walter C. Janney has become a partner in the firm of Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler, Bankers, 133 S. 4th Street, Phila.

Morris B. Dean is about to give up his business in Cincinnati, Ohio, and make his home in West Chester. He suffered severe losses in the Ohio floods of last spring.

'00

A son, C. J. Allen, Jr., was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Allen, of Philadelphia.

James A. Logan, Jr., is a major in the Quartermasters' Corps of the U. S. Army, having been transferred from the staff of the Commissary General. Last spring he was stationed in the flooded district of Ohio, doing relief work. This summer he was quartermaster of the Cavalry Brigade during the maneuvers at Winchester, Va.

'02

Dr. Percival Nicholson, of Ardmore, has recently published with the J. B. Lippincott Co., a monograph entitled, "Blood Pressure in General Practice," covering blood pressure in relation to medicine and surgery. Dr. Nicholson had previously invented a portable, mer-

cury-column blood-pressure instrument, which is manufactured by the Precision Thermometer and Instrument Co., Philadelphia, of which Henry L. Balderson, '02, is secretary.

'03

Dr. F. R. Winslow has moved to Baraboo, Wisconsin, where he has charge of a private hospital. His engagement to Miss Florence Reese of Baltimore, has been announced.

H. M. Trueblood is engaged to Miss Louise Nyiatray, of New York.

'04

Edward Bevan, of Front Street, Harrisburg, who is in the employment of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, has just returned from a trip of inspection to the Panama Canal.

William M. C. Kimber and his bride have returned to their home at 535 Church Lane, Germantown, after their honeymoon of some months abroad.

Thomas J. Megear is Head Sales Manager in Philadelphia, and General Superintendent in Chicago, of the American Locomotive Co.

Dr. C. R. Haig holds an important position in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. He has been looking after the football team this Fall.

Lindley M. Perkins has been in Brazil for nearly three years. He is now General Foreman of the

shops of Sao Paulo Tramway, Light & Power Co., of that city. He was previously with the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light & Power Co.

'05

Sigmund G. Spaeth has published his doctor's thesis entitled *Milton's Knowledge of Music, its Sources, and its Significance in His Works*, at Princeton.

F. W. Ohl is teaching in the Germantown Annex of the Central High School of Phila.

Benjamin Eshleman has given up his position with the Proctor & Gamble Co., and is now with the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co. of Boston.

On August 2 Erwyn P. West was married to Miss Jessanine B. Woods at Pawson Park, Conn.

'06

Francis B. Morris is selling "Autocar" trucks for the "Autocar" Sales & Service Co., 23rd & Market Streets, Philadelphia.

Ex-'07

George B. Mellor, Jr., and Miss Martha Bullock, of West Chester, were married in August last. They are living at the Mellor home, Willow Dale.

'08

M. A. Linton read a paper at the annual meeting of the Actuarial

Society of America, held in Boston, October 22nd, entitled "Life, Term, and Endowment Mortality Experience of the Provident Life and Trust Co., with especial Reference to Relative Vitality according to Age at Entry." It will be published in the *Transactions* of the Society.

The engagement has been announced of Carl F. Scott to Miss Dorothea Taussig, of Yonkers, N. Y. Miss Taussig's sister, Miss Edith Taussig, as recorded in the October issue, married Reynold A. Spaeth, '09. Mr. Scott is with the Sprague Electric Works of the General Electric Co., in the capacity of Commercial Engineer.

Joseph Bushnell, 3rd, is with the McEwen Co., Oil Well Machinery Mfrs., Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he is installing system.

Cecil K. Drinker has been appointed to the Harvard Medical School Hospital.

A daughter was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Emlen, Jr.

On October 3rd, Thomas R. Hill was married to Miss Eleanor C. Twining at Wycombe, Pa.

On October 30, a son, Edward Ross, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Miller, of Lancaster, Pa. Mr. Miller is practising law in Lancaster.

'09

The four Haverfordians who last June graduated from the U. of P. Medical School are now stationed in the following hospitals: Dr. E. L. Moore at the Presbyterian, Dr. T.

K. Lewis at Cooper Hospital, Camden, Dr. F. M. Ramsey at the Pennsylvania, and Dr. J. R. Taylor in the Germantown. Ramsey is on the list of Football Officials.

J. W. Pennypacker recently had the honor of having a cantata written by him selected in competition to be sung at the 200th Anniversary Celebration of Haddonfield, N. J.

C. C. Killen has accepted a position with the Department of the Interior of the U. S. Government, and will shortly be stationed in Denver in connection with the management of the Indian Reservations.

Allan J. Hill was married on November 12, 1913, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Miss Helen I. Harrison, of Minneapolis. Hill is one of the purchasing agents of Janney, Semple and Hill, the largest hardware house west of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will spend their honeymoon in the East, principally around Philadelphia. Mr. Hill is building a house in Minneapolis where he and Mrs. Hill will be at home after December 1.

On October 12, Walter C. Sandt was installed as Assistant Pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Communion, 21st & Chestnut Sts., Phila. His father, the Rev. C. M. Sandt, performed the act of installation.

David L. Philips has been appointed to the position of Manager of the Boston Office of the Good Roads Machinery Co. He will leave his home in Kennett Square and take up his new duties on December 1.

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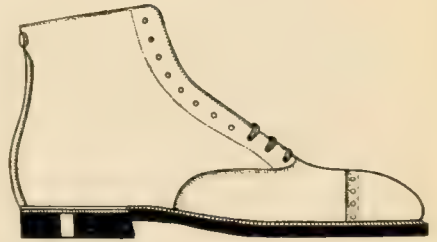
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'10

On November 11, Miss Marguerite C. Faust became the bride of Carroll A. Haines. The wedding recalls Mrs. Haines' interesting experience of last January, when she refused to submit to vaccination and was quarantined for some weeks in her apartments at 16th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia. The monotony of this hardship was broken only by the "lovely telephone calls" of the bridegroom. After their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Haines will live at 122 W. Mt. Airy Ave., Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Page Allison have taken up their residence at "Townsende," West Chester, Pa.

Ex-'10

Rodney Eshleman is reporting for the *Morning Intelligencer* in Lancaster, Pa.

'11

Arnold Post has taken up his residence at New College, Oxford, and according to report is learning to row, to prove that Haverfordians excel in sports other than cricket.

J. H. Clark, Jr., is studying at Johns Hopkins University.

'12

At 6.30 on the night of the Lehigh Smoker, twenty-four members of the class of 1912 gathered in the Old Y. M. C. A. Room to do justice to an excellent dinner. It was planned to have re-unions of 1912 men in Philadelphia on the last Friday of every month at Lauber's Restaurant. The next large reunion of the class was set for the afternoon of Class Day.

Leslie W. Ferris was recently married to Miss Gladys Robson Haggerty, of Poughkeepsie, in that city. They will live in Haskell, N. J., where Mr. Ferris is employed as

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William H. Roberts, Jr., is now in the office of S. L. Allen & Co., manufacturers of "Flexible Flyer" sleds and "Planet Jr." agricultural implements, Denckla Bldg., 11th & Market Streets, Phila.

Horace Howson is now with the Liquid Carbonic Co., soda fountain manufacturers, in Chicago.

E. I. Miller is working with the National Biscuit Co., at 1313 W. Allegheny Avenue, Phila.

Lloyd Smith expects to return to America from Japan, where he has been active in missionary work, in July, 1914.

S. S. Morris has been transferred to the Coke Department of the U. S. Steel Co., at Gary, Ind.

Reports have it that Walter ("Buck") Steere was instrumental in rescuing several persons in a recent P. R. R. wreck near Peru, Ind.

'13

News from Harvard Haverfordians is brief and pointed: "Norris Hall is getting bald, and Waddy (Wadsworth) hasn't any hair to spare." Van Sickle is tennis champion of Conant Hall.


On the evening of November 15, twenty sons of 1913 gathered in Lloyd Hall for their first reunion since graduation in June. The attention of those present is said to have been equally divided between supper and "Jack" Keough's gay Lehigh repartee.

Ex-'14

Richard Schoyperle is with his father in the oil and gas producing business near Bradford, Pa.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

The Lure of the Letter

THE term letter here is not to be taken in its literal significance merely, but it stands for all of the public distinctions that come to college students. To a vast number of undergraduates the chief stimulus to activity is the vision of honors publicly bestowed. The ambitious student visualizes his name accompanying "Final Honors" or "Honorable Mention," and the athlete imagines himself in possession of a sweater gloriously decorated with the college initial or with class numerals. All college students have ideals of one sort or another, and all have motives for the acts that determine the character of their college careers. The aspirations of underclassmen are more or less molded by the nature and extent of their preparatory school achievements, and the policies of upper-classmen spring largely from the successes and failures experienced during the freshman and sophomore years. And whether or not a student sanctions this or that plan and aspires to this or that activity depends in part upon the personal observations of each day and upon the recommendations of friends and classmates.

But there are other elements entering into the evolution of a college career. Inherent tendencies are modified by social contact during boyhood and young manhood, but they are never and can never be wholly overcome. Some men come up to college with an innate zest for physical strenuousness and athletic competition. Others have an aptitude and fondness for social leadership. Some, again, care for but little else than the leisure which insincere and unconscientious student life makes possible, while others are attracted by the thrill and satisfaction accruing from political activity. On the other hand, and lastly, there are those who possess such retiring and unobtrusive dispositions that it is impossible for them to pluck up sufficient courage to offer themselves as candidates for any honors; but as a rule this type of student loathes the languid life of the chronic loafer.

In view of these facts regarding the various types of college students, it is well worth while to reflect upon the value of each to an institution, and in the brief space allotted to me here I wish to discuss the problem as to what kind of college life tends to render the greatest and most lasting

service to the college. The student who refrains from activity when he possesses ability is condemned, and the fellow who lacks capacity is snubbed; but the student who throws himself vigorously into athletics or any other activity is praised and rewarded according to his achievements. It is not my purpose here to eulogize the non-participant at the expense of those who win honors, but my aim is to show that it is not always the man with the letter, or he whose name appears most frequently in print who benefits his college most. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We all recognize the scriptural and ethical significance of this aphorism, but does the leading athlete necessarily give more than the modest and unassuming man who is seldom seen and even less frequently heard? If we were to know the truth and learn the motives of the athletes, in many instances we should see that neither the love of exercise nor loyalty to the college were the reasons for such activity. A Freshman once showed me a letter he had prepared for a young lady friend, and in it was a list of some "Herculean Feats" which the young man had succeeded in accomplishing. I was led at once to suspect that he took greater pleasure in boasting of his achievements than in performing them, or in the thought that his part in them may have been a means of helping someone else or his college. It is an extremely common occurrence to see fellows clip the college papers wherever their names are to be found, and mail them off to those whose admiration they seek. There is nothing wrong in this, to be sure, but it certainly makes one feel that there is something selfish and unpleasantly braggadocio about those who do it. The sweater with the letter is worn with the frequency and audacity that too often betokens conceit. On the other hand there are those who never get a letter for their sweaters, but many such wear within their breasts letters of loyalty, devotion and unrewarded service; and it is usually such men as these who are the best advertisements for their college. The external letter advertises the person, and is an expression of individual merit in a certain branch of athletics; but it does not tell how much actual service was performed for the college, or what the true spirit of the heart was towards that service. We speak of the hard-headed student who must win a scholarship because of financial need, as a grind; but how about the grinds among athletes whose chief aim is to get publicity, cheers and insignia, and who plug away merely to gratify personal ambitions, and win the plaudits and adoration of feminine friends?

Another phase must enter into this treatment of athletics. What are the most profitable games to play and exercises to practice? A college is acclaimed or not, according to the character of the men it produces. If it graduates men who possess courage, strength, sense of honor, and the

ability to defend themselves in all sorts of trying situations, then it has done well in so far as physical education is concerned. But what physical exercises provide the best preparation? When confronted by marauders one cannot protect oneself and property by doing a handstand or giant-swing. If attacked by rowdies, nothing can be gained through ability in dropping a large leather ball into an elevated basket. When friends are insulted or one's personal honor challenged, football ability will avail but little. But these are the very things for which letters are awarded; and yet they are impracticable and unavailing in so far as concerns the big world beyond the college grounds. Now the much condemned student who tries for none of the teams may develop skill in wrestling and boxing and acquire such fearlessness and dexterity as to make him sure of himself when crises arise later on; and one's Alma Mater is more truly and lastingly served by those who survive and win through irrepressible spirit and unmatched skill. Again, one man becomes a member of the gymnasium team by specializing in a certain event. He wins the letter, and the college temporarily profits by the points which he wins in meets. Another fellow takes regular and conscientious exercise with all kinds of apparatus. He becomes clever in no one thing, but he acquires a symmetrical body and well distributed strength. He wins no letters, and his college gains nothing from him in his undergraduate days as a direct result of this training; but he will bring credit to his Alma Mater by his manly appearance and physical versatility. There will be in him no unbalanced development and no repulsive deformity. Here again the lure of the letter misleads and even injures.

Leaving the realm of athletics we find similar conditions existing elsewhere. Fellows read for honors, and after the programs are printed they give their notes over to the flames. Some who have won scholarships and other distinctions for their mental attainments destroy or sell their papers and books after the work is done. Students center on certain subjects so as to increase the probability of good grades. The publicity of the editorial staff allures many to neglect their study for outside work. But when it comes to living in a real world, one cannot present a list of past performances. Knowledge must be present and ready for expression at a second's notice. When questioned on some important issue one cannot say, "I'll look it up and make a report." One must know and be able to act at once, and only constant attention to one's regular studies will give the proper preparation. In the intellectual world as well as the physical, therefore, the lure of honors is liable to prevent careful preparation for successful living.

The foregoing facts serve to show that organized athletics has its

harmful as well as its beneficent aspects and that the intellectual life of the student is marred by a mad zeal for notoriety. A large percentage of America's foremost men were mediocre students in college, and many who have lived to a happy old age were indisposed towards athletic competition. It may be accepted as a rule that the greater a man becomes in after life the prouder of him will his Alma Mater be, and that the longer a man lives the better will be his chances for attaining prominence. Many capable college athletes have succumbed early to disease, and it is possible to see even more frequent cases of brilliant minds becoming indifferent towards mental work or breaking down entirely. The average student who takes care of his health and acquires a thorough mental and physical development without being lured away to temporary triumph has as good a chance for future successes as those who are better gifted by nature. It is difficult to determine a man's worth to his college until many years have elapsed, when the past can be judged in the light of the present, and vice versa. Let us not be severe with the poor student and the frail-bodied youth. They may prove leaders in their later alumni days even when apparent failures while in college. A man's worth to his own college can only be judged by the perspective of time. It is said that Superintendent Brumbaugh, of Philadelphia, was an unsuccessful student in college, but it cannot be said that his Alma Mater is ashamed of him and the great work he is doing for the city public schools. It is hard to discern the contents of a mind and heart. We students think we understand each other remarkably well, but the secrets hidden deep within a human soul are as incomprehensible as they are invisible.

In conclusion let me revert to my opening thoughts. College honors are too often the result of a selfish ambition for prominence and publicity, and too often the activity and distinctions of the undergraduate make it impossible for him to lay a thorough foundation, and sometimes they turn his head with disastrous results. The lure of the letter is not necessarily a call to duty. Deliberation is desirable in determining what course of action will be most profitable both to the individual himself and to his college. Winning laurels for self is not necessarily a sign of service. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but let us be sure we know who is doing the giving before we pass any hasty judgments. The meek and modest student is often doing more for his college than the football captain who is amply repaid for his services by cheers, songs, and public commendation. The influence of a quiet Christian life is more beneficial to a student body than that of a social leader or athletic hero who does not possess other good qualifications. The unobtrusive Freshman and the reclusive Senior may be doing a splendid service that is unknown. Many

an erring fellow has been encouraged and his good standing re-established by the secret and sincere counsel of an older student. It must be admitted that such a service to a college will do more to keep its standard high than winning many mile runs against a rival institution. So let us not be hasty in our judgments of true worth, and let us not be allured from the greater service by the misleading glamour of the lesser. Let us rather listen to the voice within than to the plaudits of the world. The athlete works hard and is to be commended. The scholarship student pegs away faithfully and deserves praise for his pains. But let us not overlook the others. Perhaps they have motives as well as limitations. Let us wait and see.—C. D. C., '14.

[Editor's note.] It is with the most sincere regret that we are compelled to devote this space, intended for the notice of his election to the Haverfordian Board, to the announcement of the death of Hibbard Garrett, '15. By no one is his loss more keenly felt than by us who knew and worked with him. The following was his last contribution to these columns:

To A Shipmate

O Sailor, weary of your watch,
 Be not discouraged by night's pall.
 In truth, we cannot ever match
 The canvas with some Grecian wall.
 A mooring wall paved thick with vines
 That, reaching wide, the chain entwines,
 And crowning all, the brilliant flowers—
 Dream-urging, to impede the hours.

'Tis work, not dreams, before you now,—
 Strength's greatest test in labor lies!
 So keep your gaze beyond the prow,
 And bravely straining salt-filled eyes,
 However scorned the part you play,
 Bear up, spray-dashed, until the day.
 Keep well the trust your mates invested
 Your only task, tho' sorely tested.

H. G., '15.

The Blue Mouse

THE Blue Mouse is a rather unusual picture parlor. It has an unpretentious, almost austere, entrance, and the passerby will look in vain for the gilded nymphs and glaring posters of kindred establishments. Located on a busy street, between two irreproachable department stores, necessity has never forced a descent to the impressionistic style of advertising and a lofty swinging sign is the one embellishment to intrude upon the senses. Printed on this in old English script is a brief legend, "The Sign of the Blue Mouse," and underneath a few bold outlines depict its proprietary deity. Startling in hue, but of a quaint and peaceful mien, he looks down upon the busy throng beneath. To most he is a lifeless image, with no more reality than the big clock outside Castleman's nearby jewelry store. As they surge past he turns a lack-lustre eye on those who judge him thus, for old and young alike have a common deadening aspect, the former grimly intent on business, their children quite as commercial in the quest of pleasure.

There are a few, however, in whom he takes a genuine interest. Once in a while, though rarely, you come across someone who loves the city for itself; one who is content and happy to wander through the streets, merely watching the myriad personalities which change and shift around him like whirling autumn leaves. Every atom of the great mass living out a different destiny, and each racing through his little duties with an intensity which seems as ludicrous as the frenzied scurry in an anthill demolished by a careless foot.

Perhaps this student of humanity in its most concrete form may idle along the busy street where the Blue Mouse has his temple. If so he will see a pointed azure face with two black, beady, glistening eyes. A humorous, quizzical countenance, where lies a plainly written invitation, and he will realize that herein is a pleasant spot where he may rest without withdrawing his finger from the throbbing pulse of the city.

Those who receive this summons are few and far between, however, for the Blue Mouse is more exclusive in his selections than the chamberlain of a king's levee; and well may he be so, for the favor bestowed is far greater.

Friday, December 13th, had proved a very lucky day for John Henderson. Starting with an uneventful morning, and drifting through a commonplace afternoon, he had terminated the evening by attaining the goal of two years' unremitting labor, and the hand of Miss Muriel Gray at one fell swoop. Indeed this success had come almost as a surprise, for hitherto the answers to a plea of almost weekly recurrence had given little

hope of ultimate success. It is a strenuous thing to compete with an active rival, but when one's marital opponent is no longer a reality the odds are vastly greater. Memory serves as an excellent cosmetic to eradicate the negative and enhance the positive of manly virtues.

Several years previous to this tale Miss Gray had been engaged to James Trevor, a prescription clerk in the employ of Tompkins and Thomas, the well-known druggists of Callowhill St. The affair had run a smooth and peaceful course for nearly three months and preparations were on foot for the wedding when the prospective bridegroom suddenly disappeared. The details are so commonplace as to be monotonous. He had left the drug store at the usual time one Saturday night, had taken supper at the Y. M. C. A., where he roomed, and shortly afterwards gone out, not to return. The usual steps were taken and, as a last resort, the police were notified, but to no avail. The mystery remained complete and unsolved and in a few days ceased to interest anyone except those few personally concerned. The effect on his fiancée was less transient, for she had really loved Trevor. A desire to enter a convent was suppressed by her parents and after a decent interval her mother, knowing the importance of an attractive daughter as an asset to family prestige, manoeuvred a gradual resumption of social functions. Henderson, a fellow employee of Trevor's, and a mutual friend of the unfortunate couple, had been the natural avenue of return, and from a tactful and sympathetic friendship he had gradually aimed higher in the scale of affection. Long before Muriel had given up hope of Trevor's reappearance he had accepted conditions at their face value and with exceptional self-sacrifice devoted himself to carrying out his chum's uncompleted plans. Perseverance usually finds its own reward, and a raise in salary having allied the family to his cause, Muriel entered upon her new engagement willingly enough, even if without special enthusiasm.

Christmas Eve Henderson left Tompkins and Thomas early. He was a valued employee and despite the holiday rush his request for the afternoon off had been granted without demur. Snow was falling heavily as he emerged into the street so, turning up his coat collar, he stepped out briskly on his quest for a few belated presents. The crowd was small and he had little difficulty in obtaining what he desired. Soon his last purchase was made and he was standing on a corner debating whether to ride or walk to his lodgings when someone slipped their hand through his arm and he looked down to see Muriel, almost hidden in the voluminous folds of a huge cape. "Still shopping?" she said brightly. "What a lot of friends you do have! Perhaps if you're not too busy you'll take me up to the market. Mother wants me to get some more holly and I'm

going to buy it there because the stalls always look so lovely Christmas Eve."

They turned back up the street, stopping every now and then to look in the brightly illumined windows. "What a pity there aren't more people downtown," said Muriel. "I do like to get in a Christmas crowd. You always enjoy it because everyone's so good-natured."

"It will be thick enough in an hour or so," replied Henderson. "The Carnival starts at five o'clock and people won't come out much till then. After supper you won't be able to move along here."

They had passed Gutman's store and were at the foot of the hill which leads up to the market. Just in front of them was the Blue Mouse, its big wooden sign creaking melodiously with the wintry gusts. "Oh, John," said Muriel, "let's go in here for a little while. It's such a quaint place, and then we'll be able to see something of the Carnival before going home. I can't come out after supper because there's so much to do at home."

"Just as you say," said her escort, "but I don't admire your choice of a movie. It's gloomy enough to give one the creeps, and you never know what pictures you're going to see. It's close to the market though and you're the doctor." They passed through the door and took seats towards the rear of the little hall. The place was nearly empty, and silent except for the slight whir of the lantern; a picture was just finishing and in a moment the lights came on as the operator changed reels. Henderson looked about him disapprovingly. "I don't see how this place gets any patronage at all," he said. "Why, they haven't even got a piano. I wonder who the manager can be."

"It's an awfully nice place to rest in," said Muriel, resting her hand on his arm. "Life at the State Penitentiary," she read as the new film was thrown on the screen. "What an interesting picture!"

"So appropriate for Christmas too," grunted Henderson. "They might at least call it the Convict Santa Claus." He looked contemptuously around him, while Muriel watched the different aspects of prison life follow each other across the screen. "It must be a wonderful place," she said softly. "I read in the paper that they have twelve hundred there this Christmas. Think of spending Christmas in jail, John!"

Suddenly she drew away her hand which had been resting quietly in his and leaned forward staring at the film. Henderson followed her gaze with interest. The scene was the prison quarry and some twenty convicts were busily engaged with picks, breaking big slabs into smaller fragments. Two or three guards were scattered round, their rifles on their knees. "Look there!" said Muriel in a tense whisper, "that man

bending over now. It's Jimmy Trevor." As she spoke the figure in question straightened up and turned towards them. Despite the ill-fitting striped clothes and the shaven head there could be no doubt as to his identity. Thinner, visibly older, haggard in feature and reckless in expression, still the man before them was plainly Trevor.

"You're mistaken, Muriel," said Henderson dully. "There's no one like Trevor there."

"Oh, look! Look! Leaning on his pick just beyond that guard. Quick, you *must* see him!" She had risen in her excitement and was pointing at the film. Suddenly the scene shifted and another group came into view. Henderson sat stupidly gazing at the new picture, but the girl almost jerked him to his feet. "John," she said in a calmer tone, "I'm going over to the penitentiary. There's been some horrible mistake. Will you tell mother why I've gone? I think you'd better not come with me, dear." She hurried up the aisle and almost without volition he followed her out of the theatre. A car was just stopping at the next corner and with a glance at the route she ran towards it. A moment later it had turned the curve and Henderson was left alone. For a minute or so he stood motionless on the sidewalk, regardless of the jostling crowd around him. Then as an empty taxi went by he turned quickly and hailed the driver.

It is a long ride from the shopping district to the penitentiary, but Muriel scarcely noticed the passage of time. The shock of discovery once over, she felt too stunned to think about the future, and it was in a kind of trance that she left the car and climbed the broad flight of stairs to the entrance. The Warden was at supper, but a negro trusty took in her name and the object of her visit. He returned with an envelope and a message, which he delivered simultaneously. "Mr. Kennedy says he'll be out in one minute, ma'am, and fo' you to make yo'self comfortable till he comes. He says a young man done leave this note for a lady of yo' name 'bout fifteen minutes ago and he specs you're the one he meant it fo'."

Muriel opened the envelope with some surprise and looked at the writing. Then she read the hasty, incoherent scrawl almost at a glance.

"I did it because I loved you, Muriel. When Jim didn't write I knew he wasn't going to tell, and as I couldn't help him I just tried to forget. You can get him out now, for he's innocent. I owed the money to a loan shark and I had to pay it or he was going to split to Tompkins, and you know what *that* meant for me. I tried to borrow it, but I couldn't raise another cent. I'd worked in old Steiner's office several years ago and picked up his safe combination then and I knew that was

my only chance. I told Jim I had a bet with Steiner that I couldn't break into the office without being seen by the watchman, and that I wanted him to watch the cops for me. It would have been all right, but he called out to ask me why I was so long and I guess the watchman heard him. Anyway he came for me and I had to stop him somehow. Jim didn't run when he heard the shot, so the night patrol nabbed him. I knew he wouldn't tell his right name for your sake and when I found out he'd got a lifer I thought I might take his place with you. I'd have got him out, but I guess I loved you too much.

"Tell Jim why I did it and perhaps he won't be too hard on me. I'm leaving town tonight, so this is to say goodbye, from Jack."

The melodious tones of a bugle rang through the crowded aisles of Gutman's department store and every tired shopgirl drew a deep breath of relief, for it meant six o'clock and closing time. Little Ella Morse, cash girl in the ribbon department, looked around from the vantage point of her raised desk and seeing her floor-walker at the other end of the counter tossed a roll of ribbon high into the air, catching it deftly as it fell back. "Merry Christmas, Miss Sadie!" she said to one of the busy clerks whose head just reached to the level of her voluminous button boots. I guess I'll be coming down now. I've got to help decorate our tree before I go to bed tonight."

In the locker room Ella ran into Mame Saunders of the notion counter, her particular chum, and together they hastened out the employees' exit into the busy street.

"Ain't everything pretty!" said Mame. "I think a real white Christmas is just gorgeous."

"It must be pretty in the country now," was Ella's reply. "Oh, look at the Blue Mouse, Mame!" For a moment they were alone on the pavement beneath the sign. The wind had dropped and it hung perfectly still in the clear, cold air, the beady black eyes gleaming down on the little toilers with an almost human expression. "He looks real contented with himself, don't he?" said Mame. She smiled at her companion and they both laughed cheerily as they passed on. A fresh puff of wind set the sign vibrating once more, and at the same moment the sound of distant church bells came faintly to their ears.—F. M. M., '15.



Beatrice

DANTE planted, Boccaccio watered, romantic souls from that time to this have multiplied the increase. The result is that today the fiction is generally accepted for the fact. Some, it is true, would deny the fact entirely and surrender unconditionally to the allegory, but most would prefer to believe with Mrs. Oliphant that Dante's love for Beatrice was the most perfect love that man ever had for woman, or with Charles Eliot Norton that Beatrice was the "loveliest and most womanly woman of the Middle Ages, at once absolutely real and truly ideal." And perhaps the world would be just as well off if it did continue in this opinion. But, fortunately or unfortunately, there is abroad in our day a spirit which objects to buying oleomargarine for butter. This same spirit, in another sphere, objects to admiring the ideal under the delusion that it is the real. The story of the reluctant prophet to Nineveh is enthusiastically received as a story, but we no longer care to believe that a whale actually swallowed Jonah. We realize that there may be more spiritual truth in a work of art than in its model, but we are in no danger of mistaking a canvas of Cooper for a street in New York. So, in the present instance, we can worship the Beatrice of the "*Vita Nuova*" as a poetic creation, but we cannot think that we have in that unique work a photograph of a Florentine lady.

Is it possible, then, to reconstruct a true historical picture of Beatrice? Can we know that the real Beatrice was the "loveliest and most womanly woman of the Middle Ages," or is this true only of the creation of a superlatively poetic imagination? If we shake off the importunate throng of Dante's admirers we shall find ourselves alone with the poetic lover. Even Boccaccio can add nothing but a few strands of uncertain tradition to the picture Dante gives us. In other words, the "*Vita Nuova*" itself is the only source of material available for the reconstruction of the real Beatrice. Is there sufficient material here for an authentic portrait?

If we read with discerning mind,—not with cynic smile, nor skeptic grin, nor yet with that pride of intellect which sees between the lines what is not there,—we shall hear the mediaeval patois of chivalry and sentiment, though not its insincere extravagance; we shall hear an exuberant voice dwell caressingly upon the untasted beauties of the loved and lost; we shall see love translated into worship as the hope of youth sails over the last horizon; and we shall make due allowance for these things, restraining our ready sympathy, in a dispassionate search for facts. As we read we shall not forget that the man who speaks is the imaginative genius who is to produce the "*Divina Commedia*," the proud and passionate exile whose melancholy face is, in a few years, to haunt every place of power

which can hold out even the slightest hope of restoring him to his beloved Florence.

At the outset we shall assume, on the obvious evidence of the "*Vita Nuova*," that the chasers of the elusive allegory are wrong, and that Beatrice was indeed a real woman for whom Dante had a very real and human love. It is also evident that, for some reason, Dante was restrained from confessing this love. The embarrassing symptoms to which he so frequently alludes, suggest a morbid self-consciousness, which, at every sight of his lady, developed into what might well be called lover's paralysis.

Dante passes over the period of childhood and the experience which unsympathetic adults nowadays most inelegantly call "puppy-love," for fear of appearing to tell an idle tale, realizing, perhaps, that, however sweet its memories, even a mediaeval grown-up world might persist in considering them ridiculous. The erotic visions of his youth furnish material for obscure amatory verses which he circulates among his friends according to the prevalent custom of budding poets at that time. These friends, interested, as usual, endeavor to ascertain the object of his tender passion, but, after the immemorial fashion of lovers, he greets their efforts with a mysterious silence and a noncommittal smile. An accident convinces the curious that they have learned the poet's secret, and he, willing to conceal his real affection, so ardently contributes to the illusion that even Beatrice is convinced that his relations with his "fair defence" are such that she should henceforth deny to him "her most sweet salutation." The shock of this unkindest cut brings the dissembling lover partially to his senses, and he decides to express in a ballad, "not to her directly, for this is not befitting," but in unmistakable terms "what is the power of love over him on her account." Evidently the ballad was sufficiently indirect to fail of its purpose, or else the lady was tired of being worshipped in such a distant fashion, for Dante sorrowfully concludes the account of a company, at which his erotic paralysis had made him ridiculous, with the words, "If this lady knew my condition, I do not believe that she would thus make mock of my person; nay, I believe that she would feel much pity therefor."

Then comes the swan-song of his merely human love. He feels now that he has lost Beatrice for ever, and, after setting down in various sonnets an exact description of his feelings with their causes and humiliating effects, he determines, with the same tenacious spirit which kept him battering upon the closed gates of his forbidden Florence until the end, to possess the lady of his heart in a way that tyrant circumstance could not affect. Just as Emerson felt that the appreciative poet was the real possessor of the teeming fields rather than the clod who merely owned and

tilled them, so Dante would make Beatrice his by a spiritual preemption above the plane of any terrestrial accident. Henceforth, he determines, his beatitude shall consist "in those words which praise his lady," though he hesitates to undertake a theme so lofty, and, in a canzone addressed to "Ladies that have intelligence of love," we have the first notes of that symphony of praise whose finale is the "Paradise."

If the poet concealed his love while hope remained, now that hope has sped, he proclaims it from the house-tops. We see him mourning at her door when her father lies dead within, we hear him murmur her name in the delirium of a fever, we read sonnets and canzones galore in which he describes the effects of her transcendent virtues upon himself and the Florentine populace, who whisper as she passes, "This is not a woman; rather she is one of the most beautiful angels in heaven." Then, suddenly, the lyrics end. A sorrowful Latin sentence drags its weary length across the page:

"O nomods sedet sola civitas plena populo! facta est quasi vidua domina gentium."

Beatrice is dead!

Dante resumes his lyre, but this time to strike the chords of grief. The sweet pity of a certain gentle lady holds out to him the possibility of human love as a balm for his festering wounds, but a vision of the glorified Beatrice keeps him faithful to his spiritual passion. No more, however, is he able to write worthily of her, and he lays aside his pen until he shall be prepared to say of her "what was never said of any woman."

This is the story of Dante's "Vita Nuova." This is our only source of trustworthy information about Beatrice. And from it we can glean no more than the meagre facts which follow: We can be sure that Beatrice was a real woman, capable of awakening love and admiration in the soul of a Dante—the sweetheart of his childhood, the object of his youthful passion, and the inspiration for his masterpiece. Though she must have been somewhat aware of the young poet's feeling for her, his equivocal conduct gave her every reason to banish him from her life, and her femininity is, perhaps, sufficient reason for the mocking demeanor of which the poet complains. We are told that the death of her father preceded her own. And here, in a brief paragraph, we have all our own materials for a reconstruction of the real Beatrice. Must we not conclude that the materials are insufficient, and that the picture can never be made? "The loveliest and most womanly woman of the Middle Ages" is the poetic creation of Dante. The Florentine lady, who lived and died, we shall never know.

But, after all, perhaps the world is just as well off, even if it does confuse the ideal with the real.—E. C. B., '16.

Pierrette in the Dark: A Fantasy

—Ponchinello

DRAMATIS PERSONAE —Pierrette

—A Voice

THE scene is a garden, stilled in the mystic silence of a summer's night. It is surrounded by a wall, time-stained and ivy-clad, and beyond is seen a sentinel row of cypress. From a distance is heard the splash of a stream as it hurries in miniature cascades amongst the rocks. Here and there fireflies gleam doubly resplendent in the shadows of the shrubs. The light is in pastel—pale, luminous. Above, the moon in delicate crescent seems to cast a watchful eye upon Pierrette, who, her cheeks cushioned on a heap of rose petals and her bosom gently lifting, sleeps at the base of a crumbling sundial.

Enter Ponchinello. He is dressed in parti color and his face is pale. His body is slim as is a lance and in his eyes are the veiled mists of dreams. He comes to the sundial, against which he rests his guitar ere he kneels upon one knee beside Pierrette. He touches her cheek.

PON: Awake, beloved.

PIERR: Oh, is it thou? I dreamed—but see, look at the moon!

PON: The moon smiles on us tonight; she is pleased. Is she not like a goddess who is pleased?

PIERR.: The moon is like a crescent of cold gems. Could I but reach it I would grasp the moon out from the heavens and wear it in my hair. For, see Ponchinello, I have no gems.

PON.: We need no gems, thou and I. Are there not stars, and fireflies, and thine eyes? Do I not bring you each night chaplets of dew-drops gathered in the dusk from the cool hearts of roses? Does not the water from the fountain break into a thousand tiny crystal streams; is not each stream a myriad of drops more beautiful than is a string of jewels?

PIERR.: But these things fade. The morning comes and then they are no more.

PON.: But with the night they come again. And have we not each other—thou and I? We two amidst the roses with our love? Can we not lie and dream throughout the day—can we not live our dreams here in the night? We hear the music that is in the leaves and hear the murmurs that are in the grass. We shall be ever young—here in our garden. For, oh, Pierrette, we love; say that you love me.

PIERR.: I love you. But sometimes it is very dreary here. Save the brook; it is so silent. At times I feel the very stillness. And then the honeysuckle stretches its tendrils towards me, and I am afraid.

PON.: Nay, all the world loves thee. The very leaves fall from the trees that thy feet may touch them. But I love thee best. I love thee more than all the world.

PIERR.: Thou lovest thy guitar. Although I ask thee, thou wilt not play it for me. See, Ponchinello, wilt thou not play for me to-night?

PON.: Nay, not tonight. Tomorrow, perhaps, or when the moon is full. For my guitar is not as others. Its strings are moonbeams and its frets are inlaid with the rainbow. It holds but one tune. When that is played its strings will burst and it will play no more. When it is played the greatest moment of our lives is gone. Let me not play tonight, tomorrow, perhaps, or when the moon is full.

PIERR.: 'Tis always thus. Thou wilt not do this thing for me. Thou dost not love me, Ponchinello.

PON.: But I do love thee. See, I will play for thee—I will play for thee tomorrow. And tonight, we will go into the wood and I will make for thee a crown of fern and dew-pearls. And the fairies shall sing to thee tonight. Pierrette, I will play for thee tomorrow.

PIERR.: Tomorrow it will be the same. Tomorrow thou wilt say again, "Tomorrow." Go if thou wilt; I shall stay here—in the garden.

PON.: Come, kiss me then. *(He comes toward her with arms outstretched. She stands passive as he takes her in his arms. He speaks pleadingly. Nay, kiss me. (She turns her head slowly and kisses him on the cheek.) I will return. (He leaves, waving his hand ere he disappears. For a time Pierrette looks after him, then with a sigh she sits at the base of the sundial and plucks a rose. Silence for a while and then from across the wall a rustle is heard. Pierrette leaps to her feet and stands half fearful, half triumphant, listening. A voice speaks.*

VOICE: Art thou there, Pierrette?

PIERR.: Yes; but speak quietly: he is not far.

VOICE: See, Pierrette, I have been lonely in the hills. Come with me.

PIERR.: No, why art thou here? For I was happy in this garden till you came in the dawn with thy gay love words. Why did you come? I was so happy!

VOICE: Thou wilt be happier with me. I will tell thee of the stars, and of the madness that is in the night. I will take thee into the hills where the air is light as thistledown. Thou shalt sleep throughout the day and in the night I will kiss thee and we shall stride from hill-top to hill-top. Thou shalt know each brook and tarn of the fells. Say thou will come with me.

PIERR.: Nay, thou must go back into the hills and alone. For I must stay here.

VOICE: Come with me, and if you tire of the fens I will lead thee down the river to rich cities, where there are houses and warm lights. Thou shalt see the beauty places of the earth, and thou shalt have jewels; and soft silks shall cling about thee as a lover's arms. Thou shalt meet women and know men, and thou wilt have great joy, for thou art beautiful.

PIERR.: I cannot come, for here I shall have youth.

VOICE: But I will give thee more than youth. I will give thee life, and thou shalt know pain and sorrow, but above all, joy. Thou shalt feel all things keenly—pleasure and pain. And in the end thou wilt grow old and will lose all—thy youth, thy beauty, and thy love. But thou wilt have lived: and thou wilt remember, and be glad. Come with me.

PIERR.: Thou must go alone.

PON.: If I go now I never shall return and in the long dawn thou shalt think of me treading the world joyously and there shall be another with me. Say, wilt thou come?

PIERR.: I must not (*she pauses*) and yet—he would not play for me. Wait but a moment. I shall come.

(*Dead white in the moonlight she stands and then goes toward the guitar that still leans against the sundial. Into its strings she twines the stem from which grows the rose that has been in her hand. Then without looking back she lightly scales the ivied wall and leaps into her lover's arms. The silence becomes intense, save for the brook. Then comes Ponchinello.*)

PON.: Pierrette! (*He stops, wondering*) Pierrette! I have brought thee a dove, Pierrette. I found it in the wood. It is as soft and white as is thy throat. Pierrette, thou art hiding. See, I have brought thee a crown: it is of fern and dew-pearls. Pierrette! Pierrette! See, I will play for thee—I will play for thee tonight, Pierrette. (*He picks up the guitar and as he sees the rose he knows. From far away is heard a laugh. A quiver passes over him and then with head thrown back and tears upon his cheeks his slender fingers seek the strings.*

Faintly, at first; but as he feels the spell the swelling cadence quivers in the air. In it is heard the hum of all the bees that have borrowed sweetness since the world was young. The song of every nightingale is here melted in one harmonious, bursting whole. You hear the sea beating as it was wont to beat against the ships that one time sailed toward Troy. In it is the rush of the rain, and the moaning of many winds—it is the song of mountain-tops, and youth, and love. It is cool and clear, and yet there is in it a pain that throbs as does an open wound.

Even as his finger lingers upon the chord, and before the last note has faded into nothingness the strings snap asunder and the handle

breaks. With a sob he drops it to the ground. No sound save from a distance the splash of the stream is heard as it hurries in miniature cascades amongst the rocks. Here and there fireflies gleam doubly resplendent in the shadows of the shrubs. The light is in pastel—pale, luminous. Above, the moon, in delicate crescent, seems to cast a compassionate eye upon Ponchinello, who, with head buried in his arms, weeps at the base of the crumbling sundial.

L. B. L., '14.

Hope

My hope sailed over the far blue rim
 Where the ocean meets the sky,—
 Where the ocean ends,
 And heaven bends
 To let the dreams go by.

My hope sailed free in the yet-to-be;
 And I knew not where or when
 Her sail would blow
 And her treasure go
 Ere she turned to me again.

For what lies over the ocean's rim,
 In the infinite blue beyond,
 No man can say,
 Till he rides away
 To the bourne whence none respond.

So I bid my hope a fond good-bye,
 A hopeless, blind farewell;
 And I saw her sail
 O'er the sunlit trail
 Beyond the booming bell.

And I waited long, am waiting now,
 For the hour when my hope returns.
 She may shattered be
 By the ruthless sea,—
 But I know her lantern burns.

And when she comes I'll welcome her,
 And deck her out anew;
 And forth she'll go
 With the winds that blow
 To the Isle of the Deep and True.

E. C. B., '16.

Plum Duffer

ORDINARILY, I am not much of a man for gadding about. When I was a young fellow in college an invitation to a dance used to make me blush and wonder whether I hadn't better have the tails of my dress-coat cut off a bit shorter at Koshland's, the Kollege Kutter. When I got married, however, things were different. My wife is still one of those ever-smiling ladies whose poise is not even shaken by the snobbery of Mme. Furz, owner and controller of the "Furz Hat Box" (by far the most expensive in Canton, O.) Last week the society column of the *Canton Chronicle* remarked that "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Joyce of Springmeade Road are entertaining extensively this Winter." We are. Last month the collector for *Owen and Mills, Flour, Grain and Feed*, stopped in for his weekly call, and finding me out, told my wife that he was not averse to spending the night, pending my promised arrival early the next morning. That was the night I pillowed my head on the dining-room table and got down town to my office before the milkman came. The following week brought with it the severest blizzard Canton has seen since the winter of 1912. Supper time saw us entertaining a select number who had come upon us through the storm in the misapprehension that number three hundred twenty-seven Springmeade Road was a saloon. They were:

One driver of a coal-wagon.

One red-headed Postal Telegraph Messenger Boy.

One motorman who had lost his car.

One bewildered Policeman and

Two unemployed.

I cite these incidents to prove the correctness of the assertion made by the *Canton Chronicle*, and to illustrate to what extent my social aide has widened since leaving College. I have gotten so now that I no longer consult my watch on the approach of a female acquaintance. I no longer have reason to believe that my ears get red when I put the bone collar-button in the collection plate of the Methodist-Episcopal Church.

So it was that when my wife greeted my appearance at the breakfast table a few weeks ago with the cheering news that her sister Abigail and husband requested our presence at the celebration of their fifth wedding anniversary, I was able to force a smile though the oatmeal.

"Harvey, dear," she was saying, "just *think* what it means to visit the first eugenic couple our States have produced! I've only seen William (that's Abigail's husband) once, and he's *such* a dear! Imagine being Professor of Assyriology in Pabst University at the age of nineteen! Why, Harvey, the Faculty of that great enlightened University will all be there. Think of talking asymptotes with Snoops, the great German mathematician! Think of Glendig, the Englishman who was on speaking terms with Milton! Then there's Barcono, the great Italian physicist, who invented the new kind of macaroni—shot from guns! Think—"

"Yes," I said, rising and wiping the egg from my mustache, "it will indeed be a glorious feat. Have the Minten's got children?"

"Twins; boy and girl. No, *not* Hy and Eu, just plain Sam and Sue, four years old, and bright as buttons."

"Very well. When do we go?"

"This Saturday."

"And stay till—?"

"Oh, as long as we please. A week, two, three—"

"Nonsense; very well," I said closing the front door behind me and tripping down the porch steps.

I could not work well that day, nor the next. A man passed a forged check on the bank. I made false entries in the books. I spilled ink on my vest when I filled my pen; I stepped on the President's toes every time I unlocked the safe. Even the office-boy learned to scowl at me. This visit to Pabst University and the Mintens was getting on my nerves.

Saturday morning dawned bright and fair. I had hoped and prayed for another blizzard, but Fate was set firmly against me. My wife was ill. At first I regarded her with deep suspicion. When her temperature rose I made sure her mouth harboured no pepper. I extracted a solemn promise that she had not been at my Flor Finas. She was really unwell, and I believe disappointed that she could not go with me. I was as determined as she not to show the white feather, so I packed my bag with stolid fortitude, kissed her good-bye, and made ready for my trip to Milwaukee.

"How long will you be, Harvey?" sighed my wife from her bed.

"A week, two, three—," I answered, winking at the cat, who saw me to the door, and kicking her a little.

"And oh, Harvey," came her last words, "be sure and ask Abigail for her plum-duff recipe. She used to make delectable plum-duff. Or perhaps Prof. Barcono could tell you."

"Very well," I said, as manfully as I might.

* * * * *

That evening saw me in Milwaukee. I'll not go into the details of the trip, how card sharpers fleeced me at poker (they never could have if my hand had been steady), how a fat lady destroyed my derby when I left it alone a moment, and how I tipped the porter a five dollar gold piece by mistake and felt too charitable to ask it back. It was bitter cold when I got in Milwaukee, but I felt warm enough to go without my overcoat. When the taxi-driver asked me where I wanted to go I said "Blue Ribbon."

"That makes us famous," he rejoined, with an appreciative grin, "are you going to the University?"

I corrected myself and gave directions. We drove for a long while, and at length pulled up at a fashionable brownstone house. I must have been very nervous, else before the taxi got away I should have recognized a block away the station I had left a half hour before.

Mr. Minten himself opened the door for me. As soon as I saw him I could understand why the Wisconsin State Examining Board had selected him as the fittest of all applicants for the first eugenic marriage. He was a Hercules in stature and build the same time he was possessed of a head the size of a pumpkin. Grasping my hand in one of his, he easily crushed it and said in a great booming voice:

"Time and tide wait on no man. The hour is late and the wedding feast begun. Sammy and Sue—" here he beckoned to two prodigious infants who had been ogling me from a dark corner—"conduct friend Joyce to the guest room, and should he delay in his ablutions take him severely to task."

Sam and Sue proved to be made on the same pattern which turned out Mr. Minten. At the age of four they already overtopped me in height. Mrs. Minten, owing to a strain of sentiment which was her husband's abomination, kept the dear children in kilts, she did so hate to have the little lambs grow up. Each preserved childish features in spite of an air of great age and infinite wisdom. Sam saluted me with a grave "I hope you had not an unpleasant journey, sir," and picking up my valise, marched boldly before, the stairs groaning beneath every ponderous footfall.

While I was preparing for the coming ordeal in my room, Sam and

Sue posted themselves, in the next, evidently firm in the conviction that I would seize on the first opportunity offered to escape.

"What a weakling he looks!" I heard Sam saying, "certainly not more than 5 feet 10 and 160 pounds. And so shrinking in manner. Why he acts like a two-year-old."

This remark was followed by a succession of thumps and jars which threatened to remove the Winten house from its foundation. Sam and Sue were at their gymnastic exercises. Presently came Sue's voice, "Why, Sam, I can't chin myself on your arm any more. Something must be sapping your strength."

I inhaled the very tooth-powder on my brush, such was my fear. Suppose they should ask me to join them in their games, or suppose Sam should coax me into a round or two of the manly art!

I think the only time I ever dressed faster was when the old Adelphia burned down in Chicago. When I descended the stairs and found myself once more in the hall, I was conscious of a feeling of insecurity. Examining myself, closely, however, I could find nothing amiss, so, taking my heart in my mouth, I opened the door into the dining-room.

It was not the dining-room. It was the ladies' lounge. They were lounging there, lots of them, and they all smoked. Not a motion greeted my presence. I was conscious of thousands of critical eyes boring in on me though the smoke haze. A huge female smiled at me deprecatingly, rose, crossed the room to where I stood, and whispered in my ear, "You poor dear! You're Mr. Joyce, lately come from—from, oh *what* is the stupid province?—*Canton*, of course, aren't you? Well, we've finished dinner and left the gentlemen to their cigars while we adjourned for ours. They're in *that* room. Yes, of course, I'm Mrs. Minton. Now you may go, and you've forgotten your necktie, but I assure you you look quite chic."

I don't know how I ever got out of that room into the next. On my way I did some mental calculation. I would pretend that the very latest thing was to go without a necktie. No one was too modern for me. I would tell them where *Canton* stood on the map.

With what I think was an air of real distinction, I closed the door behind me and faced the large table. I was thunder-struck! None of the gentlemen wore collars! Only the boiled-shirt neck-band aspired to encircle fat throats. As before, my reception was a stony stare. Then Mr. Minton rose from his place at the head of the table, placed his hand kindly on my shoulder and said, "Don't mind the prevalent cynicism, old chap, but a collar is somewhat of a novelty these days, you know!"

I said yes, I supposed they were, but one liked to be original occasionally. From that time on, my real torture commenced. I am not much of a man among learned men. My endeavor was to conceal ignorance by drinking excessively. In this I cannot say what was my success, because the rest of the evening is cloudy in my memory. I have on good authority that I insulted every man in the room, that I told Professor Snoops that mathematics were only for German mentalities, Professor Glendig that I hardly envied him his comradeship with Milton on the ground that his latest novel was quite *too* risqué, and Professor Barcono that predigested food and especially macaroni shot from guns was unfair to the human system in that it transferred to the intestine activities what every intelligent man knew were the heritage of the stomach. Hushed with wine and oratory I was put to bed by force.

The next morning I woke with deep misgiving. I only realized that my endurance had snapped, and that I was a ruined man. What I had said the night before I knew not. My only wish was to flee the place undetected. I endeavored to rise and found myself held down by strong hands. I roared in fear and anger. The soft voice of Sue answered me,

"Oh, Joyce, *please* hold still one moment. Sam has almost finished the record. You'll forgive him, won't you, because it's the first time he's ever had a chance to work all night on the same inebriate. This work will endear him to the W. C. T. U. and make sure of his Ph. D. at Pabst. He's stethoscoped your heart-beat, registered every move you made, and has taken a phonographic record of every snore and murmur."

This last affront hardly surprised me. I was humiliated beyond recovery. Excusing Sam and Sue from my chamber, I bounded out of bed and clad myself in frantic haste. I would get out of this awful place, I would fly to Canton, Springmeade Road, and wife as fast as train could travel.

Snatching coat and valise, I threw open my door and came face to face with—my wife! She was laughing heartily. I felt like crying. I could not understand.

"Oh, Harvey," she gasped, "it's been so splendid! You've made yourself! You've passed the test! You didn't see me last night, lounging—and smoking. Everybody entered into it so perfectly splendidly, and you're *such* a duck! It's the *hugest* joke! Of course you don't want to stay and I'm ready to go with you this instant, but it has been *such* fun!"

"Nonsense," I said, "very well."

It wasn't till we got back to Canton that I put my hand in the

pocket of my overcoat, and feeling something cold and very unpleasant, pulled out first a card on which was inscribed "With Abigail's Love, You Old Absent-Mind," and then,—a neat little plum-duff with a white dress tie circling its middle!—K. P. A. T., '15.

Redeemed

Like a mighty billow beating
 'Gainst a barren shore of sand;
 Like the fiery molten lava
 Loading down a littered land;
 Like the earth in painful travail
 As she shakes and quakes with fire
 Lest the world of fashion on her
 Fail to feel her righteous ire;

Like a thunder cloud appearing
 O'er the surface of the sea,
 It awakes my sleeping conscience
 From its vacant vicious glee.
 Like the flash of lurid lightning
 Comes a vision from the skies,
 Beating blind the sense within me,
 Tearing tears from sightless eyes.

Oh! this vision is a phantom
 And I fear its mystic power
 As it prods my preying conscience
 In this tragic, haunting hour.
 Oh! my sin-scarred heart is shattered,
 And this pulse of life will cease,
 If I fail to feel the meaning
 Of this harbinger of peace.

* * * * * * *

Like the gentle sighs of Autumn
 And the play of balmy breeze;
 Like the murmur on the mountains
 And the tunes of stately trees;
 Like the songs of little brooklets
 As they lead from lispings springs,
 So my soul sings soft, sweet music
 For the joys that freedom brings.

C. D. C., '14.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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Editorial

ANYONE who has thoroughly acquainted himself with the present athletic conditions at Haverford should have every reason to consider them entirely satisfactory. The gradual increase of the student body during recent years has resulted in a larger number of victories and a more even distribution of them among the five major sports. Success in contests has not been offset by an adoption of the professional attitude toward sport in general—a misfortune which is not rare, to say the least, in the colleges of our vicinity. We have thus far retained the love of the game which should be the only justification for all competitive forms of athletics. In these days of high-salaried coaches and intensive training, enthusiasts in general and college team promoters in particular are apt to lose sight of the fact that athletics are elementally recreational. For Haverford athletics, to play is the impulse, to get exercise is the result and to win is the stimulus—although of course “we must win at any cost.” We quote this last sentiment tentatively from the vernacular, trusting to our puritanical tone to keep anyone from misinterpreting “at any cost” to mean “by any financial

inducement." To some perhaps this complacent survey of Haverford sport may seem somewhat overdrawn, but we feel assured that it would be sanctioned by the consensus of Haverford opinion.

In general these statements are, of course, true, but as we consider our five branches of sport separately we find one, at least, to which these generalizations cannot strictly apply. Toward this team the professional attitude is already incipient. No one would be so unreasonable as to suppose from this that any disposition to buy material exists, for such an idea is opposed to every standard of Haverford sport. By "professional attitude" is meant the scarcity or lack of any enjoyment in the sport on the part of those engaged. To express it mildly, the interest which the Haverford undergraduate shows in the Haverford gymnastic team is not in the least formidable.

This fact is not at all surprising when the drudgery of the work is taken into account, for the graduate from the compulsory gymnastic classes of freshman and sophomore year is apt to regard the gymnastic team as an unnecessary evil. Yet the fact to be deplored is, that this aversion to gymnastic work has greatly increased since the year 1909. Before and during this year the gym. teams, if not more successful in contests than those of late years, were certainly much larger, and the number of men who derived real benefit and pleasure from the work was at least twice as great as the present. Perhaps this falling off in the gymnastic squad has led a greater proportion of men to engage in soccer and indoor cricket than formerly, and, if so there can be no complaint, for everyone recognizes the superiority of outdoor to indoor exercise. The defect in the present state of affairs we think to be in the tendency of certain public-spirited souls to work gymnastics *because there is a team to be supported*. The team should only exist as a means of organizing and directing the efforts of those who, engaging in gymnastics for its own sake, desire to take their exercise in that form. Not only is half-hearted work of this kind quite useless as exercise, but the success of a team composed of men actuated by such motives can hardly be material.

It is obviously not our intention to criticise the work of those who at present are doing their utmost for this branch of Haverford athletics, but merely to raise the question—do these efforts receive adequate returns? Does the college body as a whole co-operate, even in spirit, in their endeavor? And, lastly, might not another sport, such as basketball be substituted for gymnastics which would attract more of the men who do not play soccer, give them more beneficial and enjoyable exercise and hold up the financial end of the Athletic Association as well or better than the gymnastic team does to-day?

Before answering the first of these questions it may be well to give some account of the origin of gymnastics. Toward the end of the seventeenth century in one of the university towns of Germany a group of students, perhaps the members of a glee club, formed the habit of taking country walks, and in order that other parts of the body than those used in walking might be developed, the custom arose of performing certain "stunts" on the limbs of trees. Our game of "follow-the-leader" is perhaps the truest survival. The increasing popularity of these clubs eventually led to the formation of others in many of the German cities and, strangely enough, they seem to have always been allied with some sort of a choral society. The gymnastic walks were taken in leisure hours during the week and a combined song-fest and dance was held on stated occasions. The all-round development produced by this form of exercise became so manifest that the universities informally adopted the system and for the sake of convenience apparatus was devised which should more adequately take the place of the tree limbs. This apparatus has descended to us with very few modifications. Gymnastic work then gradually became recognized as the most satisfactory form of indoor exercise and as such flourished in Germany, was introduced into the regular curriculum of the English public schools, and also of the two military training schools of Aldershot and Woolwich, and at last found its way into America. Some twenty years ago an intercollegiate association was formed, which officially standardized gymnastics as a *competitive* sport. It will be readily seen that in Germany and Great Britain, gymnastics was maintained solely as a means for physical culture. In these countries the work, even if compulsory, was enjoyable because it was not competitive. In America this recreational feature has been reduced to a minimum, for the reason that in order to acquire the proficiency in gymnastics which is necessary to compete successfully a man should undergo a training as rigid as the would-be acrobat's. Anyone familiar with circus work will admit that this is hardly compatible with a sedentary life. It then seems reasonable to suppose that the man does not get adequate returns from his efforts to support a gymnastic team *unless he does enjoy the work*.

Our second question—has the college body an active interest in the gymnastic team?—need not detain us long. A passive interest in the work of the team is unquestioned, but we feel convinced that this interest is less than that shown in football, soccer, cricket and track. Considering that at least four years is necessary to develop a gymnast, we are not surprised that this is the case, but if gymnastics is of enough value to the student to justify its maintenance as a major sport it should

be reasonably expected to interest more than ten men from one hundred and sixty. At present gymnastics does not.

As regards the substitution of basketball in place of gymnastics, we are treading on dangerous ground. We may not, of course, anticipate all the objections which the experiment would bring to light. A basketball team would perhaps reduce the number of men who at present take no exercise during the winter weather, offer a more enjoyable form of recreation than gymnastics both for contestant and spectator, and also by attracting larger attendances increase the gate receipts.

In conclusion, we do not urge the dissolution of Haverford gymnastics at all, but have discussed the question as a coming issue. Basketball, although a far more exciting sport and one involving less training than gymnastics, is certainly not as well adapted to physical culture. There is no danger that the team for the next few years will be unable to land a respectable number of victories, but there is the possibility that another sport may more adequately fill the student's demand for a pleasant and healthful form of exercise that he may continue in later life. We solicit further discussion of this matter.

Book Reviews

War and Waste. DAVID STARR JORDAN. (Doubleday, Page & Co., '13)

WAR AND WASTE," is the first essay in a book composed of essays reprinted from the *World's Work*, and editorials from the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Independent* and other domestic and foreign periodicals. Nearly all, if not all, of the matters pertaining to war at the present day are considered in it.

Dr. Jordan's book has the clarity of thought on this world question which is present in Norman Angell's "Great Illusion," and seems to be influenced by the latter book. Current questions, however, are treated in detail to show the power of the new theory in actual application.

The militarist must either be unexpectedly inspired by his great god, Mars, to be able to rationally defend his position, or flee the wrath of an awakened public when the impact of the thought in this book and in Mr. Angell's shall have penetrated to the minds of the people, the people from whose pockets comes the money for his subsistence.

The security of his own position and the weakness of that of his numerous opponents of the "Armor Plate Press" and of war mongers

of any degree is illustrated by the coolness with which Dr. Jordan places in the appendix of his book the most telling and seemingly truthful of his opponents' arguments. This coolness is warranted, in that he has riddled most of them through and through, and given us material for thought which will enable us to annihilate the remainder, before appending them.

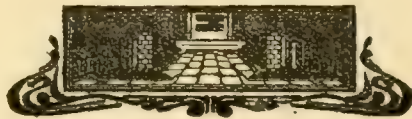
What is most impressive in the book is the information of the burden of debt under which the European and Asiatic nations labor as the result of past wars and proof of the extreme folly and improbability of any nation committing financial and commercial suicide by entering into further wars.

All this though so novel to readers a year or so ago is now somewhat hackneyed and needless of repetition in broad terms alone. It is therefore not in broad terms that Dr. Jordan's book deals with the subject. The Balkan war and its financial and unsuspected background, the proven absurdity of any Japanese war scares, the Panama fortification problem, the Monroe Doctrine and the various Pacific coast questions, and would-be questions, are treated in a definite and illuminating manner, due to information bearing out premises in the "Great Illusion."

Dr. Jordan's defense of the wisdom of our State and Presidential policies in situations which the hasty and unthinking look upon as calling for immediate war measures, might well be read by some critics of the present Administration.

It is difficult to impart motion to large masses, and it will probably require several such books as Dr. Jordan's and Norman Angell's to set in motion the mass of public opinion which will crush the bravely strutting and bombastic martial parasites of civilization. But when it is set in motion, and such parasites crushed beneath its progress, the financial and industrial life-blood of which the plodding citizen will cease to be bled will make possible a new civilization. When this happens men will look back in wonder on the time when they accepted stolidly the absurd aphorisms of a mediaeval militarism.

E. M. P., '15.



Undergraduate Criticism

Reality

THE popular conception of fiction may cause one to believe that it does not deal with reality. But as serious fiction is an expression of life it deals primarily and imperatively with truth and reality.

Writing which makes a false impression, or employs false means to create an impression, should not be called "short story," "novel" or any other literary name. It should not be admitted to the same binding with productions which have integrity, at least, to entitle them to be ranked as literature.

As things have gone by twos ever since Noah's little party entered the ark, so are there two things about writing which call for experience and knowledge to produce the effect of reality. Literature is so intimately connected with man that we might employ the words so expressive of his double nature to express the two aspects of literature; the spiritual and the material.

The motives and emotions which control characters in fiction must first have controlled or attempted to control the creator of the characters. All fiction is to this extent biographical of the writer. If the reader observes the forces which shape the characters in a man's writing he will see the emotions, the passions which have added themselves in the writer's life to shape the man. By the author's attitude towards the character or his actions one can tell how great a hold the motives and nature of that character have obtained upon the author. This perhaps does not apply so exactly to the minor characters in the work of a man such as Dickens, but is certainly true of any protagonist in a short story.

The poet writes of intense love, of intense hate, of weakness and strength. He has felt all these and they have gone to make his life, or lives. The biography of a man with moods so intense as the poet's, is multiplied by the number of the men he has been. If a prose author, writes of a noble, self-sacrificing character; if he makes him real to us, and inspiring, we may be sure that the author has felt and is capable of feeling emotions such as actuate his character.

A man cannot write convincingly of what he has not felt. Few would try to and reality is not threatened very often upon this side.

It is upon the more tangible side of physical, psychological and allied truth, that fiction is attacked by unreality.

The air of unreality, or even of improbability, which curls about some writing would not exist if this fact were recognized and yielded to at the time of their creation.

When the plot of a story occurs to one or is painfully extracted from the surrounding ether, the first test of it, and of the characters which are to embellish it, should be the test of reality. "Does this plot ring true? Would such a man do this? Is it possible that should happen?"

If the plot, its setting and the characters are chosen with due regard to the knowledge one has gained from observation, the stamp of reality will no doubt be on the story.

If the plot turns upon an incident which is impossible, or has so great a degree of improbability as to seem impossible, another plot should be obtained.

The setting of a story should not be made what one supposes it to be. Everyone has had acquaintance with certain sections of the country or of the world during his lifetime. Then let him utilize the knowledge which he has gained. If not possessed of sufficient insight to see what is at hand, at least let him trouble himself to read, or inquire, and so observe at second hand the section he would use.

Let a character be created and animated only by such forces as are known in nature and result, by introspection and observation, by reason and by imagination based upon knowledge; not by irresponsible fantasy. Let knowledge do away with surmise, and experience with experiment, then will reality stamp our writing and we will be upon the road to literary achievement.

A story which has in it an incident so improbable as to be classed impossible is "The Great Miniature Painter and Miss Nanny," in the *Smith College Monthly*. The "great miniature painter" with whom Miss Nanny is doing her best to flirt, is almost in despair of getting the right tint for her hair. She breaks down his impersonal guard by her feminine wiles and "not knowing exactly what he was doing" he "fell suddenly to a mad mixing of colors." In the course of their set-to he idly dashes some of the mixture upon his palette. Presto! exactly the tint he wanted! I suppose the probability of this fortunate happening could be calculated, but it makes an unsubstantial thing about which to build a story.

"Proposing Under Difficulties" in the *University of Virginia Magazine* does not possess the merit usual to the stories in this publication. A man (or a caricature of a man) who proposes to two girls, is accepted by both, gives each a ring, disparages each to the other and so on for six ridiculous pages, is most certainly "impossible."—E. M. P., '15.

Alumni Department

ON December 2, the regular Monthly Luncheon of New York Haverfordians was held at the Machinery Club. There were present: L. H. Wood, '96; Royal J. Davis, '99; Edward Thomas, '97; John Embree, '98; H. Babbitt, '01; W. H. Wood, '01; Victor Schoepperle, '11; F. A. Stadelman, '98; E. Murray, '05, and J. Tatnall, '13.

Hollingsworth Wood, '96, writes as follows:—"The discussion of Haverford's successful football season, discussion of the dance question and of methods of raising public sentiment in the student body of Haverford against cigarette smoking, with incidental consumption of the Machinery Club food, was so attractive as to make some of the men miss their engagements after lunch. These lunches are performing a useful function. An average of a dozen men meeting every month improves acquaintances and freshens recollections."

'85

In the October *Schwenkfeldian*, Dr. Rufus Jones has an article entitled, "Caspar Schwenkfeldt, another Reformation of the Middle Way." This is the substance of an address delivered at the Hartford Theological Seminary in February last. Schwenkfeldt was a 16th century reformer of noble birth, who was at one time an associate and friend of Martin Luther's in

Germany, but who subsequently broke with him and died persecuted in his teaching.

'93

Carrol B. Jacobs, '93, has gotten out an attractive Twentieth Anniversary Class Letter. On June 13 last, a meeting was held at which the following were present: A. V. Morton, T. S. Gates, C. J. Rhoads, G. M. Okie, J. Roberts, B. Sensenig, E. Woolman, G. K. Wright, H. O. Bechtel, F. B. Reeves, W. W. Haviland, C. Osborn, and C. B. Jacobs. A. V. Martin and C. B. Jacobs were re-elected President and Secretary-Treasurer respectively. Since graduation, eleven meetings of the class have been held. In 1902 the members were engaged as follows:

Six teachers, 5 lawyers, 3 mercantile, 3 finance, 3 insurance, 1 doctor, 1 surveyor, 1 architect, 1 designer, 1 missionary, 1 R. R. superintendent, 1 miner.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

GRADUATES

BAILEY, LESLIE ADELBERT,
Dresden Mills, Maine

Year in post graduate work in University of Chicago, then at Simmons' College, Abilene, Texas; Principal Friends' Raisin Valley Seminary, Adrian, Michigan;

Friends' Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, New York. Last ten years has lived at Dresden Mills, Maine, and managed fruit farm at Cedar Grove. Married.

BROWN, JOHN FARNUM

Died May 14th, 1894. Drowned in Boston Harbor.

DAVIS, FRANCIS FRANKLIN,
New York

Spent year after graduation at Haverford, then three years at Harvard in graduate school. One year later went to auditing department of Equitable Life Insurance Company. There several years, then with William Witman & Sons, wholesale lumber business. Single.

ESTES, WILBUR ALBERT

Teacher and Principal Oak Grove Seminary, (Vassalboro, Me.) Missionary to China. Last known address Lu Hoh, China, via Nankin. Baptist Missionary Society of China. Married.

HAVILAND, WALTER WINCHIP,
Lansdowne, Pa.

Friends' Select School, 140 N. 16th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Taught Mathematics and History three years at Guilford College, N. C. Since then at Friends' Select School; Principal since 1911. Married.

HOAG, CLARENCE GILBERT,
Haverford, Pa.

Also attended Berlin and Zurich Universities. Instructor at Haverford, Belmont Academy and Bates' College. For seven years instructor at University of Pennsylvania. Now devoting time to writing on economics and politics. First book "A Theory of Interest," to be published by MacMillan & Co., Secretary United States of America Proportional Representation League. Married.

JACOBS, CARROL BRINTON

Three years at University of Pennsylvania Law School; one year in law office of R. T. Cornwell, Esq., West Chester, Pa.; practiced law in West Chester, Pa., to date. Married.

JONES, GEORGE LINDLEY,
Westtown School

Spent year after graduation as instructor at Haverford, Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.; Principal High School, N. Berwick, Me.; Medford High School, Medford, Mass.; Assistant Principal of Westtown Friends' School. Married.

OSBORNE, CHARLES,
Albany, N. Y.

For the last five years Assistant Engineer New York Highway Department.

MORTON, ARTHUR VILLIERS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Quaker City Bank from Fall of 1883 to Spring of 1892; insurance broker for several months. Came to the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities in June, 1894, and is now Vice-President of the same. Unmarried.

OKEL, JOHN MICKLE,
Berwyn, Pa.

After spending six years in various positions, has been connected with the Girard Trust Company for fourteen years. Married. Looks forward to running a modern scientific farm.

RHOADS, CHARLES JAMES,
Philadelphia, Pa.

On leaving college entered the employ of the Girard Trust Company as clerk. Elected Assistant Treasurer 1898; Treasurer, 1901; Vice-President and Treasurer, 1904. Married.

RHOADS, EDWARD

Drowned in the Susquehanna, July 4th, 1903.

ROBERTS, JOHN

For 15 years in railroad work with New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, Long Island Railroad, Union Switch and Signal Company, New York, Westchester

and Boston Railway Company. At present in charge of Railway Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.

SENSENIQ, BARTON,
Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

After leaving Haverford prepared himself to teach Deaf and Dumb. Since 1894, Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Mt. Airy, Pa., Mathematics and Physics. Married.

VAUX, WILLIAM SANSOM, JR.

Died, July 23rd, 1908.

WESTCOTT, EUGENE MARION,
Shawano, Wisconsin

Attorney at Law. Engaged in the practice of law at the above address, formerly of Phoenix, Arizona. Married.

WHITALL, FRANKLIN

Died, May 13th, 1894. Drowned in Boston Harbor.

WOOLMAN, EDWARD
Ardmore, Pa.

Spent a year in the Engineering Department of University of Pennsylvania. Has been with the Welsbach Light Company, United Electric Improvement Company, Barnes & Erb Laundry Machinery Company, F. J. Stokes Machine Co. Married.

WRIGHT, GIFFORD KING,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Attorney at Law; practicing at
above address; McKee, Mitchell &
Alter.

NON-GRADUATES

BECHTEL, HARRY OLIVER
Pottsville, Pa.

Judge of the Twenty-first Judicial
District. Married.

BRINTON, HORACE

Present address, Roanoke, Va.
Married.

CROWTHER, WILLIAM MORTIMER

Attorney at Law. Address unat-
tainable. Married.

EDWARDS, CLARENCE KINLEY,
Oakland, Cal.

Married.

GATES, THOMAS SOVEREIGN,
St. Martin's, Philadelphia

Married. Business, President
The Philadelphia Trust, Safe De-
posit and Insurance Company,
Director of same and of the follow-
ing: Philadelphia National Bank,
Fourth Street National Bank, Phila-
delphia Rapid Transit Company,
Catawissa Railroad Company, Phil-
adelphia and Gray's Ferry Railroad
Company, Savings Fund Society of

Germantown. Entered National
Bank of Germantown, registered
in the office of Geo. Wharton Pep-
per, Esq., assistant in the office of
John G. Johnson, Esq., until Janu-
ary, 1905, at which time became
Trust Officer of The Pennsylvania
Company for Insurance on Lives
and Granting Annuities; in January,
1910, became Vice-President and
Trust Officer, and in January, 1911,
became Vice-President; on Octo-
ber 1st, 1912, became connected
with The Philadelphia Trust, Safe
Deposit and Insurance Company
as President.

HAUGHTON, JOHN PAUL,
Paoli, Pa.

Insurance business after leaving
college. Now farming near Paoli.
Unmarried.

KNIFE, ARTHUR

Address unattainable.

LIPPINCOTT, HORACE GREENOUGH,
Jr., Wyncote, Pa.

OBERTEUFFER, JAMES PRITCHETT

Care of Mr. Wm. Oberteuffer, Mt.
Tabor, Oregon. No information
attainable.

PENNYPACKER, - WILLIAM GAUSE,
Wilmington, Del.

Barrel manufacturer. Married.

READ, WILLIAM JOHNS, JR.

No information obtainable.

REEVES, FRANCIS BULLER, JR.,
Germantown, Phila.

With Reeves, Parvin Company, wholesale grocers. Admitted to firm February 1, 1896. Director Girard National Bank, Theodore Starr Savings Bank, Germantown Savings Fund, Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, Philadelphia Fountain Society, Vice-President Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware Wholesale Grocers' Association. Married.

TAYLOR, JAMES GURNEY, M. D.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Practiced medicine at Overbrook until lately. Married.

WOOD, JAMES HENRY,
Villa Nova, Pa.

Unmarried. Other information unattainable.

'96

Mr. and Mrs. Homer J. Webster, who were married on July 22 at Richmond, Ind., are pursuing graduate work together in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

'97

On December 6, the class of '97 held its annual reunion and dinner at the College. '97 men are justly proud of the fact that their reunion has been well attended every year since graduation. This year proved no exception to the rule. Alfred M. Collins, lately returned from exploration in the Behring Straits

region with E. M. Scull, '67, gave an interesting illustrated account of his travels. Election of officers resulted as follows: President, Elliot Field; Vice-president, Charles H. Howson; Secretary, B. R. Hoffman.

With one other companion and a small crew, Collins and Scull passed Behring Straits into the Arctic Sea. Following the coast of Siberia, good walrus and polar bear hunting was had. Opportunity was abundant to study the Esquimaux. After many hardships and not a few perils, the party returned to Alaska in safety and arrived in Philadelphia late in November.

'99

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mellor, Germantown, are to be congratulated upon the birth of a daughter. Mr. Mellor is actively engaged in collecting funds for a new Cap and Bells stage and curtain in Roberts Hall.

'00

On November 5, John E. Lloyd was elected President of the William Lloyd Lumber Co., 29th Street and Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

Ex-'01

On August last, George B. Mellor, Jr., was married to Miss Martha Bullock. Their residence is the Mellor homestead, Willow Dale, near the Brandywine, West Chester.

'01

Dr. Herbert S. Langfeldt, Professor of Psychology in Harvard

University, has an article in the December "Century" entitled, "Mind in Golf." This is part of a discussion entitled, "Mind vs. Muscle in Golf," running in the "Century." Dr. Langfeldt divides golfers into two groups, the "natural born" players, and the unnatural players,—the former having a free swing from natural muscular co-ordination, and the latter possessing an "awkward" swing requiring concentration of mind to overcome. Dr. Langfeldt substantiates his theories by quoting laboratory experiments.

'02

On Saturday, December 20, the class of '02 held its eleventh Annual Reunion and Dinner in the old Y. M. C. A. room at the College. Seventeen members were present—a marked increase over recent years. Caspar Wistar, medical missionary in Guatemala, spoke interestingly on the Mexican situation in the eyes of the Latin-American. C. Wharton Stark and E. G. Kirk were elected to fill the positions of President and Secretary-Treasurer, formerly held by A. G. H. Spiers and E. E. Trout. The meeting ended with a discussion of the immediate needs of the College, particularly in regard to courses.

Ex-'03

A. G. Dean is now with the West Chester Engine Co., manufacturers of the Dean Engine.

'06

Our Faculty champion of phonetic spelling, Prof. T. K. Brown, Jr., has an interesting article in the

December "Westonian" entitled, "Quaker Simplicity and English Spelling." The successive steps in the development of our native tongue are traced out in order to make clear the origin of the present complexity of the written word. Before the advent of the press, men spelt as they saw fit. Then the printer assumed the duty of suppressing individualities in spelling, but accomplished their end in a most unscientific fashion. Since then language has progressed while writing has stood still. To this day, type-setters and proofreaders are the dictators of the orthography of Shakespeare and Milton.

Rafael J. Shortledge and Miss Helen W. Houghton, of Yonkers, have announced their engagement. Shortledge is teaching at the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

On October 24, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Haines were made happy by the birth of a daughter, Ann Haines.

On October 31, Sceva B. Laughlin and Miss Lillian Goodell, of Iowa, were married in Beaver City, Okla. Laughlin is Principal of the Lawrence Academy at Gate, Okla.

'08

We are in receipt of a very well prepared '08 Class Letter, the gist of which we are happy to print below. We cannot too strongly urge that such documents be sent to THE HAVERFORDIAN upon publication.

F. A. Musser reports a very substantial increase in the size of his congregation in Bloomsburg, Pa.

T. M. Longstreth spent the summer in the Canadian woods.

C. T. Brown announces that his marriage to Miss Anna Hartshorne, of Brighton, Md., will take place next August. They expect to live at Westtown.

T. P. Elkinton is conducting open air meetings on Sundays at Chester. On November 28, a second child, Rebecca, was born.

M. A. Linton reports that he has passed three of the four examinations of the Institute of Actuaries in London and in America. He has been made Mathematician of the Provident Life and Trust Co., Phila.

C. F. Scott is with the Sprague Electric Works of the General Electric Co., Yonkers, N. Y.

R. C. Woodard is President of the Farmers Institute and Secretary-Treasurer of the Farmers Equity Exchange of Haviland, Kansas.

W. Hobbs is teaching Mathematics at Guilford College, N. C.

C. K. Drinker expects to study in the Pharmacological Laboratory of the U. of P. until March, when he will take up his appointment with the Harvard Medical School Hospital.

J. W. Curtis is teaching in the Public High School, Hood River, Ore.

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Mason

and

Clower

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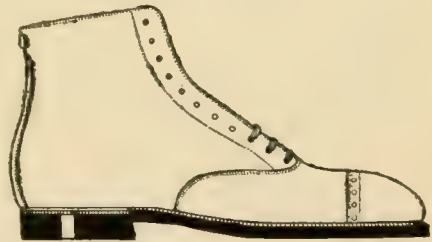
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On September 1, Edwin Wright was married to Miss Louise Mason, of Richmond, Va.

L. C. Petry recently secured his doctor's degree at the University of Chicago. During the winter he will carry on research work in the Botanical Laboratory.

C. H. Rogers has been appointed to a position in the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

C. L. Miller has moved to Lancaster, Pa., where he is associated with Messrs. Coyle and Keller, Attorneys at Law.

J. J. Guenther is in the Law School of the U. of P. He is President of the Civic Club and chairman of the Second Year Law Y. M. C. A. Committee.

T. L. Green is Cashier of the First State Bank, Pawnee City, Neb.

W. H. Morris is at the Hospital for the Women of Maryland, Baltimore.

W. W. Kurtz has been admitted to membership in the firm of Kurtz Bros., 131 S. 4th Street, Phila.

G. K. Strode gives up his position as resident physician in the University Hospital in April, when he will commence general practice.

W. W. Whitson is giving a course of social service to the Visiting Nurses' Association in Orange, N. J.

J. W. Stokes is now a Government Forester in the Playhn National Forest in Idaho.

P. B. Fay is Instructor in French at the University of Michigan.

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R. A. Spaeth and wife are spending the winter at the Biological Institute in Kiel, Germany.

F. C. Hamilton is with the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. at Stamford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Sharpless are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, Thomas K. Sharpless, Jr., on November 18.

Lucius R. Sherd, Racine College, Wis., has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship from Wisconsin.

'12

Leslie W. Ferris, whose marriage to Miss Dorothy Haggerty, of Poughkeepsie, took place last month, is now in the Government Bureau of Standards, in Washington. His address is 806 11th St., N. W.

Ex-'13

At the annual election of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, Alfred C. Redfield was elected to membership from the Senior Class.

Ex-'13

Elisha T. Kirk has set himself up in business in Canton, Ohio, as the Kirk Photo Co., General Photographers. He is specializing in hand-painted photography.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN

The Haverford—Swarthmore Games, 1879-1904.

By J. Henry Scattergood, '96.

PRESIDENT SHARPLESS never sprung a greater surprise on any group of Haverfordians than when at the dinner given by some interested Alumni to the Haverford 1913 Football Team last December, he suddenly told us that he now felt that we could once more play football with Swarthmore. Instantly our memories brought up the old heroes, old tackles were made again, old runs for touchdowns were lived over. The Swarthmore game! There is nothing that thrills a Haverfordian in just the way that it does. And for ten years, there has been none. The oldest man in College today was never there with anyone who had ever seen one of them while a student. And yet, while with our diverse methods and purposes our ways had parted for these years, there must have been at work some drawing influence which would seem to make possible a renewal of the game on the old ground of "true sport and honor," so dear to the real heart of both colleges. So may it be, and may the games to come pass into memories as pleasant to recall as have those well-fought but friendly contests of the past.

To sketch the record of these old games would seem to be the best way to get into the spirit of them. And so with this in view and with a desire to gather together old reminiscences and bits of history before they are forgotten, I have ventured upon the undertaking. Coming about midway in the series, I had the opportunity of seeing more than half of the matches myself; while properly to picture the days of the '80's I have tried to get all the old players possible to reminisce. THE HAVERFORDIAN has, of course, been the great source of definite information, and the writings of Parke Davis of Princeton and the old rules have greatly aided in picturing the development of the game. If errors in the names, etc., have been made, I hope the record may be corrected through THE HAVERFORDIAN.

The first college football match in America was when Rutgers defeated Princeton in 1869, twenty-five playing on a side, goals alone counting and the game being won by the side first making six goals. Columbia started to play in 1870, Harvard and Yale in 1872 and Pennsylvania in

1876. Each had a game of its own—Harvard's based on the "Association's" rules, the others' on various modifications of the "Rugby Union" rules. In 1876 the first convention on rules made much progress in establishing a uniform standard, but complete agreement was not then reached even on the number of players, Yale insisting on eleven, and the others agreeing on fifteen. Not until 1880 was the number unanimously fixed at eleven.

At Haverford, since the days of the '40's a football had been kicked, for an early copy of "The Gem" tells us vividly of the scrub games that had been played when one or two balls were promiscuously kicked about. But the real game began "after a long delay" in 1878, although at first very crudely. An article in "The Gem" of that year discusses the two codes of rules—the Rugby Union and Association—and concludes "unless some rules are made and followed strictly, we can never expect to attain to any degree of skill and knowledge in the noble game of football." By 1879, however, sufficient progress appears to have been made to venture on a Freshman match with the University Freshmen, which ended in a draw, 0 to 0; and on December 13 of that year the College team played its first match—against Swarthmore. Our team was captained by a Freshman, R. Somers Rhodes '83, who besides being the best player in College in his time, also has the distinction of having introduced music into Haverford. His bold playing of a French horn in complete defiance of the rules of that day commanded the wonder and admiration of his fellows, and perhaps inspired their confidence in him as a fearless leader. He was joined in the rush-line by W. Brinton '81, "Dan" '82 and A. P. Corbit '80 (now General Corbit), and F. E. Briggs '83, while Sam Mason '80, W. F. Price '81 and J. W. Tyson, Jr. (then '83) were half-backs, and E. I. Randolph '82, and Bond Thomas '83 were fullbacks. Only ten names appear to be mentioned in the accounts of the game. Haverford won a fine victory by scoring 1 goal, 1 touchdown and making 1 safety, and forcing Swarthmore to make no less than 13 safeties without scoring. At that time a game was won by the "majority of touchdowns," a goal counted as 4 touchdowns, and a safety did not count (although it was considered a blot on a team's escutcheon), and in case of a tie a goal kicked from a touchdown took precedence over 4 touchdowns. Thus early in the game kicking was made the great feature, and it is doubtful (according to the old-timers) whether at any time since, there has been such *general* proficiency in punting and goal-kicking, drops and placement, as in those early years. This game was played on the old football field at Haverford north of the Observatory towards President Sharpless' house, which continued in use until 1889, when Walton Field was first

opened. The players dressed in their own rooms and visiting teams for many years were distributed around in Barclay Hall. One member of this earliest team tells me that although they early recognized the "chief points in the game to be running with the ball and passing it from one to another to avoid the men of the opposite side," yet kicking was so prevalent that the late John Thayer (that fine sportsman, now so deeply lamented), who had come out to stir Haverford in her game, kept blaming her players for kicking instead of running with the ball. One of the Swarthmore players, now an honored judge, was unfortunate enough to have his collar-bone broken in this game. The Haverford man who was the other factor in the collision, while recently reminiscing, confessed a lurking fear of being still unforgiven, which to this day leads him to be especially careful of his auto's speed while touring in the judge's district.

During 1880 and 1881, no games were played with Swarthmore or any outside teams except an '83 Class match with the University '83, the permission of the authorities not being obtainable.

In 1882 there was also no College game, but Swarthmore '86 defeated Haverford '86 in a Freshman match by 1 goal and 10 touchdowns. Evidently Swarthmore could run better than she could kick.

In 1883 two College matches were played with Swarthmore, the first on March 21 at Swarthmore, won by Haverford, the second on November 17th at Haverford, won by Swarthmore. In the Spring match, the score was Haverford 1 goal, 1 safety; Swarthmore 1 touchdown, 6 safeties. The old rule as to scoring had been modified in 1881 so that a touchdown should take precedence over a goal otherwise kicked, in case of a tie extra time should be played, and if still a tie the side making four or more safeties less than their opponents should win the game. In 1882 four touchdowns were decreed to take precedence over a goal kicked from the field, and two safeties were made equal to a touchdown for the opponents. This complicated system was the basis of scoring in our 1883 Spring game, but it had been found generally unsatisfactory in the 1882 season, the referee often having to decide as to the proportions in which touchdowns, goals and safeties should be valued against one another.

In the interval between 1879 and 1882 there had also taken place a great development in the game itself, when two of the fundamental principles of American Rugby were worked out, viz. (1) the undisputed retention of the ball by one side in the "scrimmage" as distinguished from the English "scrum" where the forwards of both sides still struggle for its possession; and (2) the adoption of the five-yard rule. By the first of these changes, the "snapper back" was protected from attack until he had snapped the ball to his quarterback, which he did in the early days with a

backward thrust of his foot while he stood in an almost upright position. This converted the merely accidental play of the English game, where either side may get the ball "out of scrum" to its backs, into one in which definite and prearranged tactics and strategy became possible; and it marks the great dividing line between American and English Rugby. This change was made in 1880, and it resulted immediately in some strange games, chief of which were the Yale-Princeton games of that year and 1881 with 0 to 0 scores. In both these games the side having the ball simply kept it all through the long 45 minute halves, not choosing to run the risk of losing it by a kick or a pass. The rule of 1880, while providing for the ball's retention, had not provided for its surrender, and unless the ball was kicked or fumbled it might be retained indefinitely. Princeton, being the weaker, was forced to make 11 safeties against Yale's 6 in the first of these games, but as safeties did not then count the game was a draw. In the second, not more than 30 yards were gained by both sides, and this "block game," as it was called, became a matter of history and forced the second great change—the adoption of the 5-yard rule. This again was a final break from the old English Rugby, adopted as it was in October 1882, and provided that either 5 yards must be gained or 10 yards changed in 1887 to 20 yards) must be lost in three downs or the ball must be surrendered to the other side. With this came the marking of the 5-yard lines across the field and its designation of "gridiron."

From this digression of history we must return to the Swarthmore game in the Spring of 1883. "Our team, with many kindred spirits, mounted the College tally-ho and drove over to Swarthmore." Our men were S. B. Shoemaker '83, Captain, and three quarterbacks; Elias White '85, L. B. Whitney '83, F. B. Stuart '83, G. F. Harding '85, W. F. Reeve '85 and E. F. Doan '85, rushers; B. V. Thomas '83, W. S. Hilles '85, halfbacks; Sam Bettle '85, quarterback; and M. T. Wilson '85 ("Tug Wilson") fullback; with W. T. Hussey '85 and C. W. Baily '85, subs. They won the game by the score of, Haverford 1 goal and 2 safeties; Swarthmore 1 touchdown and 6 safeties. Our touchdown was made on a rush by Stuart, the goal being kicked by Bettle. The game had evidently grown somewhat rougher, for while in 1879 only one substitute was taken, in this match three or four injuries are recorded, among them a broken arm of W. L. Elkins, Jr., of Swarthmore. One of the phases of a Swarthmore football education in the '80's which appears to have indelibly impressed our tender youths, nurtured as they had been in "a guarded and religious education," was the volubility with which language unfamiliar to their Quaker ears was indulged in by the opposing players even in close earshot of the fair "co-eds." But that our babes overcame their scruples and

even mingled with the naughty world is shown in the conclusion of the HAVERFORDIAN's account, which tells us that "the invitation to supper extended by Swarthmore to the College members was gladly accepted and much enjoyed, after the hard work of the game."

The autumn of 1883 saw the first numerical valuation placed on the scores of the game, the following scale being adopted: Safety 1 for opponents, touchdown 2, goal from touchdown 4, goal from field 5. Our games was played at Haverford on November 17, and was won by Swarthmore 12 to 9, being one of the closest of the whole series. Haverford's team was: Rushers, Gus Murray '85, T. H. Chase '84, W. T. Hussey '85, Elias White '85, C. W. Baily '85, H. J. Brook '86 and J. P. Tunis '86; quarterback, Sam Bettie '85; halfbacks, W. S. Hilles '85 (Captain) and "Tug" Wilson '85; fullback, A. C. Garrett '87. W. F. Reeve '85 had been injured and could not play, so was chosen for referee! He claims that a liberal decision in allowing one of Swarthmore's goals won the game for them, and that he was the target for much criticism from his own team. Swarthmore made a goal from touchdown, a goal from the field and one safety, and Haverford one touchdown, one goal from touchdown and one safety. The account vividly describes two attempts at field goals by Bettie and Wilson, which were just under and just to the side of the goal, either one of which, if successful, would have won the game. Swarthmore started strongly, but "toward the close, Haverford had everything her own way, but it was too late." Too much cannot be said of Captain Hilles' fine playing, especially his running; Wilson's high and long kicking (kicked with his foot high up) was one of the features, and Bettie played quarterback in a "praiseworthy manner."

In a Freshman game of 1883, Swarthmore '87 defeated Haverford '87, 16 to 0.

A further readjustment in the scoring values was made for the season of 1884, viz:—Safety 2 for opponents, touchdown 4, goal from touchdown 2, goal from field 5. This scale held unchanged until 1897. '84 was famous for Pennsylvania's first victory in a big match—against Harvard, 4 to 0. Our Haverford team defeated Swarthmore and Lehigh, the latter in her first football game, 36–12, played on a new field of sticky clay full of stones and with the side boundaries marked by lines of boards. This was the first game for which the coveted permission to play away from home was obtained. Before that cuts from lectures to play football were never excused. The great backer of the teams then, away or at home, as he still is, was "Hod" Smith '86, ever ready generously to set up a dinner at the hotel for the team, or to supply the needed tally-ho, just as now he has erected our splendid new grandstand.

The Swarthmore game was on November 29 at Swarthmore: Haverford 10, Swarthmore 6. Prof. Rufus Jones, then a Senior, wrote the account in the HAVERFORDIAN, starting: "The team and about thirty-five (!) others were on the Swarthmore grounds at three, waiting for the game to be called." Captain Hilles '85 (later Senator Hilles) had played "middleman" that year, but he and heavy Ellis White '85 had been disabled in the Lehigh game and could not play, so the team was as follows: Sam Bettle '85, quarterback and captain; M. T. Wilson '85 and A. C. Garrett '87, halfbacks; A. T. Murray '85, fullback; C. W. Baily '85, J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88, W. T. Wright, '87, W. T. Hussey '85, H. Bowne '88, John Bacon '87 and W. F. Reed '85, rushers; with P. H. Morris '87, A. M. Underhill '86, J. H. Adams '87 and R. C. Wright '88, subs. The game was won by two splendid field-goals by Wilson. Smedley made a touch-down for Swarthmore, from which no goal was kicked, but a safety by Haverford brought Swarthmore's score to 6. The game was close and exciting, especially in the first half; but in the second half the ball was almost continually near Swarthmore's goal. Prof. Jones says: "The Haverford team showed good spirit and pluck, and played a strong game. Swarthmore was especially good at blocking. Wilson's kicking for Haverford was admired by both sides and Bettle worked hard and with good effect. Moore and Brown played especially well for Swarthmore. The Swarthmore captain seemed somewhat inclined to practise the Yale game of breaking men up. We were kindly treated as we always are at Swarthmore, and good feeling prevailed." It was in this year's team that the first beginnings of "mass play" were seen at Haverford when heavy Elias White "headed a rain" through the line between Hussey and the rusher next him, who "accidentally on purpose" got in the way of their opponents. Hussey and White worked this combination for two years, baffling their opponents for big gains without their knowing just how it happened. It was one of the very earliest uses of "interference" in the country, and even at Princeton and Pennsylvania had not been developed. The first signals to show who was to take the ball came into use under Captain "Bill" Hilles, although at that early day they consisted of signs or sentences such as "Play up, Charlie," or "Quick, Tug," etc.

In the autumn of 1884 the first of a series of games between the Sophomore Classes of the two colleges was played, resulting in a victory for Haverford '87 against Swarthmore '87 by a score of 25 (?) to 0.

In 1885, the College team was captained by Alfred Garrett '87, and again beat Lehigh and Swarthmore. The latter game was played on the home grounds, the score being Haverford 40, Swarthmore 10. The Haverford forwards were: J. H. Adams '87, T. J. Orbison '88, H. H. Goddard

'87, E. C. Lewis '87, W. C. Wood '87, H. Bowne '88 and A. C. Underhill '86; quarterback, J. W. Sharp, Jr., '88; halfbacks, A. C. Garrett '87 and P. H. Morris '87; fullback, W. E. Hacker, '87; subs., J. T. Hilles '88, W. F. Overman '89, and J. W. Rogers '89. This team with their scarlet and black jerseys and dark jersey pants, was the first Haverford team to wear a regular uniform. The game was played on a rainy day, and it was almost expected that Swarthmore would not come over. However, "two well-filled omnibuses appeared before Barclay Hall early in the afternoon, bringing the Swarthmore team and its adherents." One of our team tells me that when he saw them getting off their coach, the Swarthmore players looked to him like giants, and that he entered the game with much trepidation. However, this soon gave way to confidence when, early in the game, our team had scored 14 points, including a safety made by two or three of our rushers neatly carrying one of those biggest Swarthmore men some distance down the field and over his own goal line. To his amusement he afterwards found that the sight of our own big "Billy" Wood had brought similar fears to the Swarthmore team. Haverford ran the ball well, as the score shows, and tackled "sure and hard." She had three especially fine kickers in Hacker, Garrett and Sharp. It was in this game that Joe Sharp kicked two famous field goals which will long stay in the memory of the few spectators who braved the elements to watch the game. A very pretty goal from the field was also kicked by the "young co-educational half-back (Morris) Clothier," destined later to be even more prominent in Swarthmore athletics as well as a generous supporter of all her interests. "One other play deserves notice: Sharp having held a high punt, ran with the ball from the lower end of the field, through thick and thin, to about the upper 25-yard line, and being stopped there, passed the ball to P. H. Morris, who by some excellent dodging carried it the remaining distance and was only thrown within a foot or two of Swarthmore's goal line." This score, 40-10, was the highest to that date, and the second highest in our whole series, made against Swarthmore.

In the Sophomore game of 1885, Haverford '88 defeated Swarthmore '88, 16 to 12. A Freshman game was also played that year, Swarthmore '89 defeating Haverford '89, 35 to 0.

1886 saw no game between the college teams of Haverford and Swarthmore. A death had resulted in one of Swarthmore's games and her schedule was called off. The Sophomore game, however, was played and won by Swarthmore—Swarthmore '89, 28; Haverford '89, 6. In this year the great game was against the University, the first time they had ever met. We were defeated in a close game, 16 to 4, and Captain Garrett '87 and "Holly" Morris '87 made such an impression on the Univer-

sity's backers that they were promptly invited to take special music or chemistry courses in order to qualify for their Princeton game. Our team developed and used with great effect the first real mass-play ever used at Haverford, and among the earliest anywhere. The signal for this was when Captain Garrett put one hand on his hip, at which the whole team was to run off to that side as closely together as they could bunch, with the runner falling in behind. Although this later became such a common type of play, yet at the time it was so unusual and it so surprised the University that two trials of it almost resulted in a score in the first few minutes. The signal was noticed later and further use of the play was foiled. The forerunner of this *combined* effort was an exhortation by the captain in a HAVERFORDIAN editorial, that "the team must practise *unitedly*." He says, "This is somewhat of an innovation, but manifestly, in a game in which concerted action is everything, splitting up the team and playing its members against each other should be discontinued. The feature of the playing of the leading teams of this country is the perfect subordination, by which the captain with a nod or word controls every man and all his men absolutely." This marked the beginning of the "Scrub," that hard-used, battered group of volunteers, necessary for the successful training of any team, but whose glories are within, unknown to the outer world. For the sake of completing the record, although no Swarthmore game was played, the team of that year should here be recorded: Rushers, T. J. Orbison '88, H. H. Goddard, '87 (R. M. Janney '88 in U. of P. game), A. W. Slocum '88, W. F. Overman '89, W. C. Wood '87, G. C. Wood '89, H. Y. Evans '87 (known as "Shang" Evans); W. D. Lewis '88, quarterback; A. C. Garrett '87 and P. H. Morris '87 (F. E. Thompson '89 in Lehigh game), halfbacks; J. T. Hilles '88, fullback.

In 1887 Swarthmore beat Haverford, 32 to 16, at Swarthmore. The following represented Haverford: E. M. Augill '90, l. e., R. C. Banes '89, l. t., W. C. Goodwin '89, l. g., E. M. Cox, '88, c., J. Y. Crawford '91, r. g., G. C. Wood '89, r. t., T. J. Orbison '88, r. e., W. D. Lewis '88, q. b., T. F. Branson '89, l. h. b., F. E. Thompson '89, r. h. b., J. T. Hilles '88, f. b. and captain; sub., P. S. Darlington '90; absent on account of illness, W. F. Overman '89. Haverford had played strong games against the University and Lafayette, and with our long list of victories against our "cousins in faith," in spite of a very light team, expectations ran high. But "over confidence never wins a victory," and so it was on November 5 that year. Haverford's touchdowns were made by Captain Hilles (2) and by Cox after splendid long runs; while for Swarthmore, Seaman and Ludler played the best. Thompson, Goodwin and Orbison played very well for us, Thompson's tackling being described as truly phenomenal. But the

mainstay of our team was Joe Hilles, the captain. The superior playing of Swarthmore seems to have demoralized our team, who played "Away below their standard." THE HAVERFORDIAN closes its account by saying: "We would say that the game was won on its merits, and congratulate Swarthmore on her wonderful improvement in play over previous years." Very simple signals by numbers were first used this year.

In the Sophomore game, Haverford '90 was defeated by Swarthmore '90, 16 to 18.

The year 1888 marked another great change in American football through the new rule first permitting tackling between the waist and knees. Before that a tackle around the waist was a low tackle, and much of it was around the shoulders or neck. From this a strong and skilful swing or thrust of the arm often made escape possible, and at this "brushing off" of tacklers Hilles '85 had been an adept. But with the advent of the really "low" tackle, there instantly came a tremendous strengthening of the defence, to offset which new offensive tactics were needed. Parke Davis will describe the resulting change:—"Up to this time rush-lines on offence had stretched across the field so widely that the players could touch one another only with outstretched arms. Occasionally the distance would be greater. The backs played far back and as far out as their ends, taking the ball on long side passes. Defensively the rush-line spread so as to cover opponents. The low tackle now introduced a defensive weapon into the game so powerful that the day of individual rushing and easy dodging was gone. To restore the balance between the offence and defence the rush-line was now contracted until the men stood shoulder to shoulder and the backs were brought up within four yards of the line for the quick plunges into the line that the new game required. And thus passed the beautiful, open style of game, recalled so fondly by the older generation of collegians, and in its place came the mass play, ugly and uncouth in construction, but which, designed to be useful rather than handsome, overcame the low tackle and won its long list of victories."

Padded knees and elbows soon were seen, and knit caps or tam-o'-shanters were often worn. The old-time canvas jacket, which had been used for a decade, lost much of its usefulness when low tackling came in, and in time ceased to be so universally worn. Regular signals, of course, were now needed to keep the offensive players from getting in each others' way, as well as to inform the whole team, not only who was to take the ball, as theretofore, but also where it was to go. Yale soon introduced a wonderful play of sending a player in advance of the runner through the line, "commonplace now," says Mr. Davis, "but revolutionary and irresistible when first disclosed, also notable because it abandoned the last

vestige of regard for the old Rugby principle forbidding a player to block opponents while in advance of the ball." This was the first *legalized* "interference," although, as already stated, it had been beginning to develop and had been allowed in a mild way for some time. On defence a great advance was also made by placing a half-back immediately behind each tackle, thus presenting a new invention in the game, the secondary defence.

But we must return to our 1888 game, played at Haverford on November 3 under the captaincy of "Tom" Branson '89, one of Haverford's and afterwards Pennsylvania's famous players, a splendid Haverfordian and originator of the Alumni coaching system, to which he long has given his time, season after season. Our team was: J. D. Whitney '91, l. e., W. C. Goodwin '89, l. t., J. S. Anchincloss '90, l. g., H. Morris '89, c., W. F. Overman '89, r. g. (R. E. Strawbridge, then '91), G. C. Wood '89, r. t., G. T. Butler '90, r. e., H. P. Baily '90, q. b., F. E. Thompson '89, l. h. b., G. H. Davies '90, r. h. b., T. F. Branson '89, f. b. and captain. The Swarthmore supporters "were present in full force, about one hundred men and a goodly number of ladies accompanied them." This was one of the great games of the whole series. It was won by Haverford, 6 to 0. So closely contested was it that at one critical time in the first half Swarthmore was held for three straight downs on Haverford's 3-yard line, when a touchdown seemed certain. Then Goodwin carried the ball in four successive, irresistible rushes back to the centre of the field, neither side having scored in the first half. Swarthmore opened the second half with the first of her famous "V" tricks (invented by Princeton), but with less success than in later years. Thompson, Davies and Whitney then carried the ball to Swarthmore's 5-yard line, when Goodwin, shouting "Thee give me that ball," again came to the rescue (torn trousers and all!) and powerfully forced his way over the line for the winning touchdown amidst tremendous excitement. Whitney's work in thus advancing the ball had been in two remarkable end runs aided by the fine interference (now first developed) of Baily and Butler. Swarthmore's team was captained by Morris Clothier, who played a splendid game, as did also Harvey, Sweet, and Diebert. Swarthmore was much strengthened by "Doc" Schell, their professional coach, who played in the line. THE HAVERFORDIAN says:—"This was one of the most gentlemanly and interesting contests ever witnessed by Haverford men. . . . We hope that our visitors carried away as good an impression of Haverford as they left of Swarthmore."

There was no Sophomore game in the Fall of 1888.

In 1889 the annual game was played at Swarthmore on October 26, and again Haverford was the victor in a very close game by the score of

10 to 4, and again winning out in the second half. "A large crowd" is mentioned as attending the game, notwithstanding it rained most of the time. A grandstand had been erected for the first time. Harry Baily '90 was the Haverford captain, and our team was as follows:—J. D. Whitney '91, l. e., C. H. Thurber P. G., l. t., J. S. Anchincloss '90, l. g., E. J. Haley '90, c., W. A. Estes '90, r. g., J. P. Oberteuffer '93, r. t., R. E. Strawbridge '91, r. e., H. P. Baily '90, q. b. and captain, P. S. Darlington '90, l. h. b., G. H. Davies '90, r. h. b., F. E. Thompson P. G. (Haverford Fellow), f. b. Swarthmore made her only score in the first half, a touchdown made possible by a fine run by Morris Clothier to our 10-yard line and short rushes by Sweet and "Doc" Schnell, who was playing again that year. Haverford's play in the second half was a great exhibition of pluck, skill and endurance. After runs by Davies and Thompson, Darlington made one of Haverford's great historic runs. Assisted by Haley, he made his way through the opposing rush-line, dodged all the backs, and after a brilliant run of over 40 yards, scored a touchdown amidst intense enthusiasm. Baily kicked the goal and the game was won. Later Estes broke through and blocked a kick, and Whitney, who was close behind him, gathered up the ball while on the run, and scored the second touchdown. Darlington was the hero of the hour, but Captain Baily, Davies, Thompson, in fact the whole team, had played splendid football. For Swarthmore, "Doc" Schell played by far the strongest game, the others who did especially well being Sweet (a great player), Clothier and Ketchum. Senator Sproul of Delaware Co. was a member of this Swarthmore team.

In the Sophomore match, Haverford '92 was defeated by Swarthmore '92, 0 to 4.

We have now sketched these struggles down through the '80's, a happy period in our memories; next month the narrative will take us through five long years of defeat to the further glories beyond.

(To be continued)

A Haverfordian Poet

By A. G. H. Spiers, '02

IN THESE days of money and matter, the artist has a hard row to hoe. The man who, having seen an artistic vision, welcomes it and with an unwavering love fosters it, deserves our admiration. Such a man is Charles Wharton Stork, Haverford '02. Thanks to a discriminating choice of ancestors, Stork might have led an easy life of leisure. But a generous share of this world's goods has been no pitfall for him. Instead of sloth or self-indulgence, he has deliberately chosen a career of discipline and effort.

In his Haverford days, he had already shown a taste for art and literature, with a particular fondness for verse-writing. These characteristics accompanied him through an M. A. year at Harvard, where, five years later, stories were still current of his systematic assaults on the sanctums of the college papers. For three years more, working at the University of Pennsylvania as both teacher and student, he continued his training, subjecting himself to the toil of preparing a thesis with such success as to earn not only a doctor's degree, but also an honorary scholarship for research.

Another might by this time have become so entangled in the machinery of university life as to forget the ideal of his youth. Not so Stork. The preparation of an edition of Rowley's *All's Lost for Lust* (whose startling title, by the way, the young editor never failed to give in full when in the presence of ladies) was not so engrossing as some might imagine. Steadily, constantly, the departing mails carried poetic gems to all the magazines of the country, which, almost as steadily, almost as constantly, the returning mails brought back. But Stork, nothing if not persistent, treasured up his successes and forgot his failures. Now, moreover, with his self-imposed discipline behind him, still keeping a few hours' teaching at the University of Pennsylvania as a steadying influence, he was at liberty to enrich his mind more broadly and to indulge more freely those tastes which had characterized him at college.

In Greece and France, in Italy, Germany and England, he traveled far and long, with a sense ever keen for much that was finest in sculpture, painting, music, literature and scenery. Yet even now his great ambition was not forgotten—the writing of verse. One single poem, one of his best, and bearing directly upon these pilgrimages, is in itself almost sufficient recompense for these months of preparation:

Oh, ways are long and the world is wide,
With many a land for the wanderer's feet.
When beauty's the lode-star, Youth the guide,
Then ho for the wayfaring life so sweet!

I have filled mine eyes, I have wandered far.
 (Oh, ways are long and the world is wide!)
 And now o'er your head the guiding star
 Stands still. Naught is fair in the world beside.

(*Queen of Orplede*).

With the love of the road in its music and a treasure of art in its thought, we might head this poem metaphorically with Byron's lines on Venice: "She to me, was as a fairy city of the heart."

The list of Stork's manuscripts is, by this time, quite lengthy; that of his published poems, though not so long, makes already a very creditable showing. This last consists of some sixty poems of varying lengths, which have appeared either separately in the magazines or collected into pretty little volumes; and of forty translations contributed to the big anthology of 19th and 20th century German poets, published under the direction of Professors Francke and Howard.

Of the published works, the *Day Dreams of Greece* (1908) and the translations from the German have met with the most distinguished commendation. In the first, Stork has treated the stories of Greek mythology in a thoroughly modern spirit and with captivating music; he has shown restraint and a feeling for composition. Of the second, Goethe's Greeting and Farewell was mentioned by the *Nation* as the one really spirited piece of translation that had appeared in the first three volumes of the anthology. In both, of course, the poet was helped by the ideas of the originals. What his own powers of poetic invention and thought may be, it is too early to say, as he has not published a long poem without such aid from without.

We need not, however, wait for proof of invention or original ideas to pronounce Stork a poet. His shorter verse as published in the *Queen of Orplede* (1910) or in the magazines reveals a quality which in these days is of itself a welcome originality. Disdaining the neurotic and the prurient, in chaste and manly language he has been sustained by a high-minded exaltation. He has shown himself to be innately, forcefully lyric. True lyric poetry is by its very essence brief: it is an emotional climax: it is the world seen through a temperament. Stork's poetry is all this.

"We in ourselves rejoice:

And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
 All melodies the echo of that voice,

All colors a suffusion of that light,"

says Coleridge: and so it is with Stork. In spite of a certain inadequacy and laxness of expression, which he is losing more and more, he reminds one not infrequently of the big poets of the early nineteenth century. He has at times a touch of Keats's warmth of music and color: like Shel-

ley, he is sometimes so moved by what he sees or hears that he expresses his emotional impression in terms, not of sight or hearing alone, but of two or possibly three different senses at once:

Ridge upon ridge in misty undulation,
Hot buzz of flies and thin, sad bleat of sheep,
One lonely bird with shrill reiteration
Breaking the charm of nature's noonday sleep.

(Dartmoor).

The influence of music, and especially painting, is strongly marked in his verse. What, however, the lute and the brush do well, the pen can do but indifferently: and the power peculiar to verse, since it is based on language, is that it can, better than the other arts, arouse our emotions through an appeal to the mind. Unlike too many modern poets, Stork appreciates this fact. That is what gives its exquisite touch to the following:

Scent of the wild, wet marshes,
And lisp of the lazy sea,
And a mouldering wreck 'mid the course green flags
Looming dismally.

Scent of the dank, dark marshes,
And boom of the lonely sea,
And a screaming seagull sweeping by
Like a startled memory.

(Suggestions).

A similar happy use of color and rhythm capped by the peculiar power of verse is seen in four lines on Exmoor:

Sweep of the moorland, dun and drear,
Menace of glooming sky:
Stretch of horizon, strong and sheer,
And a curlew's cry.

It is good metaphor that lends strength to the two verses that complete the poem on Dartmoor already quoted:

* * * * *

Black, knuckled rocks, the upraised fists of titans
Turned ages since to stone by angry gods,
Buried in earth till scarce their menace frightens,
Like the rebel angels whelmed by hurtling clods.

Low swing the clouds, their pendent shadows trailing
Over furze and fern, wild ponies, sheep and crows.
Strange in the sunlight a sense of gloom prevailing,
Grim pagan gloom mismated with repose.

The poems just quoted have been chosen solely as examples of Stork's best lyrics. It will be noted that they are all descriptions of nature. And it is a fact that he has been most successful as a nature poet. Leading in summer a life of quiet labor on one of the most inspiring corners of Conanicut Island, he has drunk deep of the beauties of sky, land and sea. What rewards they have given him in return for his admiration appear in songs included in a still unpublished poem, *Sea and Bay*:

I have lent myself to thy will, O Sea!
 To the urge of thy tidal sway:
 My soul to thy lure of mystery,
 My cheek to thy lashing spray.
 For there's never a man whose blood runs warm
 But would quaff the wine of the brimming storm.
 As a prodigal lends have I lent to thee,
 For a day or a year and a day.

(*Sea Song*).

And the open sea, in the inspiration it has given him, has been no kinder than the rugged coast or the quiet bay:

Did you ever note the beauty of the soft New England grasses,
 All the ochres, reds, and browns?
 And the flowers: the purple asters and the goldenrod's rich masses,
 With the cardinal's flaming gowns,
 Dots of blood against the tangle of the reedy lone morasses
 Where the nodding cat-tail rustles under every wind that passes.

* * * * *

Have you watched the dreamy progress of the gray New England schooner

Drifting sea-ward with the tide
 Darkly down a lane of radiance, dawn-lit gold or silvery lunar,
 Ribbon narrow or ocean wide?

* * * * *

Have you shrunk before the grimness of the rugged longshore ledges
 Where the groundswell surf rolls in
 Round the battlemented coastline with its walls and bastion wedges?
 Hark! the cave-resounded din,

As a breaker smites the granite with the strength of giant sledges
 And a swaying fringe enfolds the rampart's dripping edges.

(*A Painter in New England*).

Stork has written many praiseworthy things besides lyrics. The translations from the German and the poems of Greek mythology have already been mentioned. Besides these he has published one or two poems

of a very different character: an onomatopœic poem on rain, and a ballad, *A Face at the Window* (both in the *Queen of Orplede*), and more especially two sonnets—one *The Joy of Effort* (Century Magazine 1912?) and

"WILL'S COUNSELOR."

"Give over, Will. Spur not thy jaded lines
 To fresh invention. Dost thou ween forsooth
 To set thy lady's name where Stella shines,
 Or rival Spencer with thy rhymes uncouth?
 Doth now thy lean muse travail of a play?
 When wilt thou help a Tamburlane to birth?
 Or teach mad Greene to daff our cares away?
 Or fill the room of Lily's courtly mirth?
 Thou would be shake scene of this mighty land,
 Thou country jackdaw dight in peacock's plumes,
 Thou hast nor wit nor passion at command,
 And canst but mar the weave of former looms:
 Give o'er, I say; untune thy feeble note!"

The other smiled, but paused not as he wrote.

This is excellent: but, generally speaking, the poems of this group have neither the inspiration nor the technique of the lyrics. Nevertheless, Stork is constantly improving in this respect; and, as it is unfortunately given to but few men to write lyrics beyond the age of forty, these other productions contain a welcome promise for the future. And what Stork will write henceforth, while approaching that fair and fat age, will need no introduction from the faulty pen of an old friend. The reading public has found him out; for were not three of his poems included in a list of the best magazine verse of the year 1913?



Emancipation

By E. C. Bye, '16

In mystery of distance,
Beyond the straining eye,
Beyond the dim retreating rim,
Beyond the blue inverted brim,
 What far horizons be?
And what beyond the farthest,
Beyond the bourne of time,
Beyond the trace of cabin'd space,
Beyond the relayed eon's race,
 Beyond the spheral clime?

The last horizon faded,
Behind were storm and sun;
Athirst, I rent the firmament,
Future and Past I bought and spent
 Indifference I won.
A pause, and weary chaos
Of when and where and why;
The steady boom, portending doom,
Of silence, teeming, veiled in gloom,
 And dread Eternity.

And then,—a surge of Music,
The Melody of May.
A thrill, I wait, emancipate,
The unguessed Verities of Fate,
 The dawn of Perfect Day.
And in the first faint gleamings
Of that Supernal Dawn,
Are blues and grays and tempered rays,
To wash, with dreams of coming days,
 The crimson hours foregone.

Glimpses of The Kansas City Convention

By Yoshio Nitobe, '15

KAISER WILHELM can depend on only three per cent of the adult male population of Germany for his military service, and the Kaiser uses force. The leaders of the Student Volunteer Movement gathered together in Kansas City, Missouri, three per cent of the college population of North America to discuss Missions, and had to refuse credentials to hundreds. There were present from noon December thirty-first until midnight January fourth, 3,984 men and women from 755 institutions of collegiate rank from the United States and Canada, 279 missionaries and secretaries of foreign boards, 365 special representatives (including foreign students in America), 350 laymen or guests, and 53 press agents, making a total of 5031.

The special convention train on which I rode consisted of fourteen Pullmans and two locomotives, and was typical of the score or more trains rushing towards Kansas City from all parts of America. I doubt if the Pullman porters ever had such orderly and considerate passengers before. Twice on the way out services were held on the train and an atmosphere of enthusiasm and expectancy pervaded the little groups of young men and women. Here and there was a returned missionary or a spectacled college professor about whom clustered the more youthful passengers, blocking the aisle. But more often the cluster was gathered around some of the pretty girls who enlivened our train—for above all there was a sensible naturalness and wholesomeness in the air that made us all feel that we were at some house party.

"My name's Smith of Yale, glad to meet you!"—and an extended hand.

"My name is Jones of Haverford, won't you sit down?"

And soon we would be talking of the convention, of our home colleges and of those deeper things which make friendships worth while.

At Kansas City we went to the registration bureau, where, in place of our credentials, a red ticket and an introduction to the hostess who had volunteered to entertain us were given. A boy scout then guided us to the right trolley; once on the trolley we could follow the instructions written on our cards. Several employees of the Kansas City Traction Company had been up all night writing those instructions. This gives an idea of the system and labor necessitated for the handling of such a large crowd. Some of the delegates went to residences of wealth, from which they were motored down to Convention Hall, others to humbler homes;

but both rich and poor turned out to entertain the thousands. I cannot say too much for the hospitality of Kansas City. And here I might mention that this up-to-date city of skyscrapers and handsome streets was chosen because, of all American cities, it is the most centrally located and has become known as the "Convention City."

Back of every great movement is an idea and back of every idea is a personality. The idea that actuates this movement is that of service, and of course the great dominating personality is Christ. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions originated at the first international Conference of Christian College Students, which was held at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, in 1866 at the invitation of the late Dwight L. Moody. Over a hundred of the two hundred and fifty delegates volunteered. The Student Volunteer Movement is now an "interdenominational, intercollegiate and international" recruiting agency for the regular church mission boards. It is connected with the Christian Associations of colleges through which it works in organizing mission study classes, volunteer bands, the securing of delegates for Northfield, Silver Bay, Eaglesmere and for its quadrennial conventions, of which the Kansas City Convention is the seventh.

The delegates began to gather early in the afternoon of the last day of the year. Convention Hall, a great gaunt building—not unlike the shed at Broad Street Station—was aswarm with people finding their seats, removing their wraps and generally moving about. Behind the great platform holding the leaders of the convention and hundreds of guests and returned missionaries hung a green curtain extending the width of the hall. On the curtain was an enormous map of the world showing the location of over 8000 volunteers already at the front. On the right hung the flags of the two great republics, America and China; on the left those of the two allied empires, Great Britain and Japan. Flags of the other nations formed a great ring—a blaze of international concord around the hall. These were the only embellishments of the convention. No fluted columns, no vast-throated organ, no choir,—no display of any sort. Immediately in front was a long table at which sat the 53 press agents; beyond them in a solid block was the floor of the hall—fifteen thousand strong,—and in a narrow row of boxes running along the edge of the floor was a fringe of a hundred and twenty government students from China. On all three sides were banks of people sloping downwards to the floor, and above them was a gallery which bore its thousands also. There were at times almost eight thousand people in Convention Hall.

White placards bearing the name of the section, as "Saskatchewan," "Texas" or "Connecticut" danced and bobbed over the heads of the dele-

gates. Here and there a Hindu turban glided through the crowd, and men were grouped in all parts of the big hall with arms on one another's shoulders, cheering for *alma maters* in all parts of the world.

At 2.30 sharp John R. Mott, the chairman of the convention, rose. Deliberately he crashed his gavel to the table three times. I couldn't help but think of Thor, the thunder god, as I beheld that statesman, imperator and prophet tower over the convention and hush its tumult by his master personality.

"Let us unite in reverently singing hymn forty-four: *Come Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy Name to Sing!*"

And the convention was on.

John R. Mott, in his opening address, referred to the limitless purpose of the convention.

"We not only are on the threshold of a new year, but on the threshold of a new era of spiritual expansion. This generation of students is facing a larger world problem than has been faced by any other generation. Other generations well may envy this one in its boundless opportunity. Here we shall find in these never-to-be-forgotten days that our cause is not a losing one, but one of victory. We are gathered here to send out to the students of North America the call, urging them that they are facing a worldwide situation. The possibilities of this convention are simply boundless."

Dr. Horton of England was the next speaker:

"Christ brought no mere system of philosophy, but he showed us how to live. He changes the doctrines of Christianity into the spirituality of a life."

Robert Speer, the one-time Princeton football star, and perhaps the greatest missionary speaker in America, closed the first meeting with the following message:

"There are but two fundamental needs of such a convention as this: the need of right mind and the need of right will. Some perhaps have thought that the great need was the need for larger power, but the power needed is the power of God, and is ever present when the proper surrender of our lives to the Lord's will has been made. Christ himself declared man's judgments were in proportion to man's moral proximity to Christ himself. Is there any way by which we can discern Christ's secret of entering into the right mind? How did the Lord know his judgments were right? I have found his secret, recently, when reading the early chapters of the gospel of St. John:

"'My judgments are just, because I seek not my own will,' He said.

'I came down from heaven, not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me.'"

Not only at the opening meeting, but at the nine other meetings held in the hall, the personal attitude of each one of the delegates to the divine truth was emphasized. *Square yourselves with bed-rock principles, square yourself with God!* To ensure this the spiritual nature of the convention, even in business, was never lost sight of. Every morning session had a period of united intercession when the six thousand bowed their heads and prayed for the salvation of the world. At such times the silence was tremendous. At the end of every night session morning watch cards were given to each one of us and we were asked to spend time enough before coming to the hall to get near God. Unless we did so, we were warned that not only the success of the convention would be doubtful, but it might even prove positively dangerous.

The next most important thing of the convention was the presentation of facts. It would be impossible to give even an imitation of the plain, ungarnished *facts* which were thrust upon us and which overpoweringly swept away every doubt by their logical ruthlessness.

Are you going to let South America stare the future historian in the face as a failure of Christianity? Are you going to leave the spiritual guidance of a hundred thousand Russian students—the greatest potential student power in the world—to four volunteers? Are you going to let the Crescent of Islam drive the Cross from Africa and from India? Are China and Japan to cry to you in vain? These were some of the thoughts that came to us as we listened to the impassioned but ruthlessly logical appeals from men who were not to be laughed at—for every one of them bore the mark of the nails.

The Evangelization of the World in this Generation—the slogan of the movement—was emphasized by Mott as follows:

"The world has become a very dangerous place and nothing but pure Christianity can do the wonder work of solving the problem. Never have the doors been wider open nor the world been more plastic. Unless the Christian works quickly the bad influences of the West will eat like gangrene into heathendom. If nothing is done the heathen forces will hinder the peaceful development of the West."

Zwemer, for fifteen years a missionary among the Arabs, and now of Cairo, further emphasized this point when he said:

"There are five reasons why we must act immediately:

"First, now is the fullness of time for God to redeem the Moslem. The *whole* of Christianity faces the *whole* of the Mohammedan world for the

first time. Pan Islamism as a political force may be dead, but as a world force it never was more alive.

"Second, we know the character of Mohammedanism as we never knew it before.

"Third, nowhere is Islam enthroned as a political power. Christian rulers have opened the doors of Islam and they recognize the dire effects of Mohammedism on their subjects.

"Fourth, the compact of the Western world has broken down ancient beliefs.

"Fifth, the Moslems are eager to hear."

In every country, the dire need, the soul thirst and the inadequacy of workers to cope with the field was emphasized. In Japan, perhaps the best covered of all heathen lands, there are forty million people in the rural districts who have never heard of the gospel.

And towards the end those who had volunteered or were expecting to were told to carefully prepare for their task. The Lord wants no blunt weapons, therefore train the mind. Real social service started with Christ. The volunteer must participate in social work as part of his equipment. And finally Sherwood Eddy spoke on soul-winning in student days as a vital part of a missionary's preparation.

The last meeting was at 8 p.m. Sunday night. John R. Mott spoke on the power of prayer as the only way to keep the vision which we had received at the convention. "If Christ found it necessary or even advisable to spend time with the Holy Father, can we afford to neglect it?"

Cablegrams were then read from all parts of the world,—from Switzerland, Kiev, Peru, India, Persia, China and Japan. Then John R. Mott asked us to rise as a salute to those who had fallen on the field. One hundred and four names were read. The roll call over, we bowed our heads in silence.

When we were again seated, those volunteers who expected to sail within a year were asked to rise. A hundred rose and were consecrated to their task and blessed by Dr. Speer. A hymn, a benediction, and the conference was over.

Not an emotional appeal, not an exhortation was made. Facts had been presented, we were asked to think them out conclusively and then act decisively—that was all. For the present we were told to pray unceasingly, and upon returning to each of our colleges, so live and work as to help make that college a bulwark for Christ.

Blenheim Buoy

By K. P. A. Taylor, '15.

IT TOOK just one day for the joys of Cunningham Manor to pall on Garland. Beachmere-by-the-Sea (as if it could be by anything else!) holds out no more of those doubtful attractions than any other of a score of sister resorts strung out along the North Shore. To be sure, there was "golfing, tennis, sailing, fishing, and bathing" to be had in whatever proportion or combination one might elect to pursue them. To a man in Garland's state even bowling allies, impeccable cuisine, and running sea-water in every room must prove hollow recommendations. He was, in short, in love, and only the lure of his inamorata could have torn Garland away from his desk in the Boston office of McClure, Garland & Co. It was a busy summer, and a hot one, but had not the unusual happened, the Morton Club's pool, and the Metropole's Roof Garden, with a weekly trip to Revere Beach thrown in, would have sufficed to keep Garland's nose well cooled and lubricated on the financial grindstone. The unusual in this case consisted of a very brief and pointed note from no less a personage than Miss Betty Trevor—late of Wyckham Lodge, Milton—stating, with rigid succinctness, that she, Miss Trevor, and her mamma, Mrs. T. Percival Trevor, had as their temporary shelter Cunningham Manor, Beachmere-by-the-Sea. Would Garland care to abjure business and devote himself to the North Shore for a week or ten days?

At first blush, Garland rather thought he would. Deliberation merely served to bear out his conviction. With the return of favor came the dawn of a new hope. The next day but one saw him ensconced in his princely suite at the "Manor," scrubbing the last bit of the North Shore Limited grime from behind his ears, and debating mentally as to the presence of Gilbert H. Fonash, Esq., with whom he had shared the privacy of the "Manor's" bus on the trip uptown from the railroad station.

Considered in any light, the Fonash incident boded no good. Unpleasant memories of the preceding winter surged up in Garland's mind. Campaigning for the hand of the season's most feted debutante is ever a strenuous matter. Even here the law of the survival of the fittest had had its working. Competition had gradually narrowed itself down to those best qualified to combine pleasure and business, and gossip, whispering in ball-room doorways, had it that Gilbert Fonash and John Garland were disputing the last stronghold of Miss Betty Trevor's esteem. Then fate took a hand and scattered conjecture to the four winds. Miss Trevor fell victim to a nervous breakdown. Rest, seclusion almost

monastic, followed as the inevitable consequence. Let public concern clamor at the gate,—rest was the order, then Pinehurst, then a taste of Palm Beach. Soon public concern found interests with more ready response, and scampered away with scarcely a backward look. Not so Gilbert Fonash and John Garland. Weeks came and went, and always the two faithfuls lingered on the threshold of Wyckham Manor, happy to turn away with the cheerful "Better, sir," of the butler.

Not that this common interest fostered friendship. To the young banker the plump, red-faced person of his rival was a never-ending disgust. It was Fonash's public boast that his exercise had its origin in the pursuit of a billiard-ball around a table at the Pilgrim Club. Once a month he rode to hounds. The hour from three to four served to keep his estate free from the attacks of professional depredators, who, in his own words, made his life "a continual misery." In what his attraction for the other sex consisted, Garland had pondered much in his man's way, and was at a loss to determine, unless it was his happy disposition and his partiality for the pet-name "Chubby."

Together they had composed the little band of mourners gathered to pay tribute to Miss Trevor when the time came for parting and the South. Together they had bribed the astute butler to furnish weekly and detailed information as to the lady's well-being. Together they were fleeced and persistently denied any news whatever. Weeks passed into months, and Time, the Great Healer, laid his finger on their foreheads, and they were given to forget—a little—when suddenly, with more portent than is the bolt's in sunshine, came the summons, to them both, apparently, and here they both had come, faithful servitors, together.

As to what followed the less said the better. Entering the dining-room that night for dinner, Garland's searching eye made out his little party in the far corner, and hastening joyfully forward was met with the coldest of nods from the neatly-coiffured little head, which was, indeed, the same little head with all its facial accessories long since familiar, but somehow curiously changed. Garland's stare shifted to the plump, patrician back of Gilbert Fonash, and from this edifying spectacle turned to the person of Mrs. T. Percival Trevor, who, brilliant with diamonds, was munching endives with the complacency of a well-pastured bovine. That was enough for Garland. He fled the room in unconcealed confusion, and spent the rest of the evening pacing the porch of Cunningham Manor. He had his cigar, the stars were bright, and somewhere a whistling buoy wailed with the ebb and flow of the North Atlantic. To Garland's ears it said, "Who? Who?" with monotonous reiteration. Garland scorned to formulate an answer. In fact, he resolved he wouldn't give

the matter half a moment's real consideration. It was simply a whim of Betty's, rather a cruel one, admitted, but then she might not be altogether well. Tomorrow he would find her different—and he would pay his respects to that buoy.

But tomorrow brought no realization of the first, at least, of the promises of the night before. The same inaccessible trio breakfasted in grandeur in the same inaccessible corner. Garland's usual hearty meal was badly disorganized and finally replaced by a single grapefruit. After breakfast Mrs. Trevor sunned herself in the appropriate parlor, and Garland had a reassuring glimpse of Fonash and Betty, clad in gala silks and flannels, swinging away across the golf links. Mrs. Trevor seemed too absorbed in a ball of purple yarn and a box of chocolates to warrant approach, so there seemed nothing for Trevor to do but to acquit himself of the second promise.

Beachmere-by-the-Sea, like many other smart New England shore resorts, had its origin in the small fishing village of Mantua. By nature supplied with an almost ideal harbor, it had lent itself readily to the summer influx of would-be Tritons with the boast that sailing and bathing, without the usual accompaniment of squall and life-line, were theirs for the effort. To the north rose Mantua Heights, to the south Wilson's Beach, a narrow spit of sand, ran boldly out into the Atlantic for over a mile, finally to lose its head in the briny deep as unconcernedly as it had buried its feet in the cliff below Cunningham Manor. Midway between these two fixtures, the waves broke over Blenheim Bar, and a hundred yards farther out to sea rode Blenheim Buoy. It was this that concerned Garland.

On the beach Mantua's last lobster fisherman raised his hands in horror to see Garland take the breakers, breast them, and swimming strongly, grow smaller and smaller in the distance till only the sun on the crest of a wave flashed an occasional glimpse of his white arm.

"He's a danged *fule* to do *thet*!" he muttered, turning to the group of female worshippers who hung breathlessly on his every word. With an interest even keener than that of the old salt, they were all of the same persuasion.

Garland stood up in the sands of Blenheim Bar and waved them assurance before the final dash for the buoy. This he found now wallowing in the trough, now careering drunkenly on the crest of a wave, much larger than he had expected, and moaning with an animation quite hair-raising. Garland caught hold of the superstructure and pulled himself up, much to the resentment of a pair of gulls which rose into the air with startled cries. Crawling within the lattice-structure, Garland found him-

self on a commodious floor, which, if not altogether stable, made at any rate a very restful couch.

For over an hour Garland bobbed placidly up and down in the warm sunshine, while the lobster fisherman on the beach smote his breast and prophesied destruction to the same group of female worshippers, now a trifle white-faced. For the first time since his arrival at Cunningham Manor he felt quite content. He almost forgot Betty and the rest of them, so active his imagination and so placid his mood. Business cares were far behind now, If he wanted he could be a foolish boy and dream once more. Perhaps he could still turn a rhyme.

The outcome of his efforts he inscribed with an overtaxed fingernail on the water-soaked planking of his stronghold. Then he slipped back into the waves, and as he swam he sang the "Song of Blenheim Buoy":

This was all very well for *one* day, but Garland, with solitude and his cigar, realized only too well that the setting sun—glorious though it was—saw him not a step nearer his goal than that of the evening before. Lunch and dinner had been repetitions of the preceding meals with the novelty of a cold reception sadly lacking. The afternoon's program had comprised a ride and a salt bath for Betty and Fonash. Once that night when Garland passed them on the veranda he heard Betty laugh and Fonash's facetious voice, "Silly chump to do that sort of thing, don't you think?"

Garland sat up late that night and did some very constructive thinking. By the time the small boy in brass buttons had commenced to switch out lights, he had come to one definite conclusion. He would give Miss Betty Trevor just one more day to make known her motives, and he would take steps to egg her on a bit.

So it happened that early the next morning Garland instructed the head waiter, and Miss Betty Trevor, fresh and radiant for the new day, flourished her napkin and disclosed a card on which a familiar hand had written, "If *you* tried it you'd drown like a kitten."

Garland, passing near with his morning paper, saw her catch her breath and blush guiltily. Outside on the porch he stopped for a breath of sea breeze and winked solemnly at Blenheim Buoy. The plaintive moan of the latter seemed unresponsive to the pleasantry, and Garland turned away with a heavy heart and the foreboding of an uneventful day.

After lunch he gave orders to his astounded valet to pack his trunk. Whatever may have been the effect of his satiric fling, Miss Trevor continued to preserve her cold demeanor. One more exhilarating swim, and he would turn his face back to the city. Like many others of us, Garland found rather a cruel pleasure in torturing himself. It was easy to imagine the city as it would be on such an afternoon as this one. The sun would

be gratefully warm, and there would be a fresh breeze blowing. Later the sun would set, and the streets would be cool. Then he could slip unnoticed into his hushed apartment and work at his correspondence (how it must have piled up!) while a disorganized household prepared his evening meal. Later he could play billiards.

Then he thought of Betty, alone out there somewhere in a mahogany motor-boat with Fonash, flying spray, girlish laughter,—called himself a fool with justice, and climbed down the cliff to the beach.

Not even the lobster fisherman saw him take the water this time. Straight for Blenheim Bar he aims his course, passes it without stopping and makes for the buoy at top speed. Not till his hand has closed around the iron railing does he raise his head from the water. One look at his refuge, a gasp of wonder, and he has fallen back weakly into the sea. Rubbing the salt from his eyes he dares another glimpse. It is! It is Betty on his own buoy, Betty with her dark hair matted close to her adorable head, Betty with her soaked linen skirt clinging to her figure, Betty seated cross-legged and gazing with careful unconcern at the far horizon!

Garland floundered for an introduction.

"You, you are *wet*, Betty!"

"Yes, so are you, I dare say."

"But—but you'll catch cold! You'll catch your death! You'll get pleurisy, or pneumonia, or—or pink-eye!" he burst out, beside himself with excitement.

"Well, and what if I do?" came the noncommittal answer.

"What if you *do*?" roared Garland, beating the sea with an arm and a leg, "why, you're not well, you've been ill, you know, you're a neurotic, a—"

"No, I'm *not* that," came a flash of anger, and then, with half a smile, "you look like a blue-eyed sun-fish coming up for bread-crumbs in Uncle Billy's pond!"

Betty threw back her head and laughed aloud. Garland's heart glowed. He chuckled as well as chattering teeth would permit.

"Will you let me come up?" he asked.

"Is there room?" she wanted to know, stiffening slightly.

"Oh, lots of it. Here I come."

So he climbed up through the superstructure and sat down beside her. For a minute there was an embarrassing silence. Only the buoy moaned as dolefully as ever and rocked perilously back and forth.

"Well," he said at last, "tell me all about it."

"About what?" He gloried in the poise of her head and the quick flash of her eye.

"Why, whatever's been the matter with you,—or I should say *me!*"

"Oh," she said, speaking more seriously, "you don't know what a nervous breakdown is. You are sure you are losing your mind, you are sure your friends are lost,—the whole world is your enemy. I was worse than most. They told me you still cared, but I didn't believe them. Fonash,—I've always hated him, and because I hated him I used him. I used him *beautifully* this afternoon."

"But I say," Garland protested, "it looks as if he'd treated *you* pretty shabbily."

"No," she insisted, "I told him to bring me out to the buoy. Then he proposed again and I jumped out. Once up here he couldn't get me. I said I'd rather die of—of pink-eye than get in his horrid mahogany boat again. He went away furious and redder than ever. I *do* hope he doesn't burst."

Fifteen minutes later Garland emerged poodle-like from the surf. Staggering to his feet, his wild eye swept the scene till it rested on the horrified form of the ancient lobster fisherman.

"Boat!" he spluttered excitedly, squeezing the arm of the ancient fisherman with his mighty hand, "boat! B-o-a-t, boat! Motor-boat, sail-boat, row-boat, tow-boat,—*any* kind of boat! There's a lady out there—no, *there*, you chump, on the buoy—"

"What's that?" queried the lobster fisherman, putting a hand to his half-good ear, "meckere!, did you say?"

The worthy old salt was saved from instant death by a word spoken in a familiar voice. Turning, Garland beheld Fonash bowing before him with great composure.

"There rides my own craft," he said with a touch of pride, pointing to a mahogany motor-boat at mooring close to shore, "she lies at your disposal."

Garland wished to explode in wrath, but there was something so thrilled and joyous beating in his breast that he drew himself up with equal distinction and answered, "Hoity-toity, my fine fellow! You shall have a hero's medal!"

Fonash beat an orderly retreat while Garland and the fisherman turned their attention to the proffered craft. To start the engine and cut her loose from the mooring was the work of a moment. Headed for the open sea, Garland strained his eye through a glass and scanned the buoy. A great fear smote him. She was gone! Gone she was, and only two white gulls perched on a rolling buoy met his gaze. Panic seized him. He wanted to brain the old salt with a belaying pin; he wanted to throw himself overboard and sink for ever to the bottom of the sea; he wanted—

"Ship ahoy!" came a voice, seemingly from his very feet, "avast, you landlubber, and heave me a line!"

He *did* heave her a line. He heaved it with might and main, heaved it with exultant hope, and he watched with feverish anxiety while she tied it round her small waist.

"Now," he said grimly, when she seemed to be secure, "come here and explain yourself."

"No!" she protested, "you must *tow* me in!"

Tow it was and tow it must be. A pretty party they made,—the mahogany boat, the lobster fisherman muttering at the wheel, and Garland, half over the stern, towing the gaily splashing Miss Betty Trevor.

On the beach the lady, screened from the public eye in the lobster fisherman's voluminous oilskins, cocked her head on one side.

"I'd *drown* like a *kitten*, wouldn't I?" she demanded, taking Garland to task with the magic of her eye.

"But why didn't you swim back with me?"

"Whoever heard of swimming with a *skirt* on?"

"Oh! the tow—"

"Sh! Don't look at me," gathering the oilskins closer around her slim body, "it's a perfectly ripping day, isn't it?"

Garland, devouring her with his eyes, was constrained to admit that it was.

That evening as they sat on the porch of Cunningham Manor with mamma, Betty leaned close to Garland's elbow.

"I have something to say, John."

"Well, fire ahead."

"It's this:

"When Summer breezes lightly blow,
I sing a song of weal and woe;
Weal's for the skipper, woe's for me,
Rolling lazily on the sea,—
Who? Who?

"Whose are the lives that are lost at sea?
Whose are the graves far under me?
Who heeds wisdom, he heeds me,—
Who? Who?

"Who is the man with curly hair?
Swims, the fish, far out to me.
Who is the lady all pink and fair?
(Pardon my curiosity!)
Who? Who?"

As the recitation came to an end, Garland saw a shadow slip out from behind a porch pillow and fade into the dark.

"However could you learn it all?" he asked.

"The buoy taught me," she whispered.

The next morning, Miss Betty Trevor, fresh and radiant for the new day, flourished her napkin and revealed a card on which was the inscription:

"Mr. Percival Fonash."

And below it was written:

"Who is the man with the curly hair?

Swims, the fish, far out to me.

Who is the lady all pink and fair?

(Pardon my curiosity!)"

"Well!" said Betty.

"He's gone then."

"Hark!" said Betty, putting her hand to her pink ear. "It's Blenheim Buoy, and he asks, 'Who?'"

Existence

By 1914

I stood and gazed on Rome
And yearned to sense the Spirit of her past,
To touch the Mind that left the world aghast,
Vibrant, before the new ideal had come,
Democracy, the grim iconoclast.

I saw a city there
Awaking from the outworn creeds of slaves,
Where bare-faced Commerce stalks upon the graves
Of Antonines; yet Romance still is fair
When moonlight floods the Caesar's architaves.

"Life is," the city sings,
"A slow eternity of rise and fall.
And ages are but spans ephemeral
In the never-ending consciousness of Things."
And progress? "Scan the stars o'er Viminal!"

THE HAVERFORDIAN

D. WAPLES, 1914, Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

L. B. LIPPMANN, 1914

H. W. ELKINTON, 1914

J. P. GREEN, 1914

YOSHIO NITOBÉ, 1915

E. M. PHARO, 1915

K. P. A. TAYLOR, 1915

D. B. VAN HOLLEN, 1915

E. C. BYE, 1916

BUSINESS MANAGER

ROWLAND S. PHILIPS, 1914

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

JOSEPH C. FERGUSON, 3RD, 1914

ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER

ALBERT G. GARRIGUES, 1916

Price, per year.....\$1.00

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the first of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

VOL. XXXV.

HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 9

The New Policy

YOSHIO NITOBÉ, 1915, is to be congratulated for the three years of conscientious and brilliant work which has resulted in his election as editor-in-chief of the HAVERFORDIAN for the next volume. He will be assisted by one of the most able boards which has controlled the policies of the magazine for several years. These facts are significant in themselves, but may be turned to further account by some discussion of the present policies of the magazine and a forecast of the changes which at present writing would seem advantageous.

At Haverford and other small colleges too, doubtless, a literary magazine has the choice of three ideals. The first two of these ideals are compatible, but the other must be espoused for her own sake and given absolute dominion if she is to be cherished at all. These three ideals would respectively make of the HAVERFORDIAN either a stimulus for artistic writing among the undergraduates, a force to mould undergraduate opinion or (by reason of the tyranny of a sordid jade) a money-making concern. At first glance it might easily appear that some shift might

be resorted to by which each of these ends could be attained to a reasonable degree. This shift the HAVERFORDIAN has been making for the last twelve years; but a shift it is at best when compared with the established policy of a marketable magazine. Before this time the HAVERFORDIAN contained practically everything of interest to Haverfordians which a Haverford undergraduate could write—athletic and academic news items, undergraduate "literature," and discussions of college policy. The paper thus made an appeal to every Haverfordian by reason of its inclusiveness. Now, such a policy is impossible—the *Weekly* treats of news, undergraduate literature must be very nearly extorted, and discussions of college policy and the like are for the most part relegated to the *College Bulletin*.

We therefore are compelled to choose between the three courses previously mentioned. Shall we prod an apathetic student body into productivity? Shall we compete with the *Weekly* by proffering advice upon every conceivable occasion? Or shall we induce the managers to redouble their vigilance, reduce the size of the board and, by resorting to a series of sensational attacks, make an appeal to the man who "wants to know the worst"? What is our paper to be?

Let us consider the first conception of the purpose of the HAVERFORDIAN; as a stimulus for artistic writing among the undergraduates, for this will appeal to most as the only legitimate province of the paper. Alumni in particular are very apt to think of the magazine as a number of blank pages which are very conveniently placed, once a month, at the disposal of any student who chooses to practice the gentle art of composition. He should be allowed to string his verses and attempt his Essays on the Sublime to his heart's content, they say. It gives the author pleasure to reread his own "fancies" and the possibility is very remote that anything he may happen to remark can prove of annoyance to others. "Every poet his own Aristotle." Why, then, not let him have his fling?

The reasons are obvious but will bear enumeration for those who are in the habit of considering our magazine as distinct from magazines in general. In the first place it hardly seems fair to put the managers to the trouble of publishing a magazine if it is merely to be the pastime of litterateurs who could pen their effusions in the privacy of their lodgings to so much greater advantage. If such articles are not read, as they certainly should not be, we can hardly expect the subscription list to break previous records, and despite the energy of managers advertisers are slow to avail themselves of the columns of a "dead" magazine. Of course we do not honestly wish to overlook the training which the support of a magazine gives to serious writers, but we nevertheless insist that success in writing comes from the literary expression of an idea and not from the

idea that one is expressing himself. The demand is for well-written articles which are of interest in themselves, for their bearing on Haverford questions, stories which show thought and ingenuity, and unpretentious verse. All these should be able to stand alone irrespective of literary embellishment because they are "saleable" by reason of Haverford associations to friends of Haverford, although, like all undergraduate writing, the thought is not sufficiently mature to compete with other magazines as literature.

If a sufficient supply of such material as this can be secured by the new board the magazine must continue to thrive. Any college activity which realizes its possibilities has the backing of the student body, and it is this backing, this confidence in THE HAVERFORDIAN as a part of Haverford, of which the paper is in need at present. Sincerity then is the first essential in the new policy. A sincere attempt to make good is sure to win recognition and assistance from others. We are entirely dependent upon Haverford sentiment for our existence and a pose of independence thus necessarily makes our readers lose confidence. More briefly put, we are an institution and not a new order fighting for existence. Hostility and animosity are out of our line. We exist both because others wish to have us and because existence is pleasant. As affairs are now the prospect appears rather rosy than slate color, but we may well be apprehensive of a future date when an ably managed *Weekly* will supply our readers with facts and an excess of uninspired sentimentality in our pages will lead them to indifference—"caveamus temporem!"

In such an emergency the HAVERFORDIAN must of necessity turn to the third ideal. The magazine must seek notoriety at any cost, whether of truth, of friend, or of beauty of form. Questions such as the dance at Haverford must be dealt with without regard for the decrees of those in authority or the unwritten law of Haverford tradition. Such a course would, presumably, make us a foe to be feared and we should compel attention. Attention would breed subscriptions and subscriptions success from the selfish point of view. This resource although not imminent is well within the range of possibilities if the magazine fails in the first two aims. Needless to say, the idea is not alluring.

To some readers the foregoing may have all the earmarks of a threat or the swan song of a disgruntled board. Such is not the intent, but to correct this impression let us state more definitely what we urge. In the first place THE HAVERFORDIAN to be more than a receptacle for colorless contributions should aim to be a constructive force. It should compel the interest of subscribers by its sincerity in every kind of writing. This sincerity must call forth the interest of subscribers, both graduates and

undergraduates, and interest, in fine, is what we are asking for. To be a constructive force, in addition to sincerity, the paper needs the *active* support of the majority of the college and not merely of the incumbent board. The literary tone should be maintained by those writers who are best able to approach literature, but the others should not be excluded. They should be encouraged to discuss any Haverford topics in which they have more than a passing interest. When "the others" can be brought to avail themselves of this opportunity to urge college reforms and to enrich the magazine in Haverford associations, the first step in the progress of THE HAVERFORDIAN shall have been reached. Beyond this will come the time when the paper may stand on its feet as a purely *literary* magazine, supported by an endowment, and it is to this final product, this realization of all our dreams, toward which we strain our eyes.

As our mantle falls the board announces the election of F. M. Morley, '15, to the editorial staff, and of A. G. Garrigues to the managership. The offices of Subscription Manager and Assistant Business Manager will be filled by competition some time in the near future. We thank our readers for their interest and support, but most of all for their suggestions, to which we ascribe what little advance, if any, the magazine has been able to make during our administration.

Undergraduate Criticism

Why "Exchanges"?

WHY do we have "Exchanges"? This question may cause some blindly toiling individuals to look up in disgust from files of those exchanges which have driven editors to despair since exchanges began.

Those who look up may proceed in their patient way to inform me of the "why," as they have informed other and more easily satisfied individuals.

Undoubtedly they will say that contributors would have no incentive to production, no representative of Fame at whose feet to lay their offerings, if Exchange departments did not exist. That since no means would exist of indicating the reception accorded their work by a waiting world, the said contributors would sink into hopeless lethargy.

If they do say this, I am sure they will not prove their statement by taking a fairly typical sentence from the "Exchanges" of one of the best

college magazines. They would hardly dare, and hence I will do it for them.

Imagine, if you will, the pulsating joy, the scarcely restrained emotion with which two poets of the *Vassar Miscellany* must have received this award from the pen of an exchange editor: "The number under discussion contains only two serious offerings to the Muse, the first of which we think the best, although both are good." Again from another magazine, speaking of some other bard: "'Alma Mater,' in our estimation, is the best poem in the issue. It is rhythmical, musical, and voices a loyal, patriotic, and almost reverential spirit for the poet's *alma mater*." What profound insight! what unheard-of praise! The poem is *rhythmical*. Most poems are not rhythmical, but not so this one! It is musical also! We are becoming firmly convinced that here indeed is a real poem. And, then, crowning attainment, the poem is really written about the subject!

Here are a few more extracts from various ones of the best magazines to show what sort of food the exchange editors offer for the literary sustenance of their avid readers: "The editorials are worthwhile and are very interesting." "Such a sketch would add life and interest to any magazine." "'Good Night' is quite musical and seems to spring from the author's soul." And then how great is the number of things which are "far above the verse (or stories, articles, etc.) found in the college magazine as a rule"! When a contributor reaches the latter realm how happily should he contemplate his own glory and sing the praise of "Exchanges"!

I think it must be admitted, however, that those who have sufficient ingenuity and intelligence to produce anything worthy of printing, will hardly be affected by comments similar to those above.

"If praise have no effect, what of *adverse* comment?" may be asked. The reply is, that neither in this direction do more than two or three exchange departments show the effect of really constructive thinking. The illustrations of this truth are merely the inverse of those used to show the fallacy of the laurel wreath argument. How acute and helpful is this: "The stories in the November issue are poor, and the verse is poorer"; a statement which is not even specifically followed up. And "Mr. Blongram's *Cats' Cradle* is somewhat imperfectly constructed, but has a well sustained interest." The only ones who will read this little outburst will have hundreds of other illustrations at hand in the pile of magazines which bedeck the Exchange table.

Now it seems evident that this system of discriminate praise and blame has no really valuable excuse for existence. Hence my question, "Why 'Exchanges'?" From the nature of this department in a very few magazines really cogent reasons *can* be drawn, together with an answer to the question, "What should 'Exchanges' be?"

We say the keynote of the "Exchanges" should be that of *criticism*. "How perfectly obvious!" you say. Yes, it is perfectly obvious,—just as plain as the nose on your face. But have you ever seen your nose without a mirror?

If after reading a book one says that it is "well written, interesting, and an ornament to the bookstore," one may be bordering upon book-reviewing, but one is certainly not criticizing. But if one says, "This book has such or such an element which makes it tend towards greatness," or "This book is a failure because it lacks this or that necessary attribute," one may be beginning to conceive truly of criticism.

If, now, one presumes to criticize a number of books, or stories, or poems, in the space of a few short pages, one must expand upon some salient merit, or demerit which all, or a majority possess, or should possess. And one or two illustrations should be used to point one's remarks.

You certainly cannot single out three or four specimens, praise or blame them in themselves, and consider your purpose to be accomplished. This is mere reviewing, and when applied to Exchanges is absolutely useless, for very few but the editors see Exchange magazines, and can profit by the implied recommendation in a review. As for the contributor, when he has received the verdict of the editorial board of his own college magazine upon a particular performance, a voice from the outside world will have little effect.

There are some magazines, as I have said, which recognize and satisfy the need for comprehensive and illuminating criticism based upon the entire field of collegiate journalism. For it is the entire field which should be intelligently discussed and not two or three magazines which should be subjected to pettifogging comment. The former sort of criticism, read by the editors and available for their use and instruction, answers definitely the questions "why?" and "what?" It is the occasion for genuine literary training for the writers of it, and has value in itself for others.

"Intercolleage" in the *Vassar Miscellany* is one illustration of this sort of Exchange department, and the new "Shears" in the *Williams Literary Monthly* has the right idea of it. As for most of the others, the "joke columns" which they so much deplore in some magazines are infinitely more entertaining. And entertainment is rather to be desired than uselessness.—E. M. P., '15.

Book Reviews

THE GARDENER

Rabindranath Tagore. *The Macmillan Co.*

"The Soul of Bengal," his people call him; "the Burns of India," says an American reviewer; the throbbing pulse of the modern East, he seems to an occidental. His lyrics of love and life are colored with that sensuous delight which the "Song of Songs" and the "Rubaiyat" have taught us to expect in things literary from beyond the Caucasus. They are tinted with a sense of the Infinite and a pathetic emphasis on the Now-and-Here because the Otherwhere is so indefinite and unattainable. While the soul of the poet goes out in a longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance, he is ever reminded that the gates are shut everywhere in the house where he dwells alone. He ceases to listen for the message of the Hereafter and hearkens for the voice of someone who may call from the village, late though it be. Compelled by his own limitations, he will be the poet of the present and sing the songs of young straying hearts meeting together. For who will sing them if he should be silent?

He seeks no high position, but only that he may be the gardener of the Queen's flower-garden, the opportunity for service his sole reward. His gifts are disdained by his own country because they are not the fruits of struggle and toil, but they are picked up by travellers in the night and carried to far countries. And the dwellers in those countries will love them, because, beneath the sights and sounds of the little Bengali village, the reader can glimpse the deep-flowing tide of life which is the same in every land. These love-songs, though their imagery is exquisitely oriental, are yet potent to thrill the occidental heart; these simple lyrics, which reflect the ambitions and disappointments of the Bengali, are yet sufficiently universal to command the sympathy of the American.

The phrasing and imagery of the poems are purely Eastern and purely poetic. The lover of poetry for its own sake will revel in the delicacy and richness of many a line and happily expressive word-group. It is a further source of satisfaction to feel that one is reading Tagore *per se* and not Tagore with the assistance of a Fitzgerald. *The Gardener* is the author's own work in English as well as in Bengali, and we have the remarkable opportunity of enjoying a thought-product of the East in a Western word-garment.—E. C. B., '16.

Alumni Department

The combined meeting of the American Philological Association and the Modern Language Association held at Cambridge, Mass., December 29-31, was well attended by Haverfordians. Among those present were:

F. G. Allinson, '76, C. H. Thurber, '90, Dr. W. W. Comfort, '94, F. A. Dakin, '94, Dr. R. M. Gummere, '02, Dr. A. G. H. Spiers, '02, C. W. Stork, W. Sargent, Jr., '08, P. B. Fay, '09, A. Bryne, '09.

T. C. Palmer, '82, W. Palmer, '10, and J. L. Bailey, Jr., '12, were members of the party sent by the Academy of National Sciences to look for fossils in the Perkiomen Valley last October. The trip was very successful, footprints of the dinosaur and labyrinthodont being reported.

'95

Alfred Paul Morris died at his home in Villanova on December 31st, after an illness of several months. At the time of his death, Mr. Morris was a member of the firm of Bauerle and Morris, Copper-smiths. His father is William H. Morris, '63.

'96

The Class of '96 held its Reunion and Dinner at the University Club on December 26th. The following members were present: Paul D. I. Maier, J. Henry Scattergood, L. Hollingsworth Wood, C. Russell

Hinchman, John A. Lester, Samuel K. Brecht, William C. Sharpless, T. Y. Field.

'96

Dr. James A. Babbitt was re-elected Chairman of the Central Board of Football Officials at a meeting of the Football Rules Committee on December 30th.

'97

The Rev. Elliot Field, pastor of the Wissahickon Presbyterian Church, has recently been appointed Publicity Secretary of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church. He will, of course, continue with his pastorate.

'00

A daughter, Joan, was born at Groten, Mass., on December 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hinchman.

'01

The 1901 Class Dinner was held recently at the home of Walter Mellor in Germantown. Those present were, Charles F. Allen, J. W. Cadbury, Jr., William E. Cadbury, A. Lovett Dewees, Geo. B. Mellor, Walter Mellor, Evan Randolph, Edw. C. Rossmassler, E. Marshall Scull, Alex. C. Tomlinson, Geo. B. Walenta, and I. Herbert Webster.

Fred. W. Sharp has just taken possession of his farm at The Plains,

Va., where he and his family will move in the Spring.

Word has just been received from C. O. Carey that he has been instructor of Engineering at the University of Michigan since 1908.

W. O. Mendenhall is head of the Department of Mathematics at Earlham College.

'02

Dr. A. G. H. Spiers spoke on "The Contemporary French Drama," with emphasis on the works of Brioux, Hervieux, Maurice Donnay, and Enri Bataille, in the Haverford Union on January 21st.

The Rev. Otto E. Duer, for the past three years pastor of the Unitarian Church of Melrose, Mass., has just resigned to accept a call to the Unitarian Church of Lancaster, Maine.

Miss Elsie B. Smith, of Newark, N. J., has announced her engagement to Franklin E. Barr.

'03

M. B. Dean, '98, and A. G. Dean, '03, who have recently moved to West Chester, gave a dinner with Vincent Gilpin '97, to a number of their classmates at the University Club, Philadelphia, on January 9th.

Beginning on January 8th and continuing at weekly intervals, A. G. Dean, who is with the West Chester Engine Co., is delivering a course of six lectures on "Gas Engines" in connection with the Y. M. C. A. Agricultural Course in West Chester.

Dr. Henry J. Cadbury recently attended a meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis at the Jewish Theological Seminary, N. Y., where he read a paper, "Can Lost Sources of Luke-Acts be Determined by Word Tests?" He also attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City in company with two undergraduates.

'04

On December 27, 1913, the Class of 1904 held its annual dinner and meeting in the new Y. M. C. A. Room, with the following members present: D. L. Burgess, J. W. Clark, A. Crowell, P. D. Folwell, C. R. Haig, G. K. Helbert, W. T. Hilles, W. M. C. Kimber, R. P. Lowry, C. C. Morris, J. M. Stokes, H. N. Thorn, and S. C. Withers. After a very pleasant repast the members were called to order for a regular business meeting. Several items of interest were discussed, among which might be mentioned the coming Tenth Anniversary of the Class of 1904 and The Swarthmore Football Game. The following officers will serve for the ensuing year: President, J. M. Stokes, Jr.; Vice-President, G. K. Herbert; Secretary and Treasurer, C. C. Morris.

The meeting then adjourned to Lloyd Hall, where some of the men spent the night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Sheldon, of Melrose, Mass., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Alice Gertrude, on November 14th.

The Department of Music of the U. of P. Alumni Association have decided to produce at their annual concert in April, the overture of an oratorio from the Book of Job, text by H. Maier, music by J. L. Bailey, Jr., both members of 1912.

'13

On January 17, Stephen Meader, who is working for the S. P. C. C. in Newark, N. J., took an active part in a local presentation of "The College Hero," which was staged for charity.

J. M. Beatty, Jr., now in the Harvard Graduate School, publishes in the January issue of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, a series of over forty letters written from the First Congress of the United States by Judge Henry Wynkoop (1736-1816), Representative from Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The letters, dealing as they do with the formative period of the nation, are a valuable comment upon conditions of the time. Especially interesting are the observations on the attitude of various sections of the country toward the early national problems. Beatty has carefully edited the letters from the originals in the library of the Bucks County Historical Society, and has added brief biographical sketches of Judge Wynkoop, of Doctor Reading Beatty, his son-in-law, to whom the letters were written, and of the various persons of prominence mentioned by Judge Wynkoop.

Norman Taylor and William Crowder recently gave a party for J. M. Beatty, '13, which was at-

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tended by several of the Haverfordians at Harvard.

During Christmas vacation, Hall, Crowder, Montgomery, Ludlam, Taylor, and Beatty were in Philadelphia. According to report, Van Sickle beat his trunk back to Cambridge by six days "and had a very hard time."

'16

Friends of George B. Sheldon, who left College last Spring for a serious operation, will be pleased to hear that he was able to leave the hospital in September, and is now at his home in Swanton, Vt., much improved in health.

'05

John L. Scull has left the Standard Roller Bearing Co., and has taken a position with the Stokes and Smith Co., Manufacturers of Paper Box Machinery, Summerdale, Pa.

'07

Another class to reunite during the holidays was 1907, which held its annual dinner in the old Y. M. C. A. Room on December 27th. There were present: A. E. Brown, P. W. Brown, G. Birdsall, H. Evans, F. D. Godley, J. P. Magill, J. W. Nicholson, Jr., W. R. Rossmassler, E. R. Tatnall, and J. H. Shoemaker. A telegram of greeting was received from C. Janson Claason, of Omaha, Neb. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H.

Smith,

Mason

and

Clower

TAILORS

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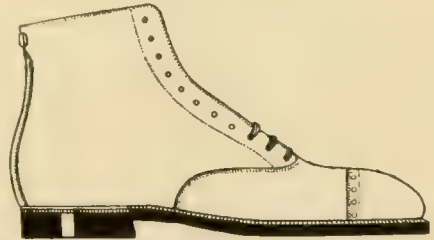
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'09

Mr. and Mrs. John Burton, of Wyndmoore, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth F. Burton, to Dr. Frank M. Ramsey, of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The Class of 1909 held its annual reunion in Lloyd Hall on December 23rd. Fifteen members were present. T. K. Sharpless was elected Secretary-Treasurer to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of G. K. Deacon, who has moved to Atlanta, Ga.

'10

Alfred C. Roberts, of Moorestown, and Miss Anna Collins, a teacher in the Friends' Academy in Moorestown, have announced their engagement.

'11

On Saturday, December 27, the Class of 1911 held their reunion at Green's Hotel, Philadelphia. Victor Schoepperle, toastmaster, introduced each of the sixteen members present. The sensation of the evening was furnished by the admission of Henry Ferris that he was engaged to be married. It was decided to publish a Class Letter in the near future. The following members of the Class were present: Schoepperle, Spencer, Mixter, J. H. Clarke, J. A. Clark, Price, Winslow, Russell, Taylor, Bradway, Young, Ferris, Downing, Hinshaw, Wadsworth, and Palmer.

D. S. Hinshaw visited College recently, having just returned from a trip West in the interests of the Progressive Party.

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'12

On Christmas Day the engagement of Miss Helen Kester, of Philadelphia, to William H. Roberts, Jr., of Moorestown, was announced. On the same day Alfred C. Roberts, '10, cousin of "Bill" Roberts, and Miss Anna Collins had a similar announcement made.

On January 1, the marriage of Miss Helen Cophine Crosman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Crosman, to Clyde B. Durgin, '12, was solemnized at Saco, Me. Durgin is working for the S. P. C. C. in Philadelphia. 1912 was represented at the wedding by Irvin C. Poley, W. H. Steere, and Douglas Falconer. Wilmot R. Jones, '82, and Loring P. Crosman, '15, brother of the bride, were also present.

'13

Mr. and Mrs. William Morris Longstreth, '72, of Germantown, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anna Longstreth, to Henry Kurtz, ex-'13, also of Germantown. Miss Longstreth is a sister of Church Longstreth, '13.

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MARCH

13



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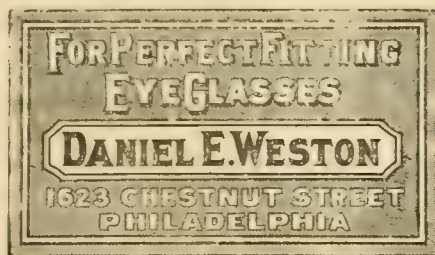
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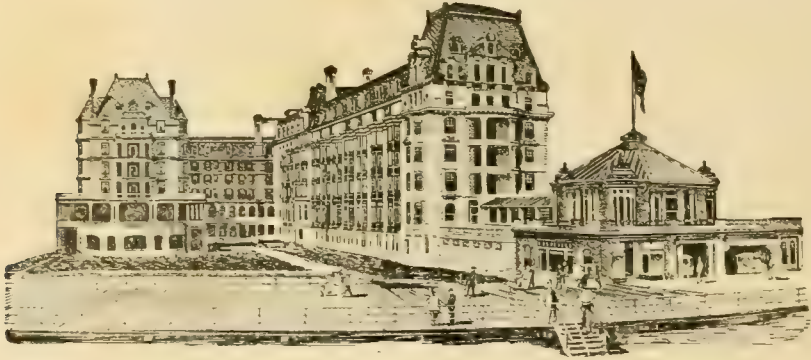
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